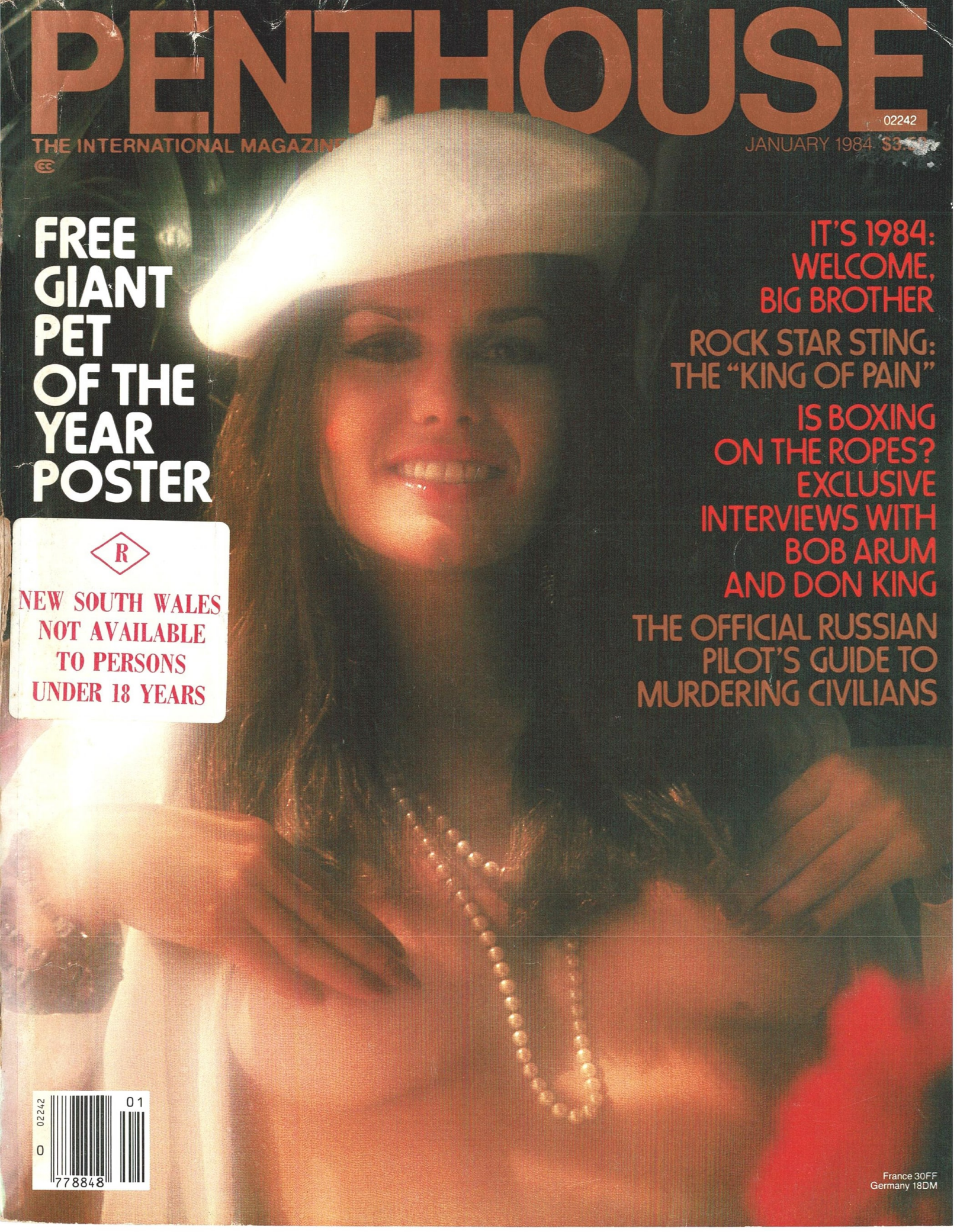
PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1984 $3.



FREE GIANT PET OF THE YEAR POSTER

R

NEW SOUTH WALES NOT AVAILABLE TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS

IT'S 1984: WELCOME, BIG BROTHER

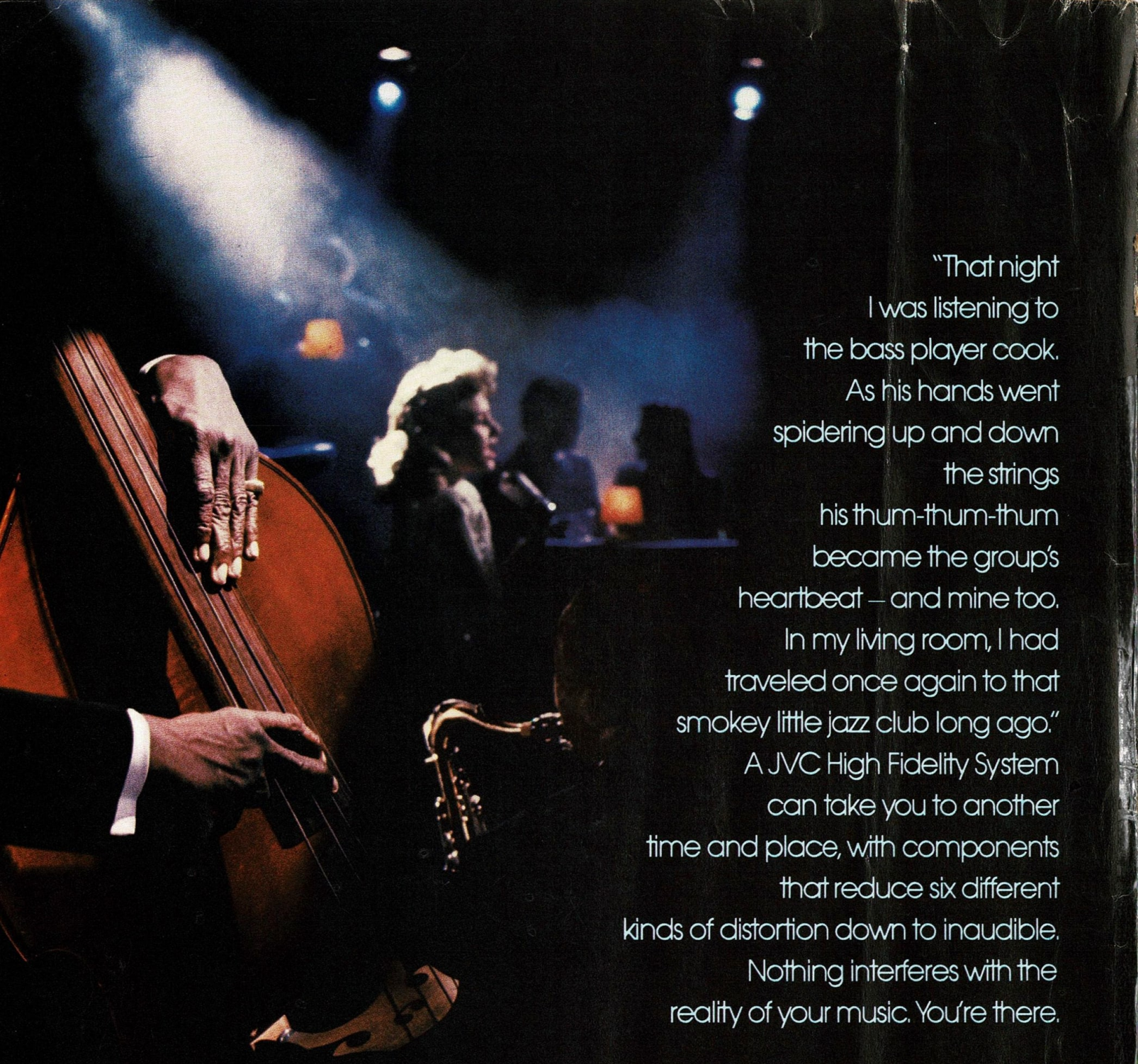
ROCK STAR STING: THE "KING OF PAIN"

IS BOXING ON THE ROPES? EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH BOB ARUM AND DON KING

THE OFFICIAL RUSSIAN PILOT'S GUIDE TO MURDERING CIVILIANS

0 02242 01 778848

France 30FF
Germany 18DM



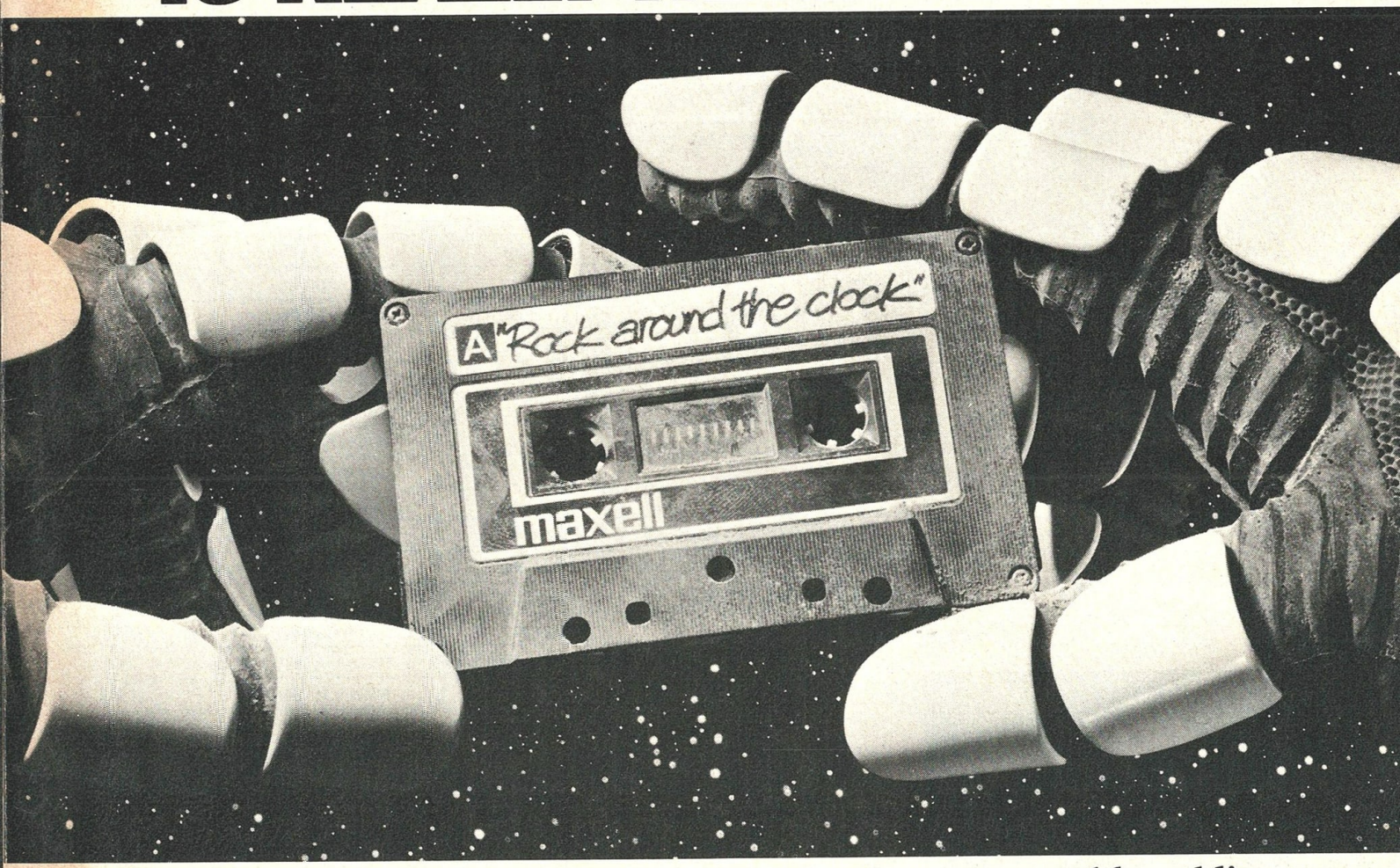
"That night
I was listening to
the bass player cook.
As his hands went
spidering up and down
the strings
his thum-thum-thum
became the group's
heartbeat – and mine too.
In my living room, I had
traveled once again to that
smokey little jazz club long ago."
A JVC High Fidelity System
can take you to another
time and place, with components
that reduce six different
kinds of distortion down to inaudible.
Nothing interferes with the
reality of your music. You're there.

We take you there.

JVC® JVC JVC JVC JVC JVC JVC JVC

JVC COMPANY OF AMERICA, High Fidelity Division, 41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407 JVC CANADA INC., Scarborough, Ont.

ON MAXELL, ROCK 'N' ROLL IS REALLY HERE TO STAY.



Every Maxell cassette is destined to become a golden oldie.

Because at Maxell we build cassettes to standards that are 60% higher than the industry calls for.

Durable cassettes you can shake, rattle yet they keep on rolling.

Precision engineered tape that even after 500 plays still delivers high fidelity.

So when we say, on Maxell, rock 'n' roll is really here to stay... Be-Bop-A-Lu-La... we don't mean maybe.

IT'S WORTH IT.

© 1983 Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

PENTHOUSE®

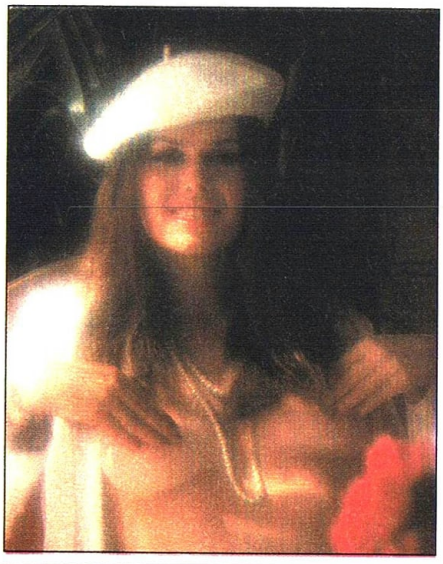
The International Magazine for Men/January 1984 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
MANAGING EDITOR: HEIDI HANDMAN
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		28
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller	38
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	41
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	49
TV		Nick Tosches	50
COMPUTERS		Ken Uston	52
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	54
SCENES		Lawrence Eisenberg	56
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	58
BIG BROTHER IS CLOSING IN	Article	Daniel Kagan	60
NINA	Pictorial	Photos by André Felix	63
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY	Article	T. D. Allman	74
KING OF PAIN	Article	Timothy White	78
CODY	Pet of the Month	Photos by Bob Guccione	83
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	118
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	120
TIN WIFE	Fiction	Joe Flaherty	122
THEME AND VARIATIONS	Portfolio	Paintings by Igor Mead	125
BOB ARUM AND DON KING	Interview	Allan Sonnenschein	130
CATS	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	134
SPORTS AND DRUGS	Essay	Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Peter Knobler	144
THE RACER'S EDGE	Article	Andy Stone	146
HARD TIMES	Humor		153
ARE YOU IN A TIME WARP?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	160
THE OFFICIAL RUSSIAN PILOT'S GUIDE TO MURDERING CIVILIANS	Satire	Bill Lee	164
SOUND IN MOTION	Service	Mike Knepper	166
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	186
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	192



This month's cover features Pet of the Month Cody Carmack, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T50 camera and Tiffen filters. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 26.

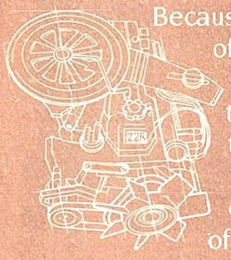
PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020), U.S. Volume 15, Number 5.

© Copyright 1984 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved.

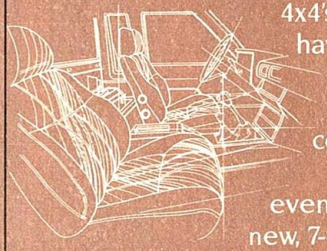
Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Penthouse Magazine, 80 Newbridge Road, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30.00 one year; Canada—$40.00 one year; and elsewhere—$40.00 one year. Single copies $3.00 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

© 1983 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

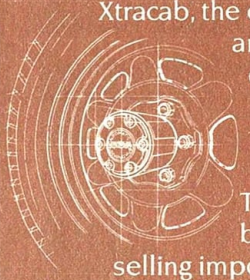
The all-new Toyota 4x4's are turning the truck world upside down!



Because they're part of the new generation of Toyota trucks for 1984, the most advanced trucks ever built! None of them is commanding more respect than these rugged, high-stepping 4x4's, designed to bring off-road performance to new heights. Toyota 4x4's have a big, powerful 2.4 liter SOHC engine and the highest running ground clearance of any small 4x4 truck with exclusive, fully enclosed front axles. No matter what kind of geography you're up against, these 4x4's can tame it. And look great while they're doing it. You can see the improved aerodynamics in the stylish new wedge-shaped front end with flared fender design and in the new flush surfaces on larger front and side windows. All the 4x4's have new improved rear suspension for more smoothness in the ride than you'd expect from a truck! More room and comfort too, more leg room, and standard on the SR5 4x4, AM/FM/MPX stereo and wall-to-wall carpeting. Most 4x4's also have rugged double-wall bed construction.



You can even get the new, 7-way adjustable driver's sport seat. If you choose the big new Xtra Cab 4x4, you get even more luxury and room, starring the personal cargo space behind the seats that'll hold anything from tool boxes to water skis. Also in the SR5 Xtracab, the convenience and efficiency of automatic locking front hubs, standard!

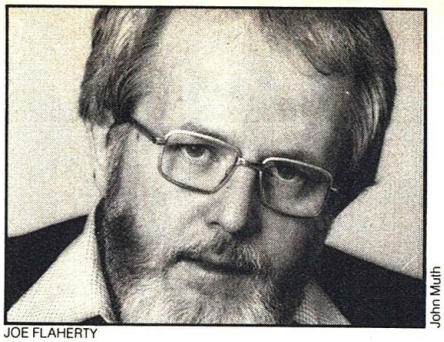


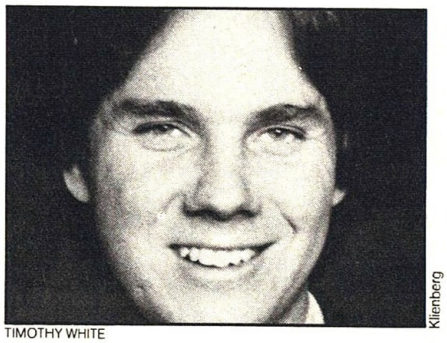
Toyotas have been the best-selling import 4x4 trucks in America. But Toyota engineering moved ahead anyway. Now this will be the tough act to follow in 4x4's for quite a while!

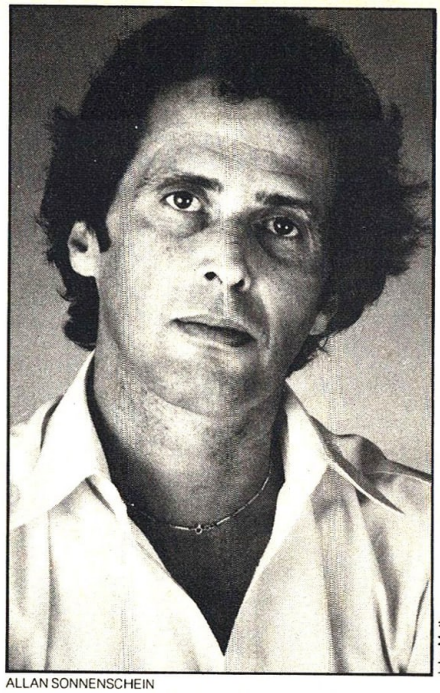
OH WHAT A FEELING!
TOYOTA

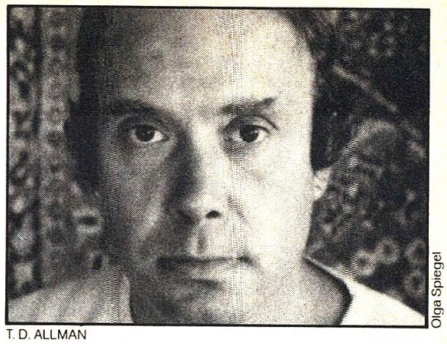
MOST ADVANCED TRUCKS EVER BUILT!

THE NEW TOYOTA FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE TRUCK. IT CAN HANDLE ANYTHING IT CAN PUT ITS FOUR WHEELS ON.


JOE FLAHERTY
John Muth


TIMOTHY WHITE
Kilenberg


ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN
John Muth


T. D. ALLMAN
Olga Spiegel

DANIEL KAGAN
John Muth

HOUSECALL

Although the arrival of a new year is usually cause for celebration, this time it's going to be somewhat different for those of us who recall George Orwell's chillingly prophetic novel, *1984,* written almost forty years ago. Orwell's book depicted a hellish future in which an omnipotent "Big Brother" destroys all privacy and individuality, leaving people as hapless slaves to their leaders' whims. How accurate was Orwell's vision? In too many ways, writes reporter **Daniel Kagan,** many of his predictions are uncomfortably close to today's reality. In "Big Brother Is Closing In" (page 60), Kagan shows how the rapid–almost explosive–development of inexpensive computer technology has made it possible for almost anyone to discover almost anything about any of us. You probably don't realize that whenever you give your Social Security number to someone, or even make a phone call, you are leaving a data trail that can easily and quickly be followed by an increasing number of individuals and institutions that may not have any legitimate business prying into your affairs. "In the private sector," Kagan writes, "information gathering, recording, and exchange is almost completely without limits. Personnel records, credit and reporting bureaus, and banks are protected by federal law only in limited and easily surmountable ways. Medical and hospital records are completely unprotected." There is no better resolution we can make and keep for 1984 than to fully wake up to and deal with the dangers inherent in this willy-nilly distribution of information before we find ourselves living in an Orwellian world.

Their millions of fans probably don't realize it, but today's most popular rock band–the Police–continually tops the charts with melodic prophecies even more chilling than George Orwell's. In "King of Pain" (page 78), **Timothy White,** one of our leading music reporters, profiles the enigmatic **Sting,** the philosopher/songwriter whose soaring voice has propelled the Police to stardom. "When Sting arcs his bass high over his bottle-blond head," White observes, "and the Police kick into 'Shadow in the Rain,' he's singing about Ground Zero and its aftermath." Sting himself says, "Rock should be about coming to grips with the worldwide reality of social turmoil, the looming likelihood of atomic destruction, and the pervasive climate of human desperation." But he doesn't have much hope that his fans will get the message: "We've all gotten to Orwell's 1984," he says, discussing the Police superhit 'Every Breath You Take.' "The song is shadow, evil, and insidious, and the fact that it's at the top of the record charts proves the point. People don't know what they're hearing!"

There is nothing subtle or mysterious about the world of big-time boxing: The name of the game is to make a lot of money, fast, with little or no regard for who gets hurt–or even killed. Despite its brutality and corruption–or maybe because of them–the popularity of boxing worldwide has never significantly waned. But too many of the public's ideas about the sport come from erroneous, emotional, and sometimes hysterical reporting in print and on television. To cut through much of the myth and misinformation, *Penthouse* sent contributing editor **Allan Sonnenschein** to interview boxing's two most powerful promoters–**Bob Arum** and **Don King**–whose million-dollar extravaganzas continually keep boxing in the headlines (page 130). Arum and King, whose rivalry dwarfs that of any of their fighters, agreed to talk–separately–to Sonnenschein to provide *Penthouse* readers with a unique insight into America's most controversial sport. (**Kareem Abdul-Jabbar**, one of basketball's greatest superstars, speaks out on another controversial aspect of sports in America–the pervasive use of hard drugs–in this month's "Advise and Dissent," on page 144.)

Another major article this issue provides a unique perspective into one of the most horrifying events in recent years. "An American Tragedy" (page 74), by **T. D. Allman**, is the story of the U.S. government's shocking and disgraceful complicity in covering up the truth about the rape/murder of four young American churchwomen in El Salvador, and–perhaps even worse–its attempts to besmirch their reputations and harass their grieving families. More than excellent investigative reporting, Allman's article finally shows how, despite the government's inexcusable behavior, these four courageous young martyrs and their friends and families are symbolic of a certain greatness in the American spirit that will never die.

Our fiction this month is a dramatic police story with an unexpected twist–an exclusive excerpt from **Joe Flaherty**'s new Simon and Schuster novel, *Tin Wife* (page 122). And you'll also want to check out our special features on the Penthouse Grand Prix ski competition (page 146) and everything you need to know about buying a car stereo (page 166)–as well as our regular columns on home computers (page 52), men's rights (page 38), and games and puzzles (page 186).

There's nothing at all puzzling about our Pets this month. A sensuous selection of delectable beauty, they–along with our special, almost life-size poster of **Sheila Kennedy,** America's newly crowned Pet of the Year–will ensure a holiday season of sensual celebration and joyous festivity.

A monument to excellence. Eagle Rare Bourbon.

Excellence. It's the ultimate achievement. Yet, few in their fields ever achieve such a level.

The craftsmen who create Eagle Rare Bourbon have indeed reached this level. Bottled at 101 proof and aged ten years, Eagle Rare is incomparably smooth. Its deep, rich taste is the result of extraordinary care and skill. And it is this dedication to excellence that makes Eagle Rare the finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created.

In tribute to such excellence, we are proud to offer this magnificent, limited edition ceramic of the American eagle. The ceramic depicts the eagle in its natural setting in a dramatic pose, symbolizing the majesty inherent in our nation's history.

This very special collector's item is available during the holiday season. Eagle Rare Bourbon is also available in the finely crafted pinewood gift box at no extra charge.

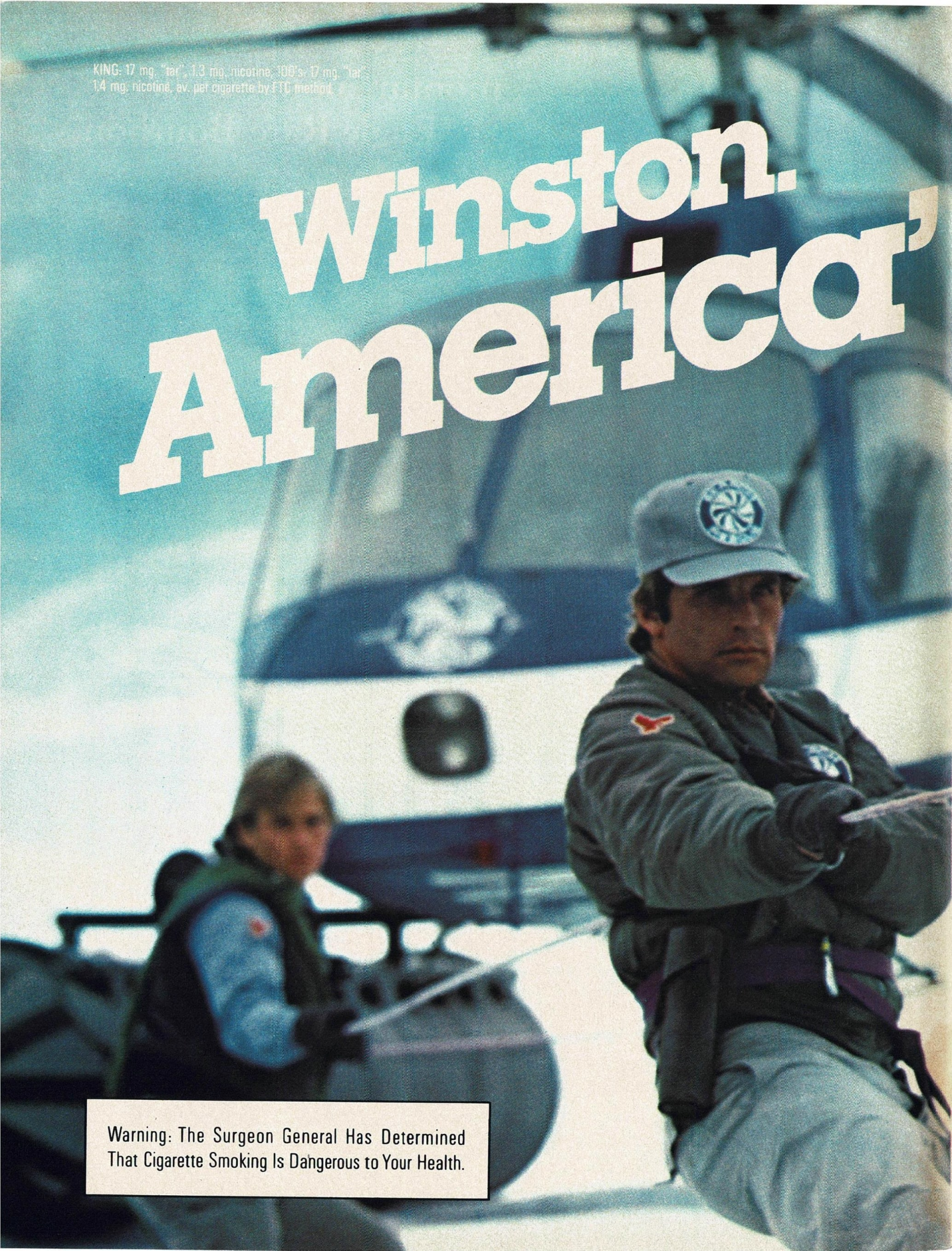
Give the gifts of excellence. Share a higher level of taste.

Ceramic no. 1
in the Nature Series.

EAGLE RARE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
101 PROOF · AGED TEN YEARS

Eagle Rare Bourbon. The 101 Proof Bourbon aged 10 Years.

© 1983. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. OLD PRENTICE DISTILLERY. LAWRENCEBURG, KY


KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar"
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Winston.
America'
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS

PENTHOUSE®
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)
THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione (*chairman*)
Kathy Keeton (*vice-chairman*)
David J. Myerson (*chief operating officer*)
Anthony J. Guccione (*secretary-treasurer*)
EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman; *Senior Editors:* Kathryn Green, Robert Hofler, Peter McCabe; *Associate Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Lifestyle Editor:* Lynn Kearcher; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Research Editor:* Karen Schwarz; *Chief Copy Editor:* David Grambs; *Senior Copy Editor:* Evelyn Norman; *Rights and Permissions Editor:* Babette Lefrak; *Editorial Assistants:* Karen Helfand, Shaina Hilsenrath, Mark Jacobson, Karen McClatchey; *Contributing Editors:* Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Katharine Lowry, Scot Morris (games), Robert Palmer, Emily Prager, Sidney Siller (men's rights), Allan Sonnenschein, Bob Spitz, Marilyn Stasio, Ben Stein, Nick Tosches, Ken Uston (computers & electronic games), Ernest Volkman; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs
ART
VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Sheila Lynn; *Designer:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Associate Staff Photographer:* John Muth; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Assistant Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Photo Librarian:* Eugene Mooney; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Homlish
ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice-president:* David J. Myerson; *Sen. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sen. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *Sen. VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *VP/Director of Advertising:* Howard S. Plissner; *VP/Director of Special (Advertising) Projects:* Sharon Amanzio; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Southern Advertising Manager:* Peter Goldsmith; *West Coast Advertising Manager:* Wendy Bloxham; *Midwest Advertising Manager:* Gene Smith; *Associate New York Managers:* Carla J. Edwards, Nancy Kestenbaum; *Director of Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Director, National Newsstand Sales and Wholesaler Relations:* Vincent DeLisi; *Director, Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Director, Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Director, Circulation International Sales:* Diane Foley Landberg; *Director, Circulation Promotion and Planning:* Marcia Orovitz; *Subscription Manager:* Paula Collins Hope; *Traffic Manager:* William Harbutt; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner; *Production Manager:* Michael Weinglass; *Ass't. Production Manager:* Tom Stinson; *Director of Public Relations:* Leslie Jay; *Manager of Research:* Eileen Koslow; *Director of Sales Promotion/Merchandising:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Associate Publisher/Special Publications:* Don Myrus; *Pet Promotion Director:* Jeff Zelmanski; *Ass't. to the Vice-chairman:* Cathe Charleston; *Executive Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Phyllis Lemkowitz
ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest* (Gene Smith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corporation, 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181
EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC2, England. Tel. 01-397-6342, Telex no. 24676
FOREIGN EDITIONS
Sen. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Wope Verlags Ag, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC 2, England
JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

GOING SOLO

I was unfaithful last night. Since I was five years old, I've had a love affair with my left hand. I discovered that if I lay on my little belly, and put my hand down my pajamas, I could rub myself on the heel of my upturned palm and experience a wonderful feeling. My mother caught me once and told me she'd call a policeman. Anyway, all these years, I've masturbated in the same way. Also, I had to keep it a secret when I was married. I couldn't get an orgasm with my husband, and when I wanted to ride him he was repelled. So my hand and I secretly had our fun when he was out of the room. I got a divorce without tears five years ago. Thank goodness.

Recently though, I felt I needed a change. Was there something else I could mount that would give me the same satisfaction? I needed to know. I tried using a towel, rolled into a cylinder, but it squashed under my urgent thrusting. Then I had another idea. I rolled two *Cosmopolitans* into a cylinder, wrapped a slip around it, and tried again. It moved with me—unsatisfactory. Obviously I needed something firm, but soft.

While I was at a seminar, an idea hit me. If I could slip a toilet roll onto something like an iron bar, it would work, but an iron bar was not the sort of thing I kept around the house. It finally hit me: I had an aboriginal nulla-nulla, or club, brought back by my brother after one of his trips to Africa. It was pointed at both ends, and just the right size. When I got home, I took a toilet roll, unwound it to three-quarter size and slid it onto the weapon. They were made for each other. The roll fit firmly and snugly around my new love. Now that I knew what was in store for me, I relaxed. I made a light meal, watched the television news, and then took a scented bath. With my hair pinned up, I lay back in the water, as my fantasies floated around me. I switched on my answering machine and went to the bedroom. I drew the curtains and prepared my vulva for the new experience.

I stripped and sat in front of the mirror. I fondled my breasts and watched the nipples rise. I slipped my hand between my legs and stroked my pussy. First the outer lips, then up to the clitoris. I've got a big pussy, so I applied some grease. I spread the jelly all over and worked it in well. Then I walked to the bed and pulled back the covers where my new love was waiting for me. "I'm going to fuck you, baby," I said as I straddled and mounted it.

I knew it would be perfect. It was elevated, soft but firm, and anchored by the heavy weapon. I turned my favorite video movie on—the one where the topless waitress brings drinks to five guys in a hotel room. She has enormous, firm breasts and no panties under her little black skirt. I watched it for a while, moving my pussy from side to side, round and round, then backwards and forwards. I froze the frame where two guys are holding and sucking her breasts, while another is finger-fucking her. Two more guys stand with their cocks in their hands, watching and masturbating. I moved backwards and forwards, and stopped when I came close to coming—I wanted to prolong the ecstasy. Then I lost control. I moved vigorously backwards and forwards, my greased pussy squashing my new love. Then I exploded, my ears rang, my heart thumped, and five great contractions occurred in my vagina.

Like all new loves, I couldn't get enough of this one. I had him twice that night, and once the next morning on my way to work. I just can't wait to get home and have him by firelight on the big, white rug. My eyes are steaming at the thought of it.—*Name and address withheld*

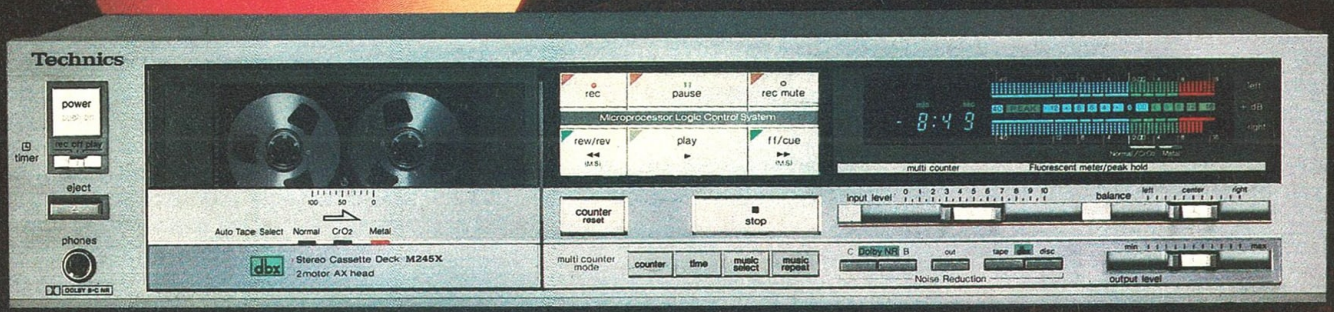
AN R.N. IN THE A.M.

Although I am thirty-two, trim, and in good physical shape (six-foot-two and 165 pounds), my employer required a complete physical examination prior to a much-desired promotion. I made an appointment with a local internist, and after the typical two-hour exam (blood, chest X ray, EKG, the usual probing), I figured I was finished. However, on my way out, the nurse stopped me to tell me that I had to return the next morning for another portion of the exam. At first this was kind of annoying, but she was attractive, so I didn't really mind.

I returned at eight the next morning to find the office dark and the door locked. I was just about to leave when the nurse opened the door. She explained that the office didn't open until 9:30, but patients scheduled for this exam typically came earlier so that all would be ready when the doctor came in. She showed me into a room equipped with a table, a sink, and a small bathroom and told me to strip to my shorts. As I stripped, she stayed in the room and busied herself at the sink. I sat on the table and watched as she mixed up a solution of hot water and soap in a plastic bucket. She then poured the mixture into a clear, vinyl bag and attached a rather long plastic nozzle with a large, flared end to it. As she hung the bag, I could see

They don't just reduce tape noise. They eliminate it. Technics cassette decks with Dolby* B, C and dbx.®

This remarkable series of Technics cassette decks represents an important technological advance in the fight against tape noise. Because unlike other decks that give you only one or the other, Technics now gives you: Dolby B noise reduction for compatibility with your present tape collection. Dolby C for compatibility with the new "C" encoded tapes. And dbx to eliminate virtually every decibel of audible tape noise. All in one deck.



dbx is effective because it compresses a musical signal so its dynamic range is cut in half. When the tape is played back, the original dynamic range is restored, but the noise level is pushed below the level of audibility.

This allows loud passages to be recorded without distortion and soft ones without hiss.

These Technics cassette decks go on to give you computerized performance: microprocessor feather-touch controls. Music Select to automatically find any song on the tape. Music Repeat to replay a song up to 16 times. And a remaining time display to tell you how much recording is left on a tape.

In addition, there is automatic tape bias and EQ setting, expanded range (−40db to +18db) three-color FL meters to handle all the dynamic range dbx gives you, the accuracy and precision of two-motor drive and more.

Explore all of the Technics cassette decks with Dolby B, C and dbx. After all, why own a deck that just reduces tape noise, when you can own one that also eliminates it. Technics.

* Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
®dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc.

Technics
The science of sound

the soapsuds lingering at the 2,000-ml mark that was inscribed on the bag. My immediate reaction was panic. I remembered receiving an enema as a young boy, and the memory was severely unpleasant.

I told her of my anxiety, but she assured me that the procedure was entirely necessary and that no man had ever complained about the way she administered an enema. She had me stand up so that she could adjust the table height, turned to me, and with both hands slid my briefs down my legs. I watched, still standing, as she took a washcloth and soaped it to a rich lather. Then she had me bend over and applied the warm, soapy cloth between my buttocks. As the lather built up around my anal region, she inserted a finger into my ass and moved it in and out until I was well lubricated. Despite the sting of the soap, I had a rock-hard erection. She told me to climb onto the table and, while I was on my hands and knees, she inserted the nozzle as far as it would go. Gently, she asked me to lie on my back and took no notice of my throbbing eight inches sticking straight up in the air.

The next fifteen minutes were pure delight. As the warm, soapy water slowly filled me, she applied the warm cloth to my swollen cock and balls. Once she had worked up a rich lather, she began to move her soapy hands up and down my cock. It seemed that every time I was about to come, she would stop just in time. Finally, just as the last of the solution had disappeared from the bag, she closed off the tube and, with both hands, worked my slippery member to a violent eruption of semen. She repeated this procedure two more times until she had totally cleaned me out. This was the kind of medical treatment I definitely didn't mind paying for. *—Name and address withheld*

LIGHT MY FIRE

As I write this letter, my mind is racing back to the greatest sexual experience of my life. Although it happened nearly a year ago, the memory of this night still excites me more than any fantasy ever could.

It was a wet, cold, typically miserable January afternoon in New Orleans. The only good thing to be said for it was that it was Friday. After work, my girlfriend Sissy came by and asked me to accompany her to a nearby bar. Sissy said she was going to get her first cock of the new year. The idea sounded great to me, so I eagerly took her up on the idea. I thought with any luck I could get one for myself. Neither of us suspected, however, that it would turn out nearly as well as it did.

Sissy and I arrived at our destination around nine o'clock, dressed to kill and slightly buzzed. Sissy was wearing a low-cut black dress and red pumps. Her dark red hair fell gently on her shoulders. I was wearing my metallic blue miniskirt and a red satin blouse which showed off my 38C tits to their best advantage. My cunt was practically dripping in anticipation as we sat at the bar and scoped out the action. Soon a couple of guys came over and hit on us, but they were real jerk-offs, so Sissy told them we were gay.

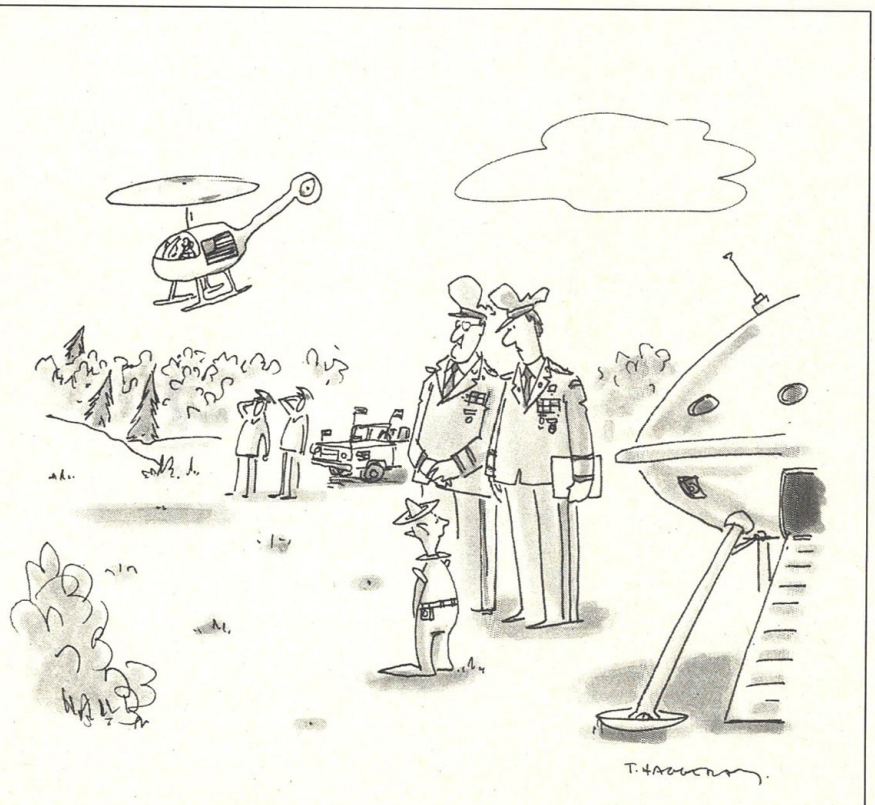
Then, at the end of the bar, I saw the sexiest man I had ever seen in my life! He was about six feet tall, dressed in motorcycle boots, faded jeans, black T-shirt, and leather jacket. If his long, dark blond hair had been black, I'd have sworn to God it was Jim Morrison—you know, that guy who was with the Doors. He looked exactly like him! I pointed him out to Sissy, and while we sat there, arguing over dibs on him, he turned with a bottle of whiskey in one hand, grabbed some blond bitch with the other, and headed across the dance floor. "It figures," I thought, "the blondes always get the good dick." To console myself, I tried to turn my attention elsewhere and headed off to the dance floor with some other guy, leaving Sissy at the bar.

When I returned about forty minutes later, I couldn't believe my eyes. The blond Morrison was with Sissy and I clearly saw his left hand exploring up her dress as he casually talked to her about his work—which turned out to be film. Sissy's eyes were glazed and her nipples were threatening to rip through her dress as he slowly flicked his finger over her clit. Seeing this turned me on a lot, and I wanted it to be me. After a short while, Sissy got up and asked me to join her in the ladies' room. I followed her, puzzled. When we got there, Sissy asked me if I wanted to do her new guy. "Definitely," I said, almost panting. "Then you can have him, because Allan's here," she said. (Allan was Sissy's boyfriend and they were going through a bad stretch.) With that, Sissy wished me luck and left the bar.

When I got back to the bar, he was still there, chasing a shot of whiskey with a beer. He turned to me, and for the first time, I saw he had the most hypnotic blue eyes in the world. "Where's your friend," he asked with a coy smile. I told him she had left and I was all alone. He smiled again, stuck out his hand and introduced himself as Rich. I told him mine was Julie. He then asked if I'd like to get a table and talk a while. I guess I almost knocked people down heading for the tables!

We had a few drinks and talked about our jobs. Then, suddenly, Rich looked at me and said softly, "I know what you want to do. You want to suck my cock." I couldn't believe he'd just said it without any sort of warm-up, but the wetness and trembling between my legs told me he was right. I stammered that I not only wanted to suck him off, but I needed him to fuck me. He smiled, grabbed his jacket, and stood up. "All right, let's do it," he whispered.

We got in my car and drove to my apartment. On the way, I put in a tape cassette of The Doors and Rich sang along with Morrison as he rubbed my crotch and



"He wants to know if he should go right ahead and blow the president or if it is our custom that the president blow him first."

It's harder to build a German engineered sedan for $13,000 than $30,000.

German engineering has solved the toughest problems known to the road. With imagination that borders on genius. But often at an expense that can border on absurdity.

Volkswagen solved *that* problem by building the Quantum: a European grand touring sedan for $12,980.*

Its standard equipment includes: Air conditioning. Electronic cruise control. Power steering, brakes, windows. Tachometer. Even a central door locking system.

Its 2.2-liter, 5-cylinder engine provides the smoothness of larger powerplants. And its rear axle virtually ends rear-wheel steering when cornering.

While it's harder for us to build the Quantum for only $12,980, it's easier for you to buy.

The 1984 Quantum $12,980.

It's not a car. It's a Volkswagen.

© 1983 Volkswagen of America Seatbelts save lives. *Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Trans., tax, license, dealer prep add'l. Metallic paint opt.

swigged from the whiskey bottle. I almost exploded! Here I was, riding back to my apartment with Jim Morrison, to get laid!

When we got to my place, I asked Rich right away if I could suck his cock. He said the time wasn't right yet and ordered me to take off my clothes. I fumbled from the excitement and the drinks, but I managed to peel. Then he put his bottle and jacket down and kissed me for the first time. His breath was as hot as fire. He extended his tongue further and further into my mouth, caressing my teeth and tongue. Then, he brought his hand up to my right breast and gently tugged at my nipple. I was already in seventh heaven by the time we made it to the bed.

I was so hot by this time, I'd have gotten off if he was only two inches long. But when I knelt before him and unzipped his jeans, the biggest, hardest cock I'd ever seen in my life sprang out. It was at least ten inches long and slender, with thick veins and a purple, mushroom-like head. Letting out a gasp, I furiously dove at his cock and literally fucked him with my mouth. My head was bobbing back and forth as fast as it could as I held on to his beautiful monster with both hands. I couldn't wait to taste his sweet cream.

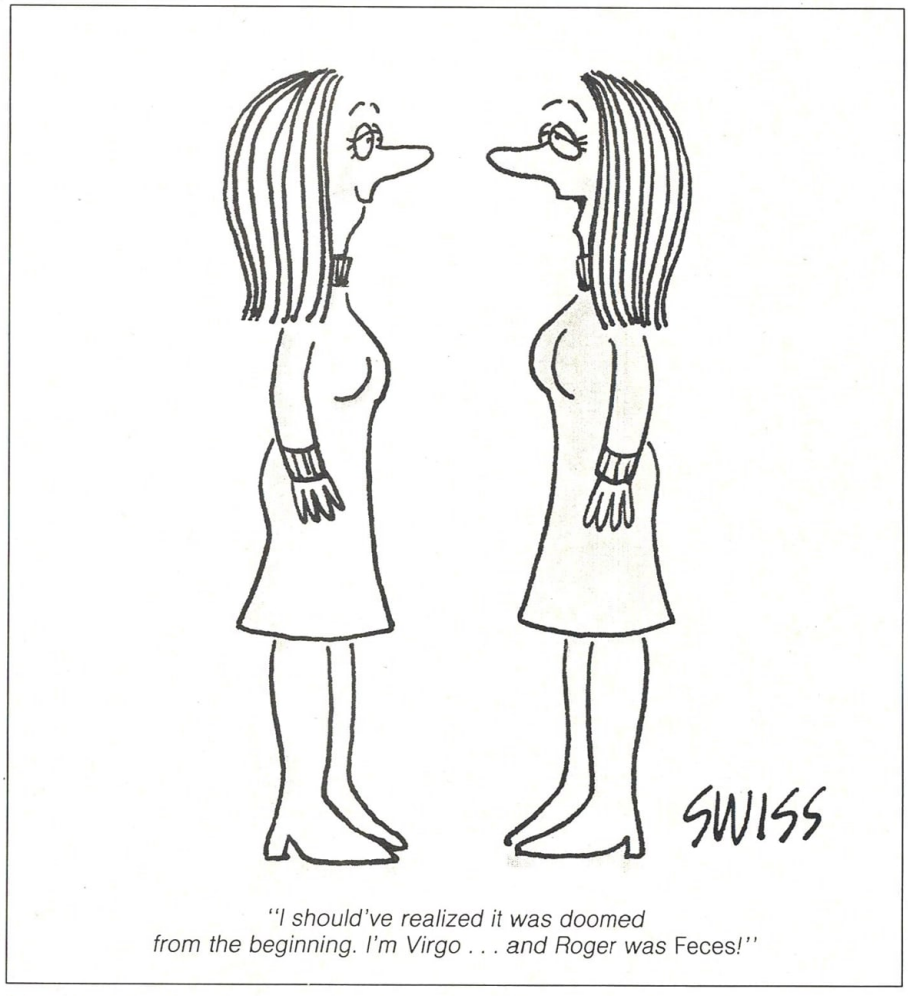
Rich, however, had another idea. He picked me up, dropped me on the bed, and rammed his wonder-cock right up my cunt. I came instantly, clawing at his back, bucking my hips, and flooding the bed, and us, with my juice. He continued to do me for over an hour and a half in every imaginable position. I came nine times, Rich came twice. Finally, I just couldn't take any more, but he was still hard! I told him he'd worn me out. He smiled like a devil and told me to turn over. I thought to myself, "He can't be serious. He can't keep going." But he was definitely serious, and he did keep it coming.

After lubing my bunghole and the head of his prick, Rich pushed himself into my ass. I thought I was being ripped apart by some evil, yet sensual, force. I moaned loudly as he kissed the back of my shoulders. Then, picking up the tempo, he drove into my ass, sticking first two, then four fingers up my pussy at the same time. I screamed at the top of my lungs for him to do me harder. My yells woke Sissy up, who had come home without Allan. Just as she opened the door to check on me, Rich ejected a geyser of semen into my ass. Silently, Sissy pulled the door shut and retreated to the living room.

I was numb all over, and after Rich washed off his cock, he told me he had to split because he had an early-morning shoot. I was completely exhausted, yet I still wanted him to come in my mouth one more time. He agreed, and after about ten minutes of my best blowjob technique, he came in my mouth with more cream than he had given me all evening. His come filled my mouth and even drooled out both sides. It was the best-tasting spunk I'd ever had. He got up, dressed, and kissed me and left.

I lay there, riding an unparalleled high with this guy's cream oozing slowly from my swollen cunt and ass and my mouth. Looking out into the living room, I could see Sissy kissing Rich as he started to go. She rubbed his crotch and asked him if she could have some of his cock, since it sounded so good through the wall. She silently bent over and went down on him as he leaned against the door. I swear to God, he came in her mouth too! Then he kissed Sissy on the lips, threw her his jacket, and told us to keep it.

This all happened one year ago. Sissy and I still live together and still take turns wearing "our special jacket." I've never seen my "golden boy" again, but he'll always be my "back-door man" and can "light my fire," anytime.—*Name and address withheld*



"I should've realized it was doomed from the beginning. I'm Virgo . . . and Roger was Feces!*"*

BUDS WITH SUDS

It was a typical, easygoing Sunday afternoon for my husband, Bob, and me. (You know, sitting around listening to the stereo and drinking beer.) Bob lounged in his robe and I had jeans and my white blouse with a sexy lace bra underneath. Our conversation turned to oral sex and how some people don't get into it, while others, like ourselves, are totally turned on by it. With a conversation like that, it wasn't long before we decided to get out our *Penthouse*. Both of us really enjoy reading the "Forum," and it always leads to some excellent sex!

After looking at the pictures with great lust and reading some of the hot articles, I noticed a huge bulge poking from Bob's robe. Before I had finished reading the article, Bob had his robe opened, revealing his muscular tan body, and was rubbing his luscious love juices from his eight-inch rod onto his finger. With this tasty finger, he lightly rubbed his juices onto my lips, and then, as if to tease me, he gave me tastes from his finger as I continued reading. This was really getting me aroused and soon I was licking and sucking his finger like a hungry puppy. The more I read, the more juices Bob had to give. When I got so horny I could hardly concentrate on my reading, I put the magazine down and we started our own story.

With long, hot, deep kisses, Bob helped me out of my clothes. When we were stark naked, he started exploring. He wasted no time seeing how wet my pussy was. His fingers were in and out of my cunt, rubbing and pumping me while his mouth sucked my brown nipples, making them rock-hard. When his fingers were soaked with my juice, it was his turn to do the finger-tasting. Seeing this, it wasn't long before I joined him and, like little kids with Popsicles, we licked and sucked his pussy-soaked fingers, loving every taste. With what seemed like hours of all the attention on me, I decided to return the turn-on. I bent down and engulfed his entire shaft.

BLACK VELVET BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY © 1983 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.
Smooth as Velvet
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
EIGHTY PROOF
"After you feel Velvet, you won't want to touch another Canadian."
Premium and Imported.

Starting out slowly, so Bob had time to move all my hair out of my face to get a clear view, I fondled his shaft with my tongue. Then I licked and sucked him till he was close to his peak. Noting how aroused this was getting him, I sped up my pace. With my head bobbing, my tongue moving fast as lightning on his prick and with my hands fondling his balls, he came. I swallowed all of his creamy come, but it took three swallows to do so.

As we sat back for a rest and a beer break, we admired each other's naked body. Then, with only a smile and no warning, Bob took his beer and poured it over my mound. The sensation was unreal! It felt so good as the cold beer ran through my pussy hair onto my clit and down between my swollen pink pussy lips and into my cunt. Bob saw how good I felt and started fingering my pussy all over again. Throwing my head and arms back with my legs spread wide, I let myself go as he continued to pour small amounts of beer onto my cunt. With half of his beer in my pussy, he started to eat me. He dug right in, sucking me hard, tonguing my cunt. Oh, it felt so good! After only a short time, I came.

Both of us lay back in sheer exhaustion. We drank another beer and thought we should get some sleep, so upstairs we went. Lying in each other's arms and not being as tired as we originally thought, we started all over again. Bob lightly rubbed my belly, then my nipples, then my pussy. He was rubbing so softly it sent goose bumps up and down my body. Softly he asked, "How about in the rear this time? C'mon, babe, you know how I love your tight, puckered back door." I'm not too crazy about being poked back there, but Bob says the sensation is a real treat. So without a word I rolled over and positioned myself with my ass up in the air, arms collapsed, and face on the pillow. Seeing that my pussy and thighs still glistened with our juice, Bob used it instead of a lubricant. Spreading my cheeks wide, he entered slowly. "Ahhhh, Lynn, this feels so good, you're so tight." He continued, in and out slowly, until his whole eight inches eased in and out. It was only minutes until he started bucking and pumping my ass so hard I moaned in pain. Hearing this, he assured me it wouldn't be long. "You're ass is so good, so tight, yeah, I love it . . . I'm going to come . . . here it comes!" As I mentioned before, your "Forum" always leads to some excellent sex for us!—*Name and address withheld*

JOY RIDER

I'm a young, fairly attractive mother of two children. While my husband and the rest of our family were tightly packed into our compact car on our way home from a day at the beach, we spied a familiar face on a hitchhiker. My husband realized that it was one of his students, so we stopped and waited for him to catch up to our car. As he jogged up to our car, I couldn't help but notice his gorgeous body. He was tall and magnificently well-built, and from the bulge that was visible through his nylon sport shorts, I could tell that his prick was at least nine to ten inches long!

My husband introduced us. When I said hello, and gazed into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen, I felt myself creaming in my sundress. Since both of our children need car seats, picking up a hitchhiker posed a problem, so I suggested that I sit on Phil's lap in the back seat. I asked Phil if he could handle me on his lap for the two-hour ride. He said it sounded like a good idea. My husband didn't mind, so Phil got in, helped me into the car and onto his lap.

As we got back onto the freeway, I leaned back against his muscular chest. As he spoke to my husband, I could feel his hot breath on my sensitive neck and ears, which made me hornier by the minute. Bravely, he found my eager, drenched pussy lips. He rubbed, tickled, and pulled at my love lips until I could barely control myself. He teased me for what seemed like hours, never missing a word of the conversation he was having with my husband. I knew he wasn't altogether unaffected, because his prick had grown so hard that it was pressing into my ass. It's pressure felt wonderful. I was breathing heavily and sweating profusely as this well-educated student remained cool, despite his hard-on.

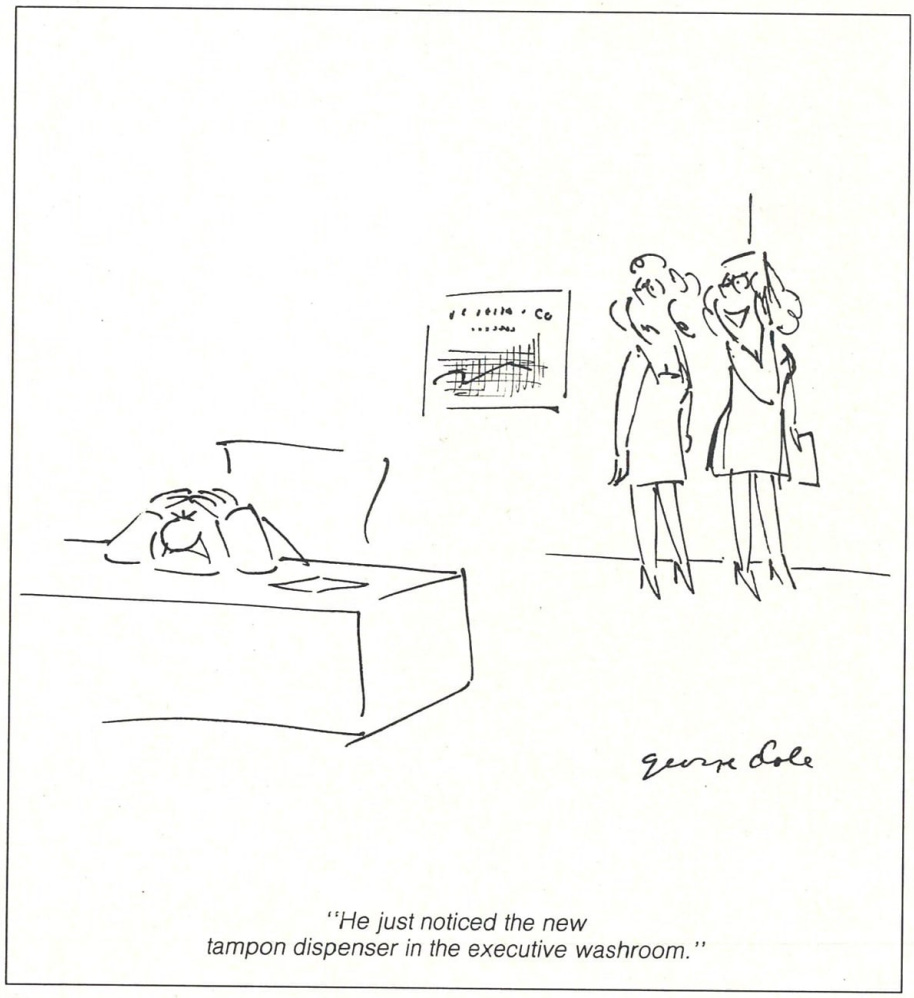
After a few more miles of teasing, he finally let me come. It took all I had not to scream out in delight. My cunt was dripping honey like never before and I had to hide my moans with a phoney cough so my husband wouldn't get suspicious.

Totally exhausted, I leaned back and fell asleep. When I finally awoke, we were close to home, and I knew my pleasure trip was over. At his home, Phil got out of the car and thanked us for the ride. I felt as if I should have thanked him! With a sweet smile, he turned and left.—*Name and address withheld*

THE BIG GAME HUNT

My dorm friends call me a nymphomaniac. Actually, I'm just a college sophomore who likes guys with long, thick, hard cocks. You see, my friends became envious last year during freshman week when I bedded a different guy for six straight nights. On the seventh day I had three in a row at a party, but that's another story. The next morning I found a ten-inch dildo taped to my door. The attached note read, "The perfect present for an insatiable nympho—bet you haven't had a cock this long." They were right, I hadn't. And it was exactly what I was searching for.

I know that size shouldn't matter so much, yet for some reason I become unbelievably aroused, actually uncontrollable, at the sight of a large, fleshy dick. Through my seven-night stand, the biggest pecker I had taken was a seven-incher. Not bad, but not exactly the



"He just noticed the new tampon dispenser in the executive washroom."

Alive with pleasure!

© Lorillard, U.S.A. 1983

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983.

ten-inch-plus that I was dreaming about.

When it comes to attracting men, I usually have no trouble. Probably because I have grapefruit-size tits to go with a slim, curvaceous five-foot-nine, 115-pound frame. When guys look past my tits, and few really do, all of them compliment my pretty face and clear green eyes. Most of the time, however, the guys are too busy pawing and kneading my breasts to notice that I have a pussy that likes a good, hard fucking.

After I grew bored with the big dildo, I began to frequent the college pool in order to do some prick watching. On my second visit to the pool, Jim, the lifeguard, and also one of the participants in my seven-night stand, invited me to a fraternity beach party to be held that evening.

To the party I wore a two-piece bathing suit which consisted of a standard bikini bottom and two, practically sheer, cloth bands, just wide enough to conceal my nipples. With the bulk of my tits on display, I felt like a lascivious vamp—just the thought of several cocks stirring at the sight of me made my pussy wet.

About an hour after I arrived at the fraternity, I spotted two guys (with considerable wads underneath their swim trunks) talking with Jim near the keg. I made my way toward them, said hello, and was introduced to Owen and Vince. Suddenly two girls pulled Vince and Jim onto the dance floor. Left together, Owen and I made small talk until he asked me to dance. The song ended as we started to dance, so we waited for the next number, which was slow. As Owen pulled me close, I could feel his long cock swelling to an even larger size. Just as the song ended, I whispered, "Fuck me, Owen." Without hesitation, he whisked me upstairs to his room to do just that.

Owen's cock was nine-and-one-half inches long hard, six inches long soft. With measured strokes, he brought me to numerous orgasms, the last one mutual. Then he stroked and kissed my tits until he fell asleep. I, however, was not sleepy. I got up, threw on a towel, and wandered into the bathroom across the hall. Inside I encountered a naked man with a cock that looked larger than my dildo. Embarrassed, I apologized for not knocking before entering, but while I spoke my gaze was fixed on his monstrous shaft which expanded into a tulip shaped end. I almost failed to notice that this well-hung guy was Vince from the party.

Vince chuckled and assured me that I could use the bathroom. As I disappeared behind the stall door, I heard him say, "From the noises I heard it sounded as if Owen and you just had a real good time. I live next to Owen and your moans and groans woke me up." "What's the matter with you letting all that cock go to waste? Didn't you pick someone up? I thought you frat guys always got more than you could handle," I replied. "Well, tonight I got dumped for an old boyfriend." "Poor Vince," I mockingly sighed. "Too bad you didn't ask me to dance, I wouldn't have ditched you." "Yeah," he replied, "but you're with Owen for the night." "But I can spend the morning with you, I'm not even warmed up yet," I said as I emerged from the stall, washed my hands, and let my towel fall to the floor.

Vince went right to work on my flab-grabber. He sat on the sink and greedily pulled me onto his lap, slowly inching me down his enormous tool, which I later measured at twelve-inches long hard. He then eased me up and down his pole at an increasing pace. Just before I thought I would climax, he carried me into the hallway, placed me on the carpet, and began pounding deep inside me at a furious pace. I thought I was going to pass out, but it was an orgasm instead. The first of so many, that I lost count.

It seemed as if I could never get enough of Vince's wonderful cock, even though we screwed at least once a day until he graduated in May. I miss him, but with the first week of school rapidly approaching, I'm looking forward to this year's prick hunt. I'm one huntress who hopes to be captured.—*Name and address withheld*

"Nobody communicates anymore."

FUNDAES

I am a college sophomore who has just recently realized the uniqueness of one of my earlier sexual endeavors. I have been dating my current girlfriend for nearly three years, and nothing gives me more pleasure than trying to satisfy her incredible fantasies. Having broken into the realm of intercourse at the end of my first year in high school, I feel lucky to have had such a wide gamut of experiences. Since your readers are undoubtedly craving some of the steamy details, I will hesitate no further.

This particular experience occurred at the start of my senior year. My sweetie's father owns an ice-cream store, which is popular for its "Create your own sundaes." One hot, summer evening, my girl had the closing duties. In an effort to help out and possibly lessen the time until we were locked in a naked embrace, I offered to assist in the cleanup. It didn't take long for me to realize that my duties were going to go beyond mopping the floor. She looked really hot in her skin-tight satin shorts and T-shirt. As we worked behind the counter, she repeatedly backed her tight ass against my crotch. Needless to say, I was at half-mast in no time, and the situation became more embarrassing as my shorts barely concealed my throbbing love pole. She went so far as to squeeze my hard-on as I tried to serve a customer! It became difficult to concentrate on anything but those gorgeous nipples protruding from her braless T-shirt.

Finally, the last customer left, and I locked the door. I was in a big hurry to get the hell out of there and into those skimpy shorts. The next thing I knew, however,

BUY A 50 AND SAVE $100.

Right now you can walk into any Honda Scooter dealer, ride out on a 1983 Aero™ 50,* and cash in on a $100 rebate from Honda. For just $498,† you'll get a scooter that has style as well as that famous Honda reliability.

But the Aero 50 isn't just easy to afford, it's also easy to operate. For instance, it has an electric starter and you'll never have to shift gears, because the transmission is automatic. And you'll never have to baby it because this Honda is virtually maintenance-free.

But to make things even easier, we suggest you buy the Aero 50 soon. Because a scooter this good will go pretty fast. And with this kind of offer, it'll go even faster.

To find out the name of your local Honda Scooter dealer, call toll-free (800) 447-4700.

THE HONDA AERO™ 50

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. *Aero 50 not available in Maryland. †$598 is manufacturer's suggested retail price. With $100 manufacturer's rebate, Aero 50 is $498. Rebate offer good through January 15, 1984. © 1983 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. For a free brochure, see your local authorized Honda Scooter dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 746, Box 9000, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

she was plunging her sweaty hand into my underwear. She was vigorously massaging my penis as she uttered those unforgettable words, "I want to lick hot fudge off your cock."

Now I don't know about you, but talking dirty really drives me crazy. While trying not to blow my load, I buried my tongue deep into her mouth and the fun began. In a matter of seconds we had the lights turned out, and I had her up on the counter. Let me tell you, those shorts may have looked fantastic on her, but they looked ten times better on the floor (mine soon followed). I hungrily kissed her neck and breasts as she guided Wilbur home. She was so moist, he thought he was taking a bath. Moans of pleasure filled the air as I rang up the cash register. Our juices were mingling in no time at all, and she begged me to taste the mixture. Before I payed her lip service, I made my way to the hot-fudge machine. Without delay, I layed her out and was getting my fill of hot fudge from her sundae cup. I must say that the taste was unbelievable and I continued to add more as she maneuvered into a sixty-nine position, still on the countertop! The hot sensation of the fudge on my organs was too much and I lost it again, this time all over her face.

The other toppings were not to be denied. Hot carmel, marshmallow, strawberry, and whipped cream all got their turn. Her tits covered in carmel made a tantalizing treat. The big bang came when I shoved some vanilla ice cream into her pussy and she screamed in agony. The evening ended with a ball-banging stand-up session in the walk-in freezer. This time I pulled out and shot my come (what little was left) on the wall where it froze instantly. While locking up, my creamy delight thanked me for making a dream come true, and we engaged in one last deep kiss. Now that I am up at school, I have cut down on desserts, reserving all of my sweetie eating for this coming summer.—*Name and address withheld*

ANTIQUE COLLECTOR

I live in a U-shape apartment complex that has a small park inside for the tenants. Most of them are older retired people, and it's these old gents that bring out the exhibitionist in me. Well, I enjoy being an exhibitionist—I have a fantastic 37-23-37 figure! I have blue eyes, long, straight wheat-colored blond hair, I'm twenty years old, five-foot-ten in bare feet, and I've heard various men describe me as a beauty of a cock teaser.

I'm normal in every respect, except that I have an insatiable craving to excite older men. Perhaps I have a touch of nymphomania, I don't know. I enjoy getting fucked by young studs, like any girl, although I don't keep steady company with anyone, because I like variety. Let's just say when I need a throbbing hard cock, guys my own age are more than happy to give me a good, hard fuck and when I want to tease for the sake of giving someone thrills, I single out older men.

A psychologist would probably say it's because a bachelor neighbor in his late fifties introduced me to the pleasures of sex when I was eighteen and continued to fuck me until I finished college. At first, he used to just feel me up and finger-fuck me. He gradually worked up to eating my cunt and having me suck his cock until he eventually broke my cherry. Well, it was a little painful the first few times he worked his seven-inch cock into me, but I got used to it and learned to enjoy the feel of his cock pumping in and out of my cunt.

Anyway, every apartment has a good view of the park inside the "U" where I love to sunbathe. I guess half of it is to sunbathe and half to satisfy my exhibitionist desire. I have several skimpy string bikinis, and when I stretch out to sunbathe, it's darn close to indecent exposure. My bikini tops just cover my nipples and the bottoms are just triangles of cloth that barely conceal my cunt and ass and my overabundance of pubic hair. So when I sunbathe, I put on quite an exhibition. I always wear sunglasses, and when I appear to be dozing, I'm actually looking at the apartment windows above. Some of the men try to be discreet by closing their drapes and peeking out, but I have seen quite a few bold ones with binoculars. I often wonder how many fantasize and masturbate while they watch me.

I try to sunbathe in every conceivable position—legs spread wide on my back or stomach; in the fetal position (which emphasizes my ass); one leg spread wide and the other bent outward at the knee; or even both legs drawn up and bent outward at the knee as if I was waiting for an imaginary lover to mount me. I always get horny thinking about the men looking out at me and probably wishing they could fuck or eat me.

One afternoon, a small sixty-seven-year old gent about five-foot-five, with only a fringe of white hair, came by and started a conversation. Poor guy, he gazed hungrily at the fullness of my thighs and his eyes lingered longingly at my crotch. He tried not to be obvious about it. I then decided to reward him with a few hours of thrills that night. Besides, I was feeling horny. Very innocently, I asked him if he would like to come to my apartment around nine for some cold beer and conversation, since it promised to be a boring evening. At nine sharp, I heard his soft knock. I'd changed into an extra-short full skirt and sheer blouse. His eyes nearly popped out against his bifocals when he saw me.

Settling down with our beer, I sat across from him, carelessly showing a lot of thigh and whatever else he could see by my crossing and uncrossing my legs. Like a magnet, his eyes kept wandering to my legs. He really enjoyed the view I was giving him. I moved to my wide sofa and asked him if he'd mind massaging my legs

". . . and do you, Rex, take Tippy . . ."

with cold cream to soothe my sunburn. He came to the sofa eagerly, put some cold cream on his palms and started rubbing the cream along my calves and thighs. I knew he could see the crack of my cunt because his hands started trembling with excitement and he was breathing rather raggedly.

Lifting my leg over his head onto his lap, I told him to eat me. Whimpering with ecstasy, he dived at my crotch. He kissed my cunt with a dozen short kisses and then started licking it as I pumped my hips furiously at his puckered face, determined to make myself come. About fifteen minutes later, I came with a long, slow, shuddering orgasm.

Moving to the bedroom, I told him to undress. It was time to eat his cock. He didn't have a raging hard-on like a young guy, but at least he could get it up, if only barely. He whimpered as I slowly sucked the length of his five-inch cock. I sucked gently for a while, then harder until I noticed I was sucking with total abandon.

Telling him I wanted him to come in my cunt, I mounted him and slowly lowered myself onto his cock until every inch was imbedded in me. Pumping my hips hard, I started to fuck him while he looked at me with dazed and appreciative eyes. I had another lovely orgasm; he didn't.

This was getting to be a matter of pride with me! I needed him to shoot his load into my cunt. I had him get on top. While he pumped his cock into me, I fucked back at him, telling him to give it to me harder. Finally, he shuddered, and I could feel his cock throbbing weakly as he shot his come into me. Of course, all the activity made me come also.

Since then, I've made it a point to let one of these lonely old gents fuck me every week. So far, I've fucked every one of them at least once. I feel good whenever I'm able to give these old guys a little bit of sexual pleasure. After all, it's probably been decades since they fucked a young, willing gal. Another thing is that they don't get jealous or possessive like young guys. When one asks me if he can visit me, they don't mind when I put them off because I've already made plans with another old gent.—*Name and address withheld*

AN ENGLISH LOVER

I would like to relate an experience I had my second year of prep school. Although I was only a junior, I had lucked out and received a single room in a dorm meant only for seniors. I needed this single to carry on my private sexual activities, which involved wearing women's lingerie and masturbating. There was a hot-air vent in the floor, and I would put on about six nightgowns and stand over it. The hot air would billow the nightgowns up around my waist and heat up my prick at the same time. I used to sleep in negligees almost every night, and I wore panties under my regular clothes during the day.

Anyway, I was always very careful to keep everything in my closet. Also, I kept

COMFORT EGGNOG

6 eggs. ¾ cup sugar. 2 cups whipped cream. 1 cup cream. 1 cup milk. 2 cups Southern Comfort. Ground nutmeg. Chill the eggs and liquid ingredients. Separate egg whites from yolks. Beat yolks. Continue beating and add sugar. Stir in whipped cream, cream, milk and Southern Comfort. Beat egg whites and fold in. Dust with nutmeg and chill. Makes 10 5-oz. servings.

To make Easy Comfort Eggnog, chill a cup of Southern Comfort and a quart of dairy eggnog. Beat together in a punch bowl and dust with nutmeg. Serves 10. For a single serving, combine 1 oz. of chilled Southern Comfort with 4 oz. of dairy eggnog in a short glass. Dust with nutmeg.

For a free copy of Southern Comfort's newest recipe guide, please write to: Recipe Booklet, Dept. EG, Box 12427, St. Louis, MO 63132, or call toll-free: 1-800-325-4038.

the closet and the room doors locked whenever I was out. One day I came back from class and my door was not locked. Frantically I wondered whether I had forgotten to lock it, or whether someone else had been in my room. The closet was not locked either. Later that afternoon Mr. English, the hallmaster, called us together and informed us that there had been a surprise inspection that morning, which was why the doors were all unlocked. The hallmaster's wife stood beside him and kept looking at me. I felt that they both knew what I had in my closet. The incredible thing was that they were searching for underwear that had been stolen from the laundry room in the basement.

I figured that even though they hadn't found the underwear in my room, they did find some very incriminating items. I was in a real panic. I was trying to concentrate on reading a book about eleven o'clock that night, when the duty freshman knocked on my door and told me that Mr. English wanted to see me. My heart immediately jumped into my throat and my mind raced wildly. I didn't know what to say to him. On the way out of the room, I decided to deny that the lingerie was mine and to say that someone else must have put it there. But by the time I reached his door, I knew it wouldn't wash and figured I'd better just tell the truth.

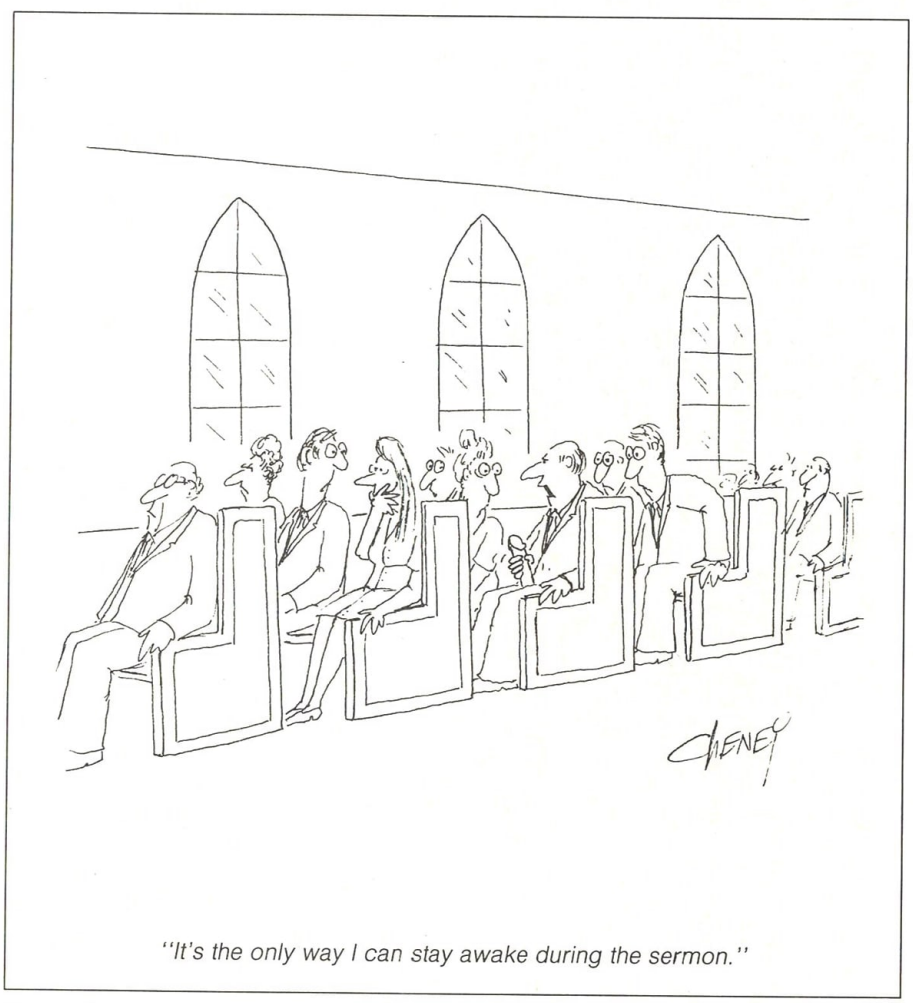
Mrs. English, who is about twenty-eight, with long brown hair and a full chest, met me at the door and asked me to enter. Mr. English didn't seem to be around anywhere. "Mrs. English," I began, "I don't know if you . . ." "Phillip," she interrupted me, "it's all right. I didn't invite you here to chastise you on your choice of sleeping apparel." "You invited me to come?" I asked. "Call me Linda, please," she said, as she locked the door and walked over and stood in front of me. "We both invited you," she said huskily. She put her lips to mine and started to French-kiss me with a passion and a wonderfully flexible tongue. Suddenly I realized that I was still wearing the panties I had put on that morning. I had forgotten all about them in the uproar. I lurched back, with my shirttails already pulled out, but she put her arms around me again and hugged me to her, locking our mouths in a fierce embrace. She tugged at my belt, trying to get my pants open, when all of a sudden, the snap came undone. The tension froze me. She reached in and felt my panty-covered penis. She dropped quickly onto her knees and pulled my pants down. She pressed her face against my panties and nibbled at my cock through the silky nylon. I just thought, "Wow, this can't be happening" as she slipped her hands under my panties and caressed my buns.

"Oh, God," she moaned, "your ass is so tight and young and beautiful." She rubbed her face against my nylon-covered cheeks and, pulling the panties aside, she tongued my little bunghole. At the same time, her hand ran up and down my stiffening cock, making me feel wonderful. "I don't know about this," I said, uncertainly. "What if your husband comes home?" She just laughed merrily and said, "Oh, that won't be a problem." Slowly she pulled the panties down and my dick revealed its erect splendor. "You see, dear Phillip, he's home already. He's in the other room." "Christ," I thought, "now I've done it, I'll get kicked out for sure." She pursed her lips and moaned. "Oh, Phillip, you have an absolutely gorgeous penis, and I want so much to have it in my mouth." She kissed it on the tip and said, "Do you mind terribly if I suck on it? I want to suck it dry." She pushed me back onto the couch, took my shirt and shoes off, and disappeared for a few moments, returning dressed only in a pair of sheer panties that barely concealed the dark patch between her legs. She also carried a few items that made my prick jump: a lovely lace brassiere and matching garter belt and sheer stockings. She held my arms up and put the bra on me. I can't say I resisted too much.

My penis swelled beyond its normal size as she helped me into the garter belt and hooked it behind me. I rolled the silky black stockings up my legs and attached them to the garter belt. My cock was bulging with excitement and there was a big globule of semen that oozed out of the tip. She formed her lips into a sensuous circle and sucked the come into her mouth. Then she slid my whole rigid cock into her mouth, deep in her throat. I could feel her muscles clenching and unclenching on the head of my prick, and it was an incredible feeling. The stockings felt fantastic on my legs and I was unbelievably turned on, not to mention totally amazed at this turn of events.

She sucked my cock with abandon when her husband came out of the other room, naked. He walked over to where Mrs. English was feasting on my prick, straddled my face, and began gliding his large, smooth cock into my mouth. I was so out of it with crotch pleasure, that I just started sucking on it. As I felt myself approaching an explosion, I sucked harder on his eight-incher. I heard him moan with satisfaction and approval. I let my tongue slide up and down his thick shaft, and as I shot my wad, he came into my mouth.

Later, they told me that they had indeed suspected me of the theft until none of the missing underwear had been found in my room. Mrs. English and her husband had conducted the search themselves and only they knew about the contents of my closet. My fetish for lingerie really turned them on, especially Linda, who asked me if I might like to come again sometime. What do you think I said? As I was leaving, Mrs. English handed me the pair of panties she had been wearing, kissed me, and whispered, "Come back soon." Needless to say, I did very well that term in English, and I was assigned to Mr. English's senior



"It's the only way I can stay awake during the sermon."

seminar the following year.—*Name and address withheld*

TORPEDOES AWAY

I am presently stationed aboard a cutter, which stays out at sea for several months at a time. We have one female officer and 180 men on board. She is a five-foot-eight-inch buxom blond bombshell. You could say she was built like a brick battleship, with large mounts forward and a shapely stern. She often exercises on the flight deck and occasionally we're lucky enough to catch a glimpse of her well-defined mound. She would often come up to the bridge wearing a T-shirt with no bra underneath, which showed off her porthole-like nipples. At the end of the patrol we were all pretty horny, to say the least.

As is customary on our vessel, every Saturday night is designated "morale night," when fuck flicks are shown on closed-circuit TV. During the showing of these movies, it is normal for many to relieve themselves. One particular Saturday night, I was pissed off because I was unable to view the movie due to the fact I was the duty boatswain mate. This turned out to be a blessing in disguise. While I was on a round about the ship, I ran into the female officer on the main deck. She told me to swing by her stateroom because she had some questions about seamanship. This seemed odd to me, but I didn't think much of it at the time. As soon as I got off watch, I went to her room, knocked on the door, and was invited in. I couldn't believe my eyes. She was wearing a revealing robe with apparently nothing on underneath. I realized that she might have something more on her mind than seamanship. When she produced a bottle of Jamaican rum, which is strictly taboo, my suspicions were confirmed. After a few stiff drinks, we were feeling really good. During the course of our conversation, I caught several glimpses of her golden muff. By this time I couldn't conceal my throbbing nine inches, which stood at attention. She noticed my embarrassment and took command of the situation.

As her robe dropped to the floor, she fell to her knees, unzipped my trows, and withdrew my conga. No sooner than she had taken my full length into her throat, I blew my two-month surplus of spunk. With her expert tongue, she quickly brought my sailor back to life. Assuming command, I gently maneuvered her to the deck. When my tongue found her golden fleece, she moved with the gentle rocking of the ship as my expert tongue brought her to a shuddering orgasm.

By this time, she was begging for my love torpedo. In one swift movement, I turned her over and mounted her doggie style, giving her the full length of my gangplank. I started pumping her slowly and then came up to a full bell. I was soon wallowing in the wake of her love juices. I could hold back no longer, and shot my hot shell into her receptive love box. We continued these night maneuvers until rev-

Sansui has the art of pleasure-seeking down to a science. One-touch music selection. By eliminating confusion over knobs and dials, Sansui's superior Intelligent Super Compo music system offers the easiest, most pleasurable way to go from instant anxiety to instant gratification. With it you can turn your entire room into an instrument of magnificent musical pleasure.

Intelligent Super Compo satisfies your desire for an easy-to-use component system.

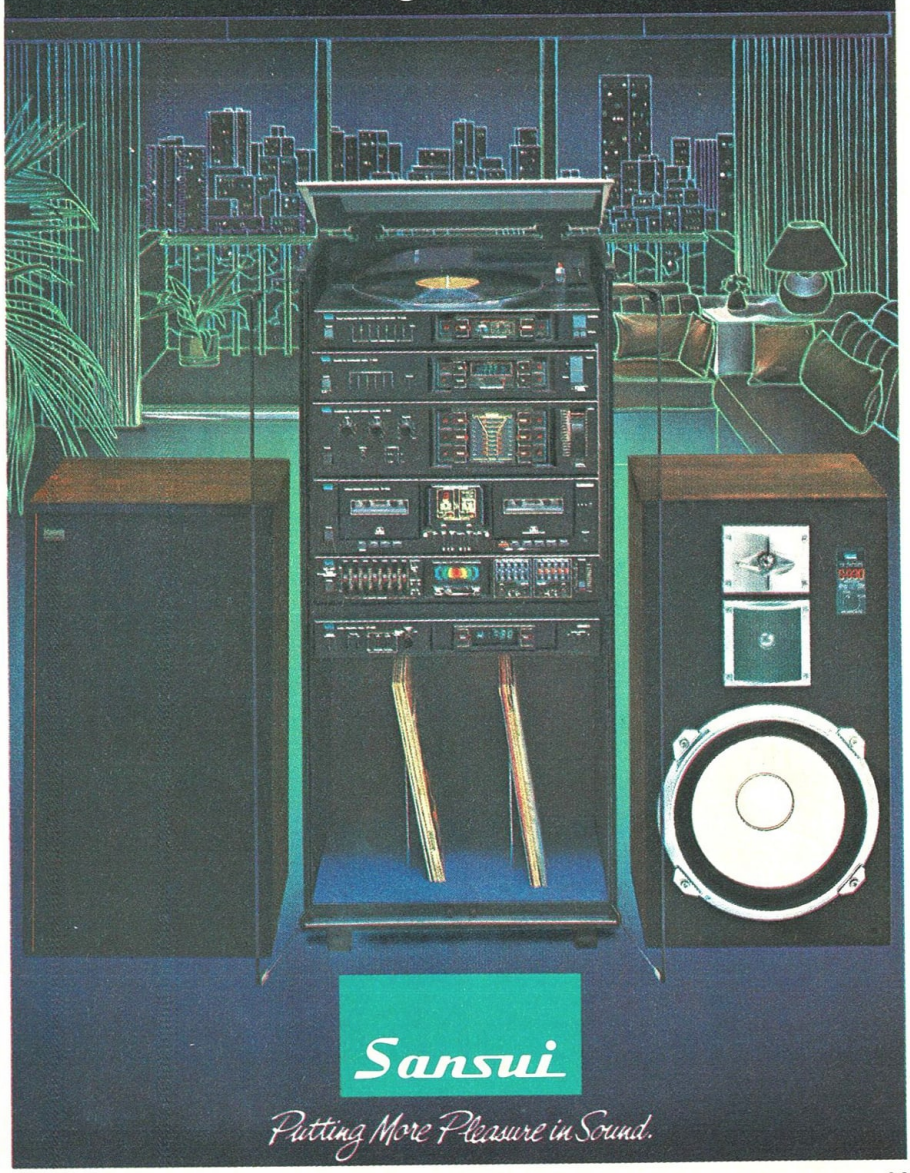
Just push a button and the computerized selection system (Compu-Selector) turns on one component and switches off another at the same time.

Displayed in a handsome space-saving audio cabinet with a pair of fantastic sounding speakers, it's designed to arouse your musical passions at all levels.

Call or write for the name of your nearest Sansui dealer. He'll put you in touch with great sound with a variety of systems to meet any need or budget.
Sansui Electronics Corp.,
Lyndhurst, NJ 07071
(201) 460-9710;
Carson, CA 90746
(213) 604-7300.

THE GENIUS OF ONE TOUCH

Sansui Intelligent Super Compo



Sansui

Putting More Pleasure in Sound.

eille sounded the next morning.

We've repeated our morale-night escapades several times since our first rendezvous. She says I've really mastered the fine art of "semenship."—*Name and address withheld*

PLAYING HARD TO GET

My man is a gorgeous hunk with a terrific mind. In fact, his mind is what attracted me to him in the beginning. At first we would spend hours just talking about world conditions and politics. But a girl can't live on talk alone! After several months of all talk and no action, I was ready to have some lovin'. The problem was not lack of interest, it was a lack of time. You see, my man is studying law and just doesn't have the time for a good, leisure fuck. Lucky for me, he eventually did find the time.

The night after his final exam, he came over to my place to celebrate. Needless to say, after writing a six-hour exam, he was totally wasted. Within thirty minutes, he was fast asleep on my couch. All that night I lay awake in my bed—alone and horny. By morning, I had worked myself into quite a state of bitchiness. As soon as my alarm went off, I made up my mind to kick the slob out and forget I'd ever wasted my time on the likes of him.

Well, when I shook him, none too gently, and told him to leave, he had a better idea. He grabbed me and pulled me toward him in an attempt to kiss me, but I pulled myself free. Again I ordered him out but he only laughed. Shaking with anger, I told him that if he didn't leave right that minute I was going to scream for help. That is when I noticed a strange gleam in his eyes.

"No need to get help, babe. I know what you want and I can give you all you can handle!" he said as he stood up. "Just leave me the fuck alone and get out," I said with all the mock courage I could muster. But I knew from the look in his eye that he was serious. "Fucking was just what I had in mind," he said, as he moved closer. With his eyes glazed over, he seemed even more powerful than before. His prick stood hard and firm against the crotch of his shorts. I stood frozen with my eyes fixed on his rigid tool, and I felt my pussy juices trickling down my thighs. My mind raced for a way to divert his attention, but my thoughts couldn't escape his animallike appearance.

At that moment, my new puppy happily came prancing out of the kitchen to join our game. For a split second, he forgot about me and I took the opportunity to dash for my bedroom (the only room in the house with a lock on the door). He followed immediately and caught the door just as I was swinging it shut. I threw my entire body weight against it and pushed for all I was worth but I was no match for him. He stepped inside, closed the door, and locked it behind him. Slowly he turned and saw me huddling in the corner. "What's the matter, babe? You've been bugging me for weeks to take care of your poor, neglected cunt and I've got it all stored up for you. So what's it going to be? Are you going to give it to me like a good little girl, or am I going to have to take it from you?" "Please, just leave me alone," I pleaded. "I won't tell anybody if you just split without a big fuss." "You're saying no with your lips, but your body is turning on like crazy. You want it. Just look at your nipples."

He was right. My nipples were standing out like little soldiers ready for battle. Through my cotton panties my juices were flowing like never before. I didn't understand how I could be so scared and turned on at the same time.

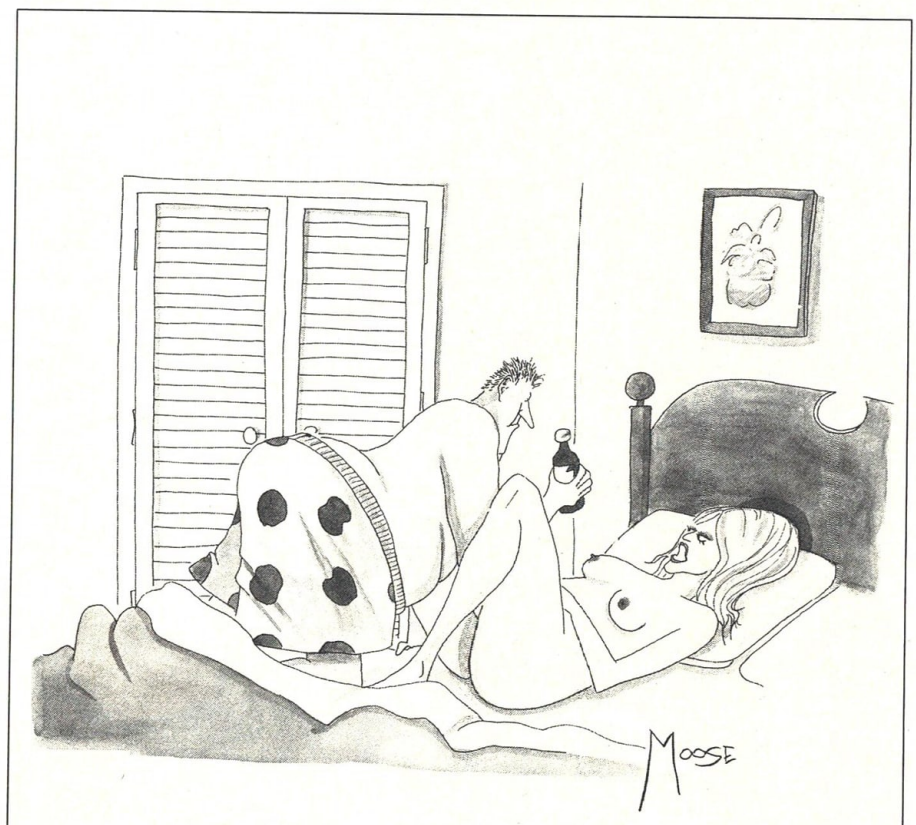
Quickly, he crossed the room and grabbed my arms. As he looked into my eyes, I felt my knees give way. He picked me up like a feather and started for the bed. Suddenly, I found my strength and began to struggle against his grip. He threw me to the bed and slowly began to remove his shirt. I jumped up to run, but he caught me and threw me back again. I tried to go for the door again, but he blocked my exit. This time he didn't just throw me back on the bed, he pinned my arms back on the mattress over my head. He looked around, saw my pantyhose on the chair next to the bed, and tied my hands to the brass headboard.

Helpless, I could only lie there as he removed his clothes—one piece at a time. He could see that his little striptease was getting to me, so he really put on a show. The final piece he removed was his shorts, which freed his pulsating protuberance. He lowered himself onto the bed, and I writhed uncontrollably at his touch.

He began kissing me—on the mouth, on the ear, on the neck—then he started down. First he sucked and nibbled my breasts, which felt more sensitive than ever before. From there he slid, kissing all the way, to the top of my hairline. Sucking, nibbling, and kissing, he stimulated every fiber of my nervous system into an animal condition. My ass bucked and wiggled with every touch. I felt as if I was being sparked by small electrical charges.

Seeing that I was fighting less and enjoying more, he placed his hand on my begging slit. I felt myself orgasm, but I tried not to let him know. Slowly, he worked his fingers up and down, from my clit to my ass, each time pressing a little harder on my clitoris.

Changing positions, he moved to kiss my dripping pussy. I turned my head and tried to move away but found myself looking directly at his ever swelling dick. He gently tickled my clit with his tongue while I licked his pole. Harder and harder he worked my little button as I licked and sucked his blushing rod. As I felt myself working up for another orgasm, I positioned myself to take his tool deeper into my hungry mouth. This trip was even better than the first and he responded with a gorgeous wad into my mouth.



"Must you put ketchup on everything?"

DO REAL GUYS USE HAIRSPRAY?

Real guys don't want phony-looking hair. That's why they use Consort®.

Consort leaves hair clean. Natural. Yet in control. The price is right. And professionals have made it their No. 1 choice for years.

Consort Hairspray. It makes a real guy look real good.

CONSORT HAIRSPRAY, SHAMPOO, CONDITIONER AND STICK DEODORANT.

GROOMING GEAR FOR REAL GUYS. CONSORT.

Never getting soft, he turned to mount me as I eagerly parted my legs. His penetration was swift and sure. After several wonderful thrusts, he dismounted, grabbed a pillow, and shoved it under my hips. With my aching twat sticking straight up, he mounted again. The new position allowed for penetration I'd never believed possible. I squeezed him as hard as I could with my pelvic muscles and arched my back to meet every thrust. I quaked like the biggest earthquake in history as he released his second load.

We sent the rest of the afternoon talking and fucking enough to make up for a lifetime of abstinence and deprivation. This spring he has to write yet another one of those evil exams that keep us apart for so long. I don't mind as much this time, though. I have a little plan of my own.—*Name and address withheld*

A LESSON LEARNED

My girlfriend Tracy and I were at my boyfriend Matthew's house when we got into a huge argument about a woman's sexual power. Matt insisted that there wasn't a woman alive who could make him beg and whine for sex and got quite insulting. Tracy and I were both furious at his macho comments, and we decided to teach big Matthew a little lesson in humility.

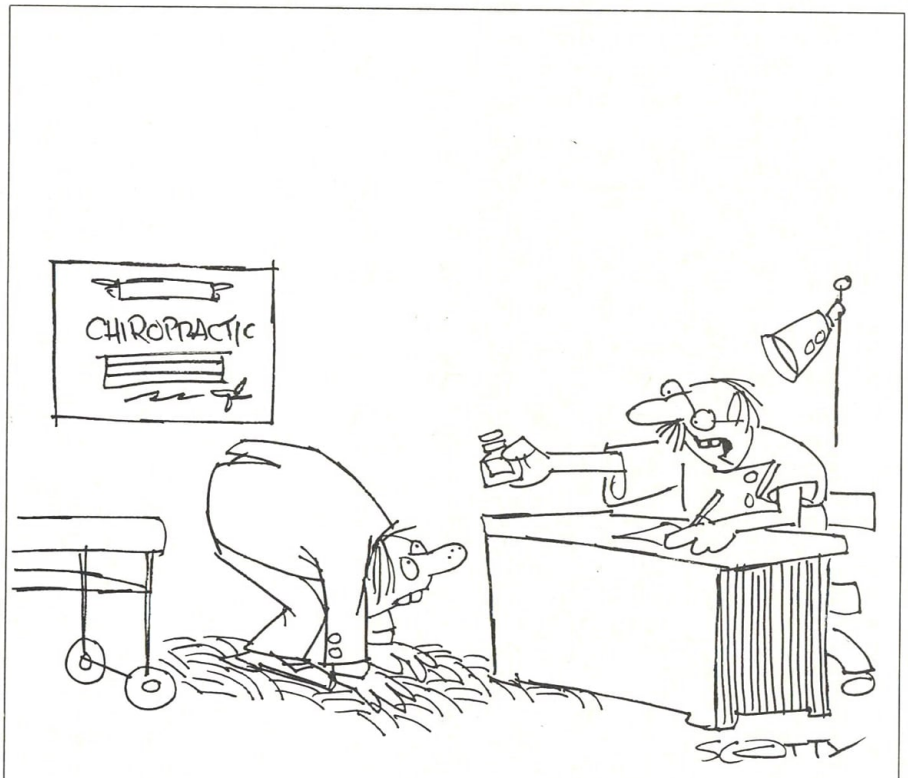
We were at his apartment having a few drinks, when I started to tickle Matthew, (he's incredibly ticklish) under his arms and on the soles of his feet. Tracy picked up on the cue perfectly. While I was tickling his underarms, Tracy placed handcuffs on his ankles. At this point, Tracy began tickling his feet so I could position his hands around a stairway post in back of his chair and slap handcuffs on him. Tracy quickly finished making poor Matthew immobile by tying his handcuffed ankles to the solid-oak coffee table in front of his chair. Naturally, he just thought we were kidding and would untie him in a few minutes. He soon discovered how wrong he was.

We got out a cassette recorder and told him we were going to teach him a lesson, which would make him whine and plead for relief. At first, Matthew was as cocky as ever—until we started the tease. I had briefed Tracy on what particularly turns Matt on. A woman's stocking feet and sheer panties are only two examples, and so we stripped down to just that!

Matt's eyes almost popped out. Tracy placed her gorgeous stocking feet on the armchair—just inches from him. She slowly wiggled and exercised her long toes, while I lightly glided my long fingernails over his throbbing cock and balls. He went nuts trying to thrust upward to get some pressure, but I made sure he didn't get any. It was Tracy's turn next, and we switched positions. The sight of two stocking-clad females in sheer panties was maddening for him. We ground our panty-encased pussies into his face and over his cock and balls. We also massaged his helpless rear with our stocking feet. He was climbing the walls! Finally, we told him to beg and we might give it to him. Did he ever start begging! Pleading and whining for relief—writhing like a wild man under our sadistic fingers and pussies. We were initially not going to torment him too long, but we were enjoying his torture so much we just prolonged and increased his agony. While one of us was tormenting him with pussy or a stocking foot, the other would slowly masturbate him just to the point where he was about to come and then deny him the pleasure he was so desperate for! He was wild with frustration, and our panties were moistened as each minute of agony passed.

We stopped our teasing only to fiendishly tickle-torture him. We continued this and the "We won't let you come" games for over three hours! By that time, his cock was purplish and throbbing uncontrollably and his balls were about to burst. All though this, the poor dear was begging wildly for relief, which turned us on even more. Finally, I took a break, and when I came back into the room Matthew was crying like a baby. Tracy was lying on her stomach on the couch with one hand propping her chin up and the other drawing light, little arches over his balls, penis, and inner thighs. We had had enough. We told him we were going to let him come only if he agreed to our conditions. "Anything, for God's sake let me come!" he whimpered. He tugged at his restraints like a wild man, begging us to do him. We just laughed and while I gave him a close view of my stocking feet and pussy, Tracy slowly masturbated him.

We taunted him by telling him to hold it, but we knew it was impossible. Tracy made him explode! From that day, my boyfriend has never doubted a woman's power. I often replay the tape we made—just to make sure he never forgets.—*Name and address withheld*



"Take these muscle-relaxant tablets, use a heat lamp on your back, and stop trying to suck yourself off."

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Cody Carmack, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T50 camera and Tiffen filters. Nina Lee was photographed by André Felix with a Nikon 35mm camera, Nikkor 50, 135, and 70-200 zoom lenses, a Hoya softener, and Norman strobes. She appears on page 63. Earl Miller's "Cats" pictorial, beginning on page 134, was photographed with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters.

The majestic Wild Turkey–a fitting symbol of our country's finest native whiskey–can be seen in the woods bordering our distillery.

Wild Turkey Hill.
A place unlike any other.

The woods on Wild Turkey Hill slope down to the edge of the Kentucky River. On top of the hill, there's been a distillery for nearly 150 years. It's a unique spot: gently running waters below and constant breezes above that cool our Wild Turkey whiskey naturally as it ages in the barrel. Wild Turkey Hill is a very special place. And it helps us make Wild Turkey very special.

WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD
AUSTIN, NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY® 1983

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Editors' note: The interview with L. Ron Hubbard, Jr. (aka Ron DeWolf), which was published in the June 1983 issue of Penthouse, *was one of the most controversial features that ever appeared in the magazine. In the interest of fairness, we are now publishing the other side, as presented by the Reverend Heber Jentzsch, President of the Church of Scientology;*

With over fifty years of writing behind him, L. Ron Hubbard has become a combination of myth, fact, and legend. His *New York Times* best-selling novel *Battlefield Earth* is no myth. Nor are the hundreds of awards and recognitions he has received for his contributions to social rehabilitation and humanitarian programs. (Some are pictured on page 32.) The following is an exclusive account about one of the most colorful men of our time.

It was a great story. An exclusive.

The editors were, naturally, excited.

The reclusive leader of a multi-million-dollar empire had not been seen in public for years and had refused any media contact. But now someone had a direct "inside line" and the story was going to be told for the first time.

But the promised story never appeared. The recluse had suddenly and unexpectedly spoken out and the "autobiography" of Howard Hughes was exposed as a hoax. Clifford Irving, the writer who had promised the world a story about Howard Hughes, became the story instead. Irving and his wife pled guilty and were sent to jail for seventeen months.

Ronald Edward DeWolf, a $500-a-month Carson City, Nev., apartment-house manager, also had a story. Although he had not seen his estranged father, best-selling author and philosopher L. Ron Hubbard, for twenty-four years, DeWolf was convinced it didn't matter. Like Irving, DeWolf did not expect his target to speak out. He knew that his father preferred his privacy and would decline to make any public appearances. Thus DeWolf thought the stage was his to use with impunity.

DeWolf's unlikely forum was a small probate court in Riverside, Calif., where he filed a petition, in November 1982, claiming that his father was either dead, missing, or incompetent to handle his affairs and that the estate should be turned over to DeWolf.

The key was publicity. All DeWolf had to do was to create an uproar with allegations the media love to print and then wait either for the full estate or a healthy settlement.

The plan probably seemed simple enough. The last thing DeWolf expected was that the court would ask DeWolf to pay and Hubbard's right to privacy strengthened by the court. Like Irving, DeWolf made one serious mistake: "I felt it was about time that I quit fooling around and being a child and quit messing about and lay the facts on the line and say what I have been doing is a whole lot of lying, a whole lot of damage to a lot of people that I value highly"—Ronald DeWolf, videotaped interview, Nov. 7, 1972.

Publicly lying and then privately recanting is not new to Ron DeWolf. He has virtually made it a profession.

It was 1972 in Los Angeles. Clifford Irving had pled guilty a few months before. Ron DeWolf leaned back in the chair, waiting for the private TV interview to start. This would be the second recantation of public statements he had made about Hubbard and the Church of Scientology.

He pulled on the cigarette and joked nervously about the TV camera being readied in front of him. The clock behind him was a guarantee that DeWolf could not claim later that the film was altered or edited in any way.

The precautions were not uncalled for. Three years earlier, on September 22, 1969, DeWolf had recanted his 1967 statements to the Internal Revenue Service—and then changed his mind. This time it would be recorded on film.

"Okay, we're ready," came the voice.

The second recantation of Ron DeWolf had started.

After verifying that he knew that he was being filmed and that he was appearing of his own free will, without coercion or compensation of any kind, the interview moved into the allegations.

DeWolf stated that he had left the church and his father in 1959 and had been spreading various allegations about both over the last nine years. DeWolf said he felt that "it was time to really tell the truth . . . let the facts and truth be known and to stop doing things like making rather blatant lies, and that kind of thing."

After reading a new affidavit that said his 1967 sworn testimony against the church was "incomplete" and "misleading," DeWolf was asked about allegations that he had made against Hubbard and the church. One by one, he recanted them for the TV camera:

- That Hubbard makes personal profit from the church. DeWolf: "I actually be-

The Perfect Gift

Unmatched in Performance

Highly Desirable

Experts Choice

Exclusive Source

Convenient Shopping

No-Risk 30 Day Trial

THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

ESCORT comes complete with a molded carrying case, detachable power cord, visor clip and hook and loop mounting, spare fuse and alert bulb, and a comprehensive owner's handbook.

Overwhelm Your Favorite Driver

A good gift is more than a surprise; the perfect gift hits the mark. If there's a driver on your list, you can give ESCORT with absolute confidence. Here's why.

First Class Performance

When radar is out there, ESCORT's superheterodyne circuitry will find it. Over hills, around curves, hidden in the bushes, anywhere. But don't take our word for it. In its most recent comparison test, *Car and Driver* rated ESCORT number one, calling it "**...clearly the leader in value, customer service and performance...**"

Coveted Equipment

For several years after its introduction, demand was so great that customers waited up to six months for delivery. We finally had to build a new factory to keep ahead of the demand.

Users quickly came to depend on ESCORT's unique radar report—the way its variable-pulse audio warning, analog meter and amber alert lamp work together to give a precise indication of radar type and range.

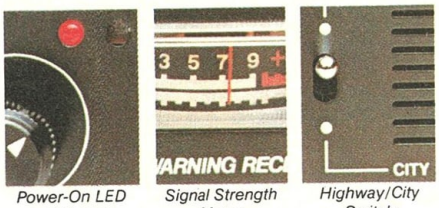
ST/O/P *Digital Processor Circuitry*

And last spring we added our STatistical Operations Processor (ST/O/P™), a new electronic circuit—the first in the industry—which rejects false alarms caused by less elegantly designed detectors. With ST/O/P, ESCORT is more desirable than ever.

Attention To Detail

Owners also take great pleasure in ESCORT's look and feel. Its extruded aluminum housing has the right heft. The visor clip is a rugged combination of Lexan and spring steel. The volume control is as silky as that of an exotic stereo. We even add a small photoelectric sensor (you can see it next to the red power-on indicator). It senses the ambient lighting in the car and adjusts the brightness of the alert light to suit. These are just a few of the many details that make ESCORT unique.

But all this sophistication doesn't mean that ESCORT is hard to use. Just install ESCORT on dash or visor, and plug it into the lighter. We even include an adapter for European lighter sockets. And ESCORT's low-profile shape, finished in non-glare black, looks right at home in any car.



Power-On LED and Sensor | *Signal Strength Meter* | *Highway/City Switch*

Apart From The Crowd

We've always felt that users of precision electronics are entitled to deal with experts. That's why we only sell ESCORT direct from our factory. There are no middlemen. When it comes to customer satisfaction, we take full responsibility.

Our system of direct sales offers special benefits to the gift giver. You needn't worry about inadvertently buying a discontinued model still in a store's stock. Your gift will never be seen marked down in the discount chains. Moreover, giving an ESCORT shows you were concerned enough about quality to track down the only source. And there's another advantage.

Easy Access

ESCORT lets you do your Christmas shopping by phone and avoid the retail hassle. We're only a toll-free call and a parcel delivery away. And ESCORT is guaranteed to please. Holidays or any time, take the first thirty days as a trial. If you're not absolutely satisfied, return it and we'll promptly refund your purchase and mailing costs. We also back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty. *Car and Driver* called us the "class act" in radar detection. So order now, ESCORT is the perfect driver's gift.

Do It Today

It's easy to order an ESCORT, by mail *or* by phone.

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

CALL TOLL FREE... 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL..... 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.

VISA MasterCard

ESCORT (Includes Everything)..**$245.00**
Ohio residents add $13.48 sales tax.

Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 005
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242-9502

Tune in: "Talkback with Jerry Galvin." America's new weekly satellite call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

Second To One.

Diamond Collection.™

The RX-735, Mitsubishi's Electronic-Tune Car Stereo, rivaled only by its mentor—the CZ-757.

The RX-735 is a collaboration of state-of-the-art features, sizzling audio performance, and reliability that is undeniably Mitsubishi.

Our latest addition to the Diamond Collection has a universal chassis and features Quartz PLL frequency-synthesized tuning. The Electronic Memory enables programming of 6 FM and 6 AM stations. Or touch a button and the RX-735 automatically scans to the next station.

Performance includes 16 watts of clean, crisp, power. Mitsubishi's unique "Pinch-Off" auto-reverse cassette mechanism, Digital clock and frequency display. Loudness control for plenty of bass boost at low levels, and of course, fader and balance controls for four speaker systems.

Mitsubishi's RX-735 also has an additional feature many manufacturers rarely talk about, its affordability.

The RX-735 is unquestionably Mitsubishi.

And it's only second to one.

MITSUBISHI® CAR AUDIO

Diamond Collection: RX-735.

©1983 MITSUBISHI ELECTRIC SALES AMERICA, INC.
799 N. Bierman Circle, Mt. Prospect, Illinois 60056 • In Canada: Mitsubishi Electric Sales Canada, Inc.

lieved it false then and believe it false now."

- That church confessionals were used to put "leverage" on people. DeWolf: "That is untrue."
- That Scientology breaks up families. DeWolf: "No, I've been married nineteen years and mine is still together."
- That Scientology harms people. DeWolf: "No, no, it was an incorrect statement, because as far as I'm concerned Scientology does do what it says it can do."
- That there had been kidnapping. DeWolf: "That was pure fiction, just off the top of my head and so the [*Pause.*] as far as the various statements I have made were concerned, they were wrong and I regret them." The interviewer nodded as DeWolf went on. "And as far as I'm concerned, I wish to make these right. And I think my request to do this, and it is my request to do it, like being videotaped on November 7 at—the time is two—that this tape is not edited, that it has been continuous and it is by my request."

The second recantation of Ron DeWolf was over.

In the weeks and months to come, DeWolf corrected other statements he had made over the years. On January 26, 1973, he wrote a British author, saying that he (DeWolf) had not been a leading official of the church, as he had claimed; that his father had not abused his mother, as DeWolf had falsely claimed; that Hubbard had never mistreated him; and that permission to use these earlier claims was withdrawn.

On February 5, 1973, DeWolf wrote to New York radio station WBAI to tell them that his statements made on August 17, 1972, were false, vindictive, malicious, unfounded in fact, and unsupported in documentation. He asked that the program not be rebroadcast or reused.

Ten years later, however, the Clifford Irving of Scientology was back again.

When L. Ron Hubbard's book *Battlefield Earth* was released in 1982, reviewers characterized the novel as if they were actually characterizing the author.

The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, for example, said, "Think of the 'Star Wars' sagas, and 'Raiders of the Lost Ark,' mix in the triumph of 'Rocky I,' 'Rocky II' and 'Rocky III' and you have captured the exuberance, style and glory of *Battlefield Earth*."

The same could be said of Hubbard's life. The difference between the book and the man is that the book is "fiction." L. Ron Hubbard is not.

Whether he was sailing across the Pacific, learning the songs of an Indian tribe that had just made him a blood brother, panning for gold, shaking hands with the president of the United States, or barnstorming across the Midwest, L. Ron Hubbard's youth was filled with enough adventure for a hundred lives. While fellow students struggled over dusty textbooks, Hubbard was soaring in a glider and breaking records for time aloft or plowing

through the Caribbean in a four-masted schooner.

During it all, Hubbard kept records of his experiences, observations, and ideas. They show a rare, natural mastery of the language that allowed him to turn professional, in 1932, with a series of articles about his aerial experiences for a national aviation magazine. Two years later, he also began to write fiction as a means of expressing his ideas.

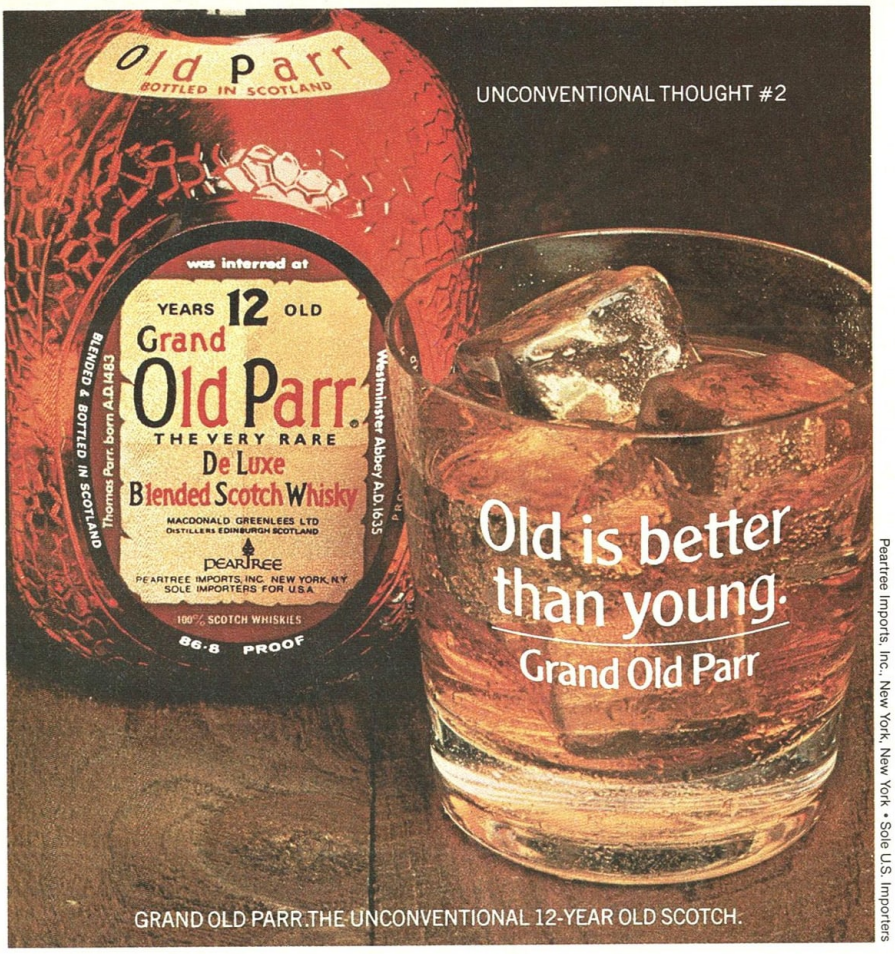
Hubbard also had a skill so rare among writers that it was legendary within the profession—speed. While others outlined and plotted and sketched stories that went through draft after draft, Hubbard's ability to plot and write a story from beginning to end without stopping became a legend among writers who saw him at work. "I had never seen anything like it and haven't still," recalls author A. E. Van Vogt. "He would pour out the pages without stopping, tossing them on the floor and putting another one in the typewriter to continue until the story was done. It had to be seen to be believed and even then it was astounding."

The hours or days that other writers spent toiling over outlines, sketches, drafts, and rewrites, Hubbard spent studying his favorite subject—people. Anyone with a new or unique experience was collared by the flamboyant redhead and kept until the late hours of the night as if they held the final answer to a question that only Hubbard knew. Then, closeting himself (sometimes for days), he would write nonstop, until the ideas were exhausted. Then he could venture out again to look, question, and devour information before returning to his typewriter to begin the process again.

By 1941, Hubbard was writing so much that he had to use over a dozen pen names to handle editors who felt that the same writer should not appear in every issue—let alone more than once in the same month. The Second World War gave his life a new direction.

Because he loved the sea, Hubbard joined the navy. During his career as a commissioned officer, he trained entire crews to prepare the ship for active duty. How many of them, he wondered as he watched them leave, would end up as a medal on the chest of an armchair admiral in Washington?

Hubbard refrained from writing for two years. Instead, he tried to live between the demands of the naval bureaucracy and his responsibility to his crew. In free moments, he looked out at the sea as if the elusive answer would appear on the horizon. Finally, the frustrations compelled him to begin a journal as his only solace. "My salvation is to let this roll over me," Hubbard wrote, "to write, write, and write some more. To hammer keys until I am finger worn to the second joint and then to hammer keys some more. To pile up copy, stack up stories, roll the wordage, and generally conduct my life along the primary line of success I have ever had. I



Peartree Imports, Inc., New York, New York • Sole U.S. Importers

Do you miss your girlfriend?

Sometimes opportunity knocks only once.

A missed phone call can mean a missed who-knows-what?

That's why you need a telephone answering machine.

And nothing can help your love life as easily and efficiently as Record a Call. Thanks to the advanced micro-computer technology of our new model 690 shown.

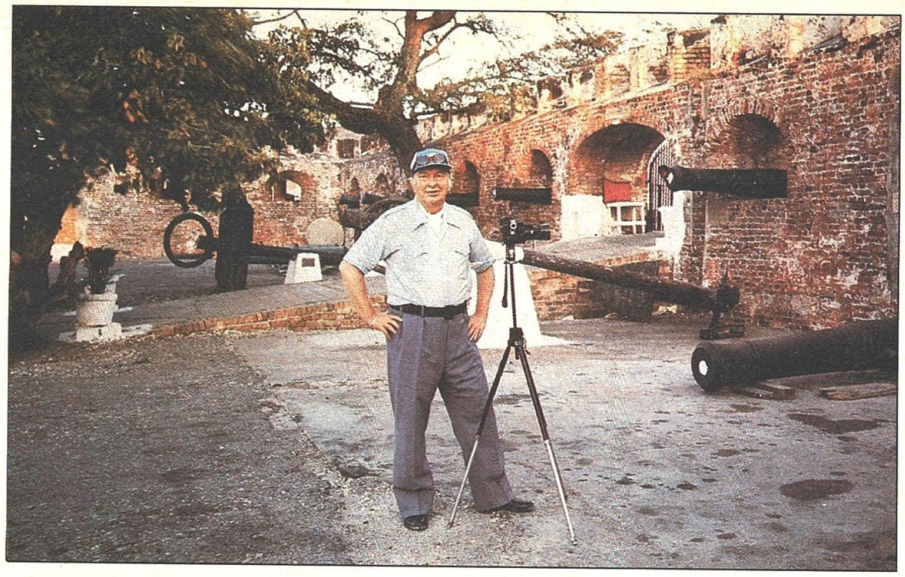
And you can get your messages by remote control when you get lucky and aren't going home.

So see all the new '600' Series Record a Calls at your dealer. (They're all loaded with features.) And hear what you've been missing.

Record a Call®

Because people are too good to miss.

T.A.D. Avanti, Inc., 19200 Laurel Park Rd., Compton, CA 90220. For dealer nearest you call toll-free 800-421-2412 (In California, call 800-872-2200.)



L. Ron Hubbard, founder of the Scientology religion, with some of the awards he has received for his humanitarian programs.

write. I can always write. But to write I must be me. Peeping around a corner," he said prophetically, "there may be the eye and feeler of a philosophy which will let me do this."

Later, in 1944, he wrote, "I know that I mean good toward everyone and everything, that I would not willfully injure anyone no matter what the gain; I feel that I would, in some unclear way, improve the world and that all of my energies are bent toward a reformation for the better and the raising of my fellow man."

With the end of the war, Hubbard was suddenly adrift. He tried to return to his earlier life but his wife had sunk into alcoholism and took the children, including DeWolf, to run off with another man. The few brief years with the navy had left deep scars and impressions. The unanswered question that had been driving him now began to eat away at his very existence. Friends were worried at the difference between the man who had gone to war and the one who had returned. His face was pale and contorted in pain or worry, the eyes dulled and nearly pulled closed as he tried to block out the light that blinded him. The body, usually ramrod straight, was bent, and at times he could barely walk. Burdened with their own problems and embarrassed, they turned away.

Two years later, Hubbard's friends were again astonished. The vibrancy had suddenly reappeared, and the redhead was more buoyant than ever. He joked and sang and laughed again. The sparkle had not only returned to the wide, bright gray eyes but they had taken on a gleam that signaled something unusual had happened. The color had returned to his face and his life. Something had happened and Hubbard was eager to share it.

There was, Hubbard explained, a single cause of human misery and upset that had been completely missed by all the "experts" and "scholars." Finding it and handling it lifted a person from a dark prison of misery to a bright new outlook on life.

The source of misery was not innate but acquired, he said, during moments of pain and unconsciousness (even for a split second) that were recorded as mental-image pictures. They acted like hidden, hypnotic commands on the person and were why people went crazy, became criminals, or turned into invalids when there was nothing physically wrong.

Because the mental recordings were made while the person was unconscious, Hubbard explained, the person could not recall them. Thus, no one knew of their existence. However, Hubbard had found a means of recalling them safely and releasing a person from them. Drugs, hypnosis, electric shock, or other psychiatric methods were not to be employed, he warned. These techniques merely implanted commands, but, he said, the method he had designed could handle them.

He called the method "Dianetics" (*dia*, "through"; nous, the mind, or in the Greek, "soul." Thus "Dianetics" was "what the soul does to the body").

The first announcement of Dianetics appeared in the 1950 Winter-Spring issue of the magazine of the prestigious Explorer's Club. (Hubbard has been a member since 1938.) Titled "Terra Incognita: The Mind," the article was his first published account of the new philosophy. On May 9, 1950, his book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* exploded across the country as a national best-seller, with Hubbard boldly announcing that he had found a means of unlocking the human potential by locating and neutralizing heretofore unknown "hidden commands" in people.

Unbeknownst to Hubbard, he was about to cross swords with a top-secret government program designed to intentionally implant "hidden commands" in people.

The Central Intelligence Agency's "mind-control" program officially began in 1947 but the world at large would not learn about it until 1975. A Freedom of Information Act request by John Marks, co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, tapped the agency's program, known by the code name "MKULTRA" (pronounced "em-kay-ultra"). The program was a chilling enactment of George Orwell's *1984* world of Big Brother. Utilizing drugs, hypnosis, radiation, and a host of electronics, MKULTRA sought "to devise operational techniques to disturb the memory, to discredit people through aberrant behavior, to alter sex patterns, to elicit information and . . . to program individuals to carry out any mission of espionage or assassination, even against their will . . . even against such fundamental laws of nature as self-preservation." The early stages of the program were intended to test means of producing or blocking interrogation, or anti-interrogation, methods.

Hubbard, meanwhile, was enjoying the success of his *Dianetics* book. People were responding enthusiastically and offering opportunities for further research into the subject at the new Dianetic Research Foundation. Thus, it was only a matter of time before victims of the government mind-control program walked in the front door.

When they did, it didn't take Hubbard long to realize that he was not dealing with ordinary human problems in these people. He had been researching the basic problems of life and existence. He never expected to stumble across a top-secret military-intelligence program.

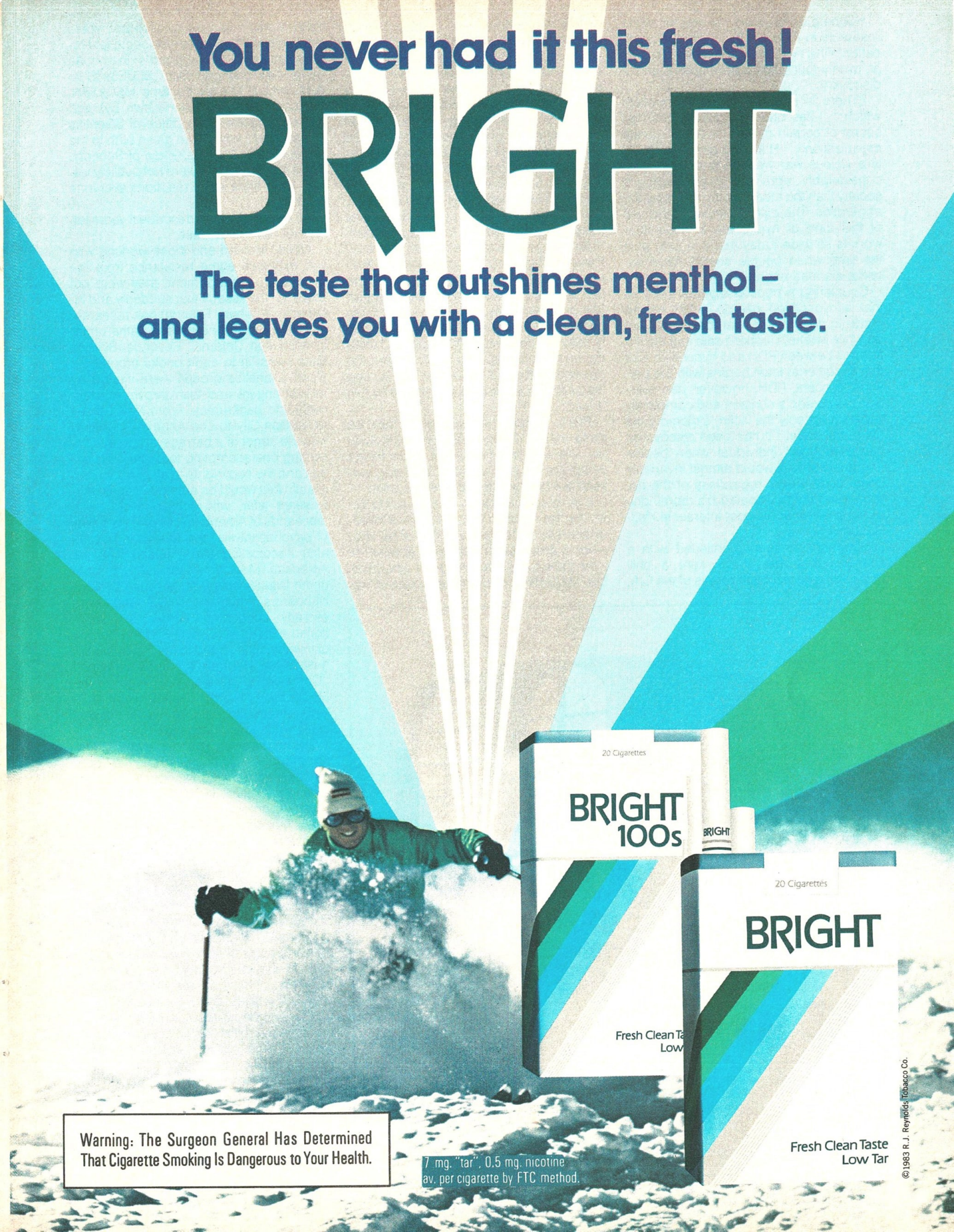
Hubbard did not have a name for this phenomenon. ("Brainwashing" had yet to become a popular term and "mind control" was years away.) So he called it by the techniques that were used on its victims: "pain-drug hypnosis" (PDH).

Dianetics foundations, Hubbard said, found PDH "so appallingly destructive to the personality . . . that a wider investigation was undertaken to discover just how many people one could find within easy reach who had been given pain-drug hypnosis."

You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

The taste that outshines menthol– and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1983 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Hubbard announced the results of the research, in August 1951, with the publication of his next book, *Science of Survival*, twenty-four years before John Marks's discovery.

"There is another form of hypnotism which . . . has been a carefully guarded secret of certain military and intelligence organizations," Hubbard announced. "It is a vicious war weapon and may be of considerably more use in conquering a society than the atom bomb. This is no exaggeration. The extensiveness of the use of this form of hypnotism in espionage work is so wide today that it is long past the time when people should have become alarmed about it."

Countering a popular myth of the time that a hypnotized person could not be made to do anything that they would not do while awake, Hubbard said that the difference between PDH and hypnotism was that the latter at least begins with the person's consent. PDH, however, can override the person's consent and completely wipe out not only the victim's memory but his moral code. "It has been discovered that a drugged individual when beaten and given orders would almost invariably obey these orders regardless of the degree to which they flouted his moral tone or his position or his best interest in life," Hubbard wrote.

Hubbard's account continued with a scenario that must have sent a chill through the secret back rooms of the CIA, where the mind-control programs were monitored. "Before Dianetics," Hubbard wrote in *Science of Survival*, "the widespread use of this practice was unsuspected, simply because there was no means by which one could even detect the existence of pain-drug-hypnosis. An individual might be given pain-drug-hypnosis on Tuesday night and wake up Wednesday morning without knowledge of the fact that he had been slugged when he stepped out of his car, given an injection, painfully beaten but not so as to leave any marks, and put quietly into his own bed. This individual does not know that anything has happened to him, nor will he suspect it even when he is confronted with the fact that his conduct is extremely changed along certain lines. This individual, if the criminal operator desired it, would actually obey the commands to the point of striking up a friendship with some person the operator indicated, thereafter conducting his business along lines suggested by this 'friend.' "

PDH, Hubbard concluded, "can be done without the knowledge of the individual and can command him to do things which are not only counter to his own survival but highly immoral or destructive."

CIA records allegedly do not exist to describe the reaction at the agency's headquarters to Hubbard's *Science of Survival* when it arrived with a detailed account of how their top-secret program operated, but MKULTRA documents obtained via John Marks's request twenty-four years later do show that there was some fast reorganization. The program's then-code name was changed from BLUEBIRD to ARTICHOKE (it later became MKULTRA, the name it was finally known by) and moved from the CIA's Office of Scientific Investigation, which had given birth to the project in 1947, to the Office of Security. While these changes were not publicly visible, there were some reactions everyone could see.

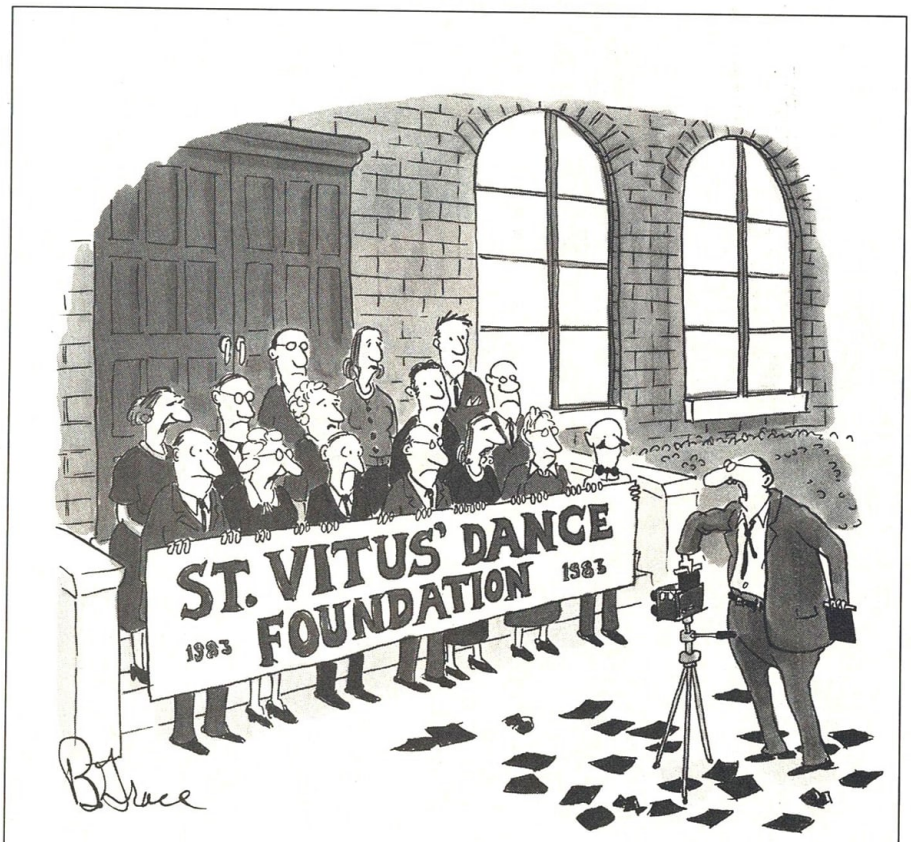
As Hubbard would describe it years later, "All hell broke loose."

While Hubbard and those working with him expected some resistance from the psychiatric establishment, they were not ready for the assault that suddenly and inexplicably began. Foundations researching the promise of Dianetics came under investigation. Internal Revenue Service units swept in to audit books around the clock. Dianetics groups were started by total strangers and then thrown mysteriously into bankruptcy. From New Jersey to Kansas City to Los Angeles, Hubbard was the target of a barrage of lawsuits, including one attempting to capture his estate and the copyrights to all of his works, a tactic that would be employed again thirty years later, with similar failure. With thousands of Americans leaving the futility of psychoanalysis, the American Psychiatric Association (APA) joined with the American Medical Association to condemn Dianetics as "dangerous" and call Hubbard a "fraud" (while CIA funds were secretly supporting further APA-sanctioned experiments). The Federal Bureau of Investigation joined in the fray with allegations that Hubbard's groups contained "Communists" (during the height of the McCarthy era and despite Hubbard's long-term public anti-Communist position in his writings and lectures).

The media avidly reported every allegation made against Hubbard and the "controversy" that was suddenly swirling around Dianetics. Instead of reporting or investigating Hubbard's warning that a new "vicious war weapon" was being created and aimed at the American public, journalists tried to paint Hubbard as "crazy" and someone to be completely distrusted and disbelieved—no matter what he said. On top of it all, Hubbard was reported as "missing" by the media.

However, Hubbard was not missing then, any more than he has ever been. He had moved to Phoenix, Ariz., and was busy responding in the way he knew best—by writing. While the public continued to support his ideas and the government-media blitz rolled on, Hubbard would "write, write, and write some more." This time it was about the philosophy he had been seeking a decade before. Now, his research and writing led him beyond the domain of the human condition and Dianetics.

Hubbard needed a new word for his latest development and called it "Scientology," from the words "scios" (to know)

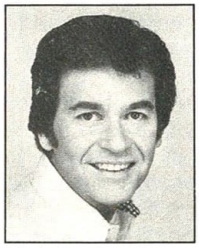


"One more screwup and you can find yourself another photographer."

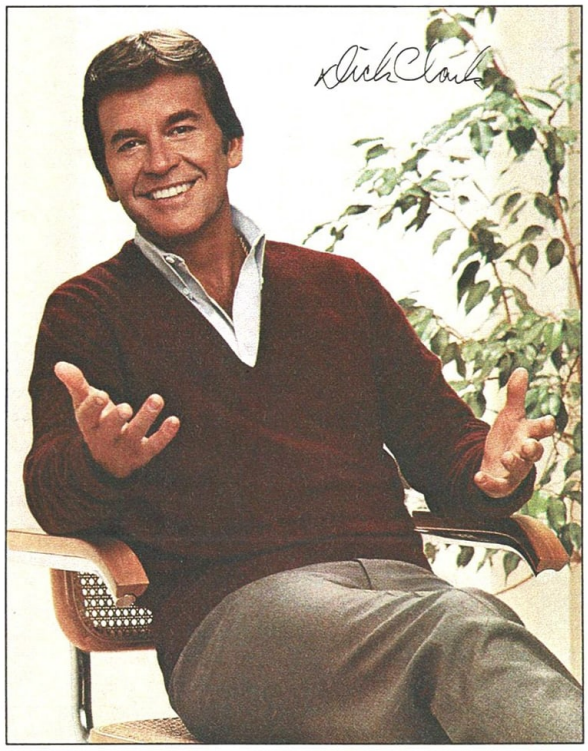
IS THERE A SECRET TO LOOKING YOUNG? LOOKING GOOD? I'M GLAD YOU ASKED!

"People I meet ask me how I stay so young-looking. A lot of looking good—looking young—is the luck of the draw and good genes. But I've seen what performers do to stay young-looking in a profession that requires good appearance. And there's a system I discovered to help me fight the ravages of time.

Dick Clark 1960's



Dick Clark 1970's



This system of precisely formulated products can help control premature aging of the skin. The fact is, premature aging, wrinkling, that 'weather-beaten' look, is largely the end result of skin damage. Damage caused by dryness from too much sun, excessive use of astringents, too much soap, and exposure to weather.

Fortunately, cosmetic science has advanced to the point where reliable, effective restorative products can be made available at a reasonable price so that any man can help maintain his young appearance and feel good about it.

The regimen I just described is THE SKIN CONTROL SYSTEM and it is a program using 7 products that work together to discourage premature signs of aging and help maintain the natural youthful suppleness of the skin.

It doesn't take much time or effort. For the most part, simply substitute SKIN CONTROL SYSTEM products for what you're using now. Here's how:

In the morning...

SHOWER with DEODORANT SHOWER WORKOUT GEL: specially formulated to help protect against the skin-drying, aging effects of pollution, perspiration, and the elements. Cleans without the damaging, drying effects of ordinary soap.

SHAVE with VITALIZING SHAVE CREAM: helps counterbalance shaving damage and irritation. Combines essential skin vitamins and soothing ingredients for a closer, cleaner, healthier shave.

FINISH with AM/PM PROTECTIVE GEL SPF 4: used in place of ordinary aftershave, it contains a sun screen SPF (Sun Protection Factor) rated 4 to help prevent premature skin aging due to overexposure to the sun's ultraviolet rays. Conditions and helps soothe razor nicks. And it's laced with the distinctive Signature fragrance.

NOURISH with AM/PM SKIN NUTRITIVE VITAMINS—TAKE ONE YELLOW TABLET containing extra strength dosages of those specific skin nourishing vitamins that protect skin against premature aging due to nutritional deficiencies.

In the evening...

CLEAN with REVITALIZING FACIAL SCRUB: turns water into a workout for your face. Cleans and invigorates while removing dead, tired-looking dry skin cells. Uncovers fresh, healthy new skin just below the surface.

REPAIR with P.M. RESTORATIVE FORMULA: invisibly aids natural skin repair overnight, while you sleep. Helps delay the premature appearance of wrinkles and fine lines caused by exposure dryness.

NOURISH with AM/PM SKIN NUTRITIVE VITAMINS—TAKE ONE BLUE TABLET to provide optimum nourishment to your skin cells while they repair themselves overnight.

AND ANYTIME: ENJOY SIGNATURE COLOGNE: the freshness of citrus spiked with the sensuality of musk, amber, exotic spices and rare woods.

That's all there is to it. You're never too old to improve your appearance. You're never too young to look better."

Start now! Order the complete SKIN CONTROL SYSTEM program—all 7 products—plus your FREE GIFTS shown below—**A TOTAL $105 VALUE FOR ONLY $49.50,** plus postage and handling. **FREE GIFTS!** Exclusive design overnight traveller bag PLUS handsome pocket-size refillable cologne sprayer PLUS deep cleaning natural latex facial sponge. Or choose the Starter Kit, containing Vitalizing Shave Cream, A.M./P.M. Protective Gel SPF 4, Revitalizing Facial Scrub, P.M. Restorative Formula and Signature Cologne—**ONLY $29.50** plus postage and handling.

Call Toll Free **800-453-7100**

Dick Clark, Box 2
Skin Control Systems, Inc.
8901 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

☐ Send____Skin Control System kit(s) PLUS free gifts at $49.50 plus $2.50 postage & handling per kit

☐ Send____Starter Kits at $29.50 plus $2.50 postage and handling per kit

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

PHONE NUMBER ( )_____

Check enclosed ☐ Charge to VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐

Number_____

Expiration Date_____

Signature required for credit card purchases

ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY
Make checks payable to SKIN CONTROL SYSTEMS, INC. CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS look for the Skin Control System in fine drug and department stores.

© 1983, Skin Control Systems Inc.

and "logos" (the study of). It was, he said, "knowing how to know," or "the study and the handling of the spirit in relationship to itself, universes and other lifes." (Thus Dianetics was a "materialistic viewpoint" of the problem.)

Man is, Hubbard said, more than a mind with mental-image pictures and a body. He is a spiritual entity with potentials greater than anyone has ever imagined. Hubbard revealed his discoveries in a series of lectures beginning in Phoenix in the summer of 1952.

The evolvement of Hubbard's research into the spirit forced a discussion about the nature and direction of Scientology. If Dianetics in dealing with the nature of the mind was a "mental science" (it was certainly not "psychology"), then Scientology, in dealing with man as a spiritual entity, was, without doubt, a religion. Although the Arizona group (the Hubbard Association of Scientologists International) was already a religious fellowship when DeWolf arrived, in the summer of 1952, a proposal was put to Hubbard to form a church. Hubbard conceded and the Church of Scientology was formed in 1954 in—of all places—Washington, D.C., across the Potomac from the CIA's mind-control headquarters. (Contrary to some misconceptions, it was author George Orwell who said a person could make money with a new religion. See his *Collected Essays*, Volume 1, page 304, where he writes, on February 16, 1938, "But I have always thought there might be a lot of cash in starting a new religion. . . .")

Hubbard did not give up his concern about PDH with the 1951 publication of *Science of Survival*. In 1955, he emphatically warned all Scientologists that psychiatry had "armed itself with several new drugs" including something known as "LSD." The drug, Hubbard said, "has the total goal of driving persons insane." He said that LSD-PDH cases were being sent into their congregations to go crazy "*just* long enough to convince people" that Scientology was dangerous. All such instances were to be reported to the authorities, he said.

While Hubbard had to wait twenty-four years for others to find out that there had, indeed, been the PDH-mind-control program that he had revealed in 1951, it did not stop him from attacking what he viewed as the heart of any future mind-control program, as well as the ruin of the country itself—drugs, including alcohol.

Hubbard saw the effects of drugs and alcohol on his men in the navy and on his first family. He watched men in hospitals succumbing faster to a drug than to the disease or injury it was intended to treat. He had lost friends to the deadly chemicals and had resolved that he would defeat that problem if he defeated no others. There were simply too many lives being wasted, too many families being destroyed, and too many countries giving up on finding a workable approach.

Today, Hubbard's methods are widely recognized for their effectiveness in combating the drug problem facing every community. From street gang to church, from prisons to private homes, Hubbard's methods of freeing an individual from the effects of poisonous and addictive drugs are in daily use and are growing in popularity and application. Individuals, groups, and cities have commended Hubbard for his innovative discoveries and contributions to the field (as well as to other humanitarian efforts such as criminal rehabilitation, education, and the dignity of the elderly).

From Sacramento, Calif., to Milano, Italy, to Gratis, Ohio (where he took local townspeople flying while barnstorming there, in 1931), Hubbard has been remembered and acknowledged. Hundreds of proclamations and citations have been given to him from around the world for his work and interest in people. Days of the week and months of the year have been proclaimed in his honor. Scores of cities have made him an honorary citizen.

In turn, Hubbard has continued to attack the drug-abuse problem. His theory that drug "flashbacks" stem from chemical residuals released from storage in the body's fat cells is being medically substantiated in independent studies.

Even victims of Agent Orange, the poisonous defoliant used in the Vietnam War, are responding favorably to what is now known as the Hubbard Method of Detoxification (commonly known as a "purification" process). One typical case involved a veteran poisoned with the defoliant in Vietnam and suffering from open sores and other seemingly irreversible conditions. He and his wife had suffered through several miscarriages while trying to start a family after his overseas tour and were about to give up due to the continual danger to both mother and child. But after undergoing and completing the medically supervised "purification" regimen, the sores and other maladies disappeared. Their first child followed, in perfect health.

Lucille Surber, of Minneapolis, Minn., has a different story. At seventy-two years of age, she is a licensed civil-air-observers pilot (and reportedly the oldest) thanks, she says, to Hubbard's methods. Crippled to the point that she could not move, she was able to recover sufficiently to literally "fly" through life.

The list of people who credit Hubbard's methods range from the famous (TV sportscaster and former San Francisco Forty-niners quarterback John Brodie, jazz greats Stanley Clarke and Chick Corea, award-winning designer Angelo Donghia, David Fuller, choreographer for the musical *Evita*, and others) to the anonymous—those of us who make up the world.

Hubbard has responded as he always has—he writes. He is also an accomplished photographer, musician, composer, mariner, cinematographer, philanthropist, explorer, and pilot and a friend to millions.

Ron DeWolf, on the other hand, who had pled bankruptcy three times, hoped for millions and ended up with a court-costs bill. Meanwhile, he had to admit in sworn depositions:

- That he had been motivated by money to file the petition to capture his father's estate (the original petition said he was seeking to "protect" it).
- That he was operating on the advice of a personal-injury attorney, Michael J. Flynn, of Boston, who wrote the petition and designed the allegations because DeWolf, having no personal knowledge of Hubbard or Scientology beyond 1959, was in no position to act on his own.

Meanwhile, he also had to admit that it was he, not Hubbard, who had been giving hallucinogens to kids. He had given drugs to his teenage children.

The attempt to grab Hubbard's estate did not work well for either DeWolf or Flynn. Flynn was disqualified from acting as DeWolf's counsel in the proceeding because of an obvious conflict of interest. Flynn, operating on a split-fee agreement with his clients, has sought to extract large sums of money from the church with the filing of a series of "carbon copy" suits that prompt bad publicity for Scientology. Meanwhile, he was initiating DeWolf's court action to "protect" Hubbard's estate. The conflict was heightened by Flynn's claiming Hubbard and Scientology was a "fraud" in some court actions and arguing that Hubbard's works were of "inestimable" value elsewhere .

As the DeWolf-Flynn tandem was unable to substantiate any of their allegations, the judge threw the case out of the court. Subsequently, the court found Flynn in contempt. To add insult to injury, the court ordered DeWolf to pay costs. To a $500-a-month-apartment-house manager and an unpaid attorney, it was an expensive plan.

In the end, it is the oft-repeated story of the child who cannot live in the shadow of a famous and successful parent coupled with a money-motivated (according to statements from his firm to this writer) attorney.

L. Ron Hubbard, meanwhile, continues to be a best-selling author, more popular than ever and his life more colorful than ever.

With apologies to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, perhaps their review of *Battlefield Earth* should have read, "Think of the 'Star Wars' sagas, and 'Raiders of the Lost Ark,' mix in the triumph of 'Rocky I,' 'Rocky II' and 'Rocky III' and you have captured the exuberance, style and glory of . . ." L. Ron Hubbard's life.—*The Reverend Heber Jentzsch, President, Church of Scientology, International.*

Note: You may write to the Office of the President, Church of Scientology, International, 4751 Fountain Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. 90029, for any documents in support of the above information.

GET THE CREATURES STIRRING.

Smirnoff stirs up perfect punches and perfect parties. It's the perfect quality vodka. No other vodka is filtered for purity and clarity like Smirnoff. So stir up this recipe for your next party. And pick up our free recipe booklet where you pick up your Smirnoff.

CRANBERRY WINE PUNCH

3 cups Smirnoff® vodka
1 cup Burgundy wine, nicely chilled
4 cups cranberry juice, also chilled

In punch bowl, combine all ingredients. Add big block of ice. Garnish with sliced orange and fresh strawberries. Serves 15 creatures.

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

REMEMBER SPECIAL OCCASIONS BY SENDING A GIFT OF SMIRNOFF ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S. CALL TOLL FREE, 1-800-528-6148.

Smirnoff® Vodka, 80 and 100 Proof, distilled from grain STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—"Made in U.S.A."

MEN'S RIGHTS

"Men have not faced up to the feminist challenge. If they continue to ignore it, we can expect a lot of gender-biased legislation."

I have no problem with a qualified woman running this country if she is elected on the basis of merit. What I fear is an election by default, a feminist candidate chosen for short-term political expediency in the face of male indifference. You've come a long way, baby, but I for one am not ready to assume the role of the subservient male in a society dominated by a feminist leadership.

It is very possible that in 1988 we could have a woman president. A stalemate could well occur at the 1984 National Democratic Convention, and a deal could be hammered out by feminist delegates for a woman to run on the national ticket as vice-presidential candidate. She could well run for office the following year, and win. If you think this scenario is unlikely, remember how some of our Democratic candidates feel about feminist issues. At the 1983 convention of the National Women's Political Caucus, for example, Senators Cranston and Hart both promised that if elected they would withhold money for federal programs and projects from states whose legislatures are opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment.

Feminists have said that in the next decade they will attempt to secure thirty seats in the United States Senate, 200 in the House of Representatives, fifteen governorships, and two or three more seats on the United States Supreme Court. If this happens, we can expect a lot of gender-biased legislation. Will it happen? Well, to begin with, 20 percent more women than men voted in 1980.

William F. Buckley, Jr., recently wrote: "I am by no means complacent that the women's movement will not, even in its excesses, prevail. It appears to me to have become an ideology—moreover, one that comes up with sociopolitical programs which addicts of victimology will predictably kill for." Tom Wicker, writing recently in the *New York Times*, stated: "Mr. Reagan needs to do something real, like choosing a woman as his running mate if he tries for re-election next year. A recent Gallup Poll found 80 percent of Americans willing to consider a woman for President against only 52 percent in a poll taken a quarter-century ago. The National Opinion Research Center reports 88 percent of respondents to a 1983 survey would consider voting for a female Presidential candidate. These findings suggest that the time is not far off when a woman will be chosen for a national ticket, or will win a Presidential nomination in her own right."

In their book *The Coming Matriarchy: How Women Will Gain the Balance of Power*, Elizabeth Nickles and Laura Ashcraft wrote: "What are the possible consequences of tipping the *balance of power* [italics mine] in favor of women? A redefinition of sexual roles, the breakdown of the traditional systems of child rearing, new value and reward systems for both men and women, new foundations for sexual relationships, expanding technologies to fill the domestic void, political distributions that reflect the shift in women's power and ultimately perhaps a revision of our capitalist system."

We can't say we weren't warned. It is my view that men are underutilizing their right to hammer away at political candidates on the issues that affect men specifically. Divorce and custody, for example. Men have so far accomplished very little in changing the inequities that result from divorce. They have not resorted to their right to vote in seeking legislative change. Nor have they faced up to the feminist challenge. In order to secure gender-free legislation, men must engage in politics in a more active way. Men still receive second-class treatment in the divorce courts, in marital-rape cases, in custody decisions.

The Census Bureau projects that in the year 2000 women of voting age in the United States will outnumber men by 9 million. As Marjorie Lansing, contributor to Jane S. Jacquette's *Women in Politics*, has stated: "Any tendency for [women] to vote as a cohesive bloc has implications for political parties and candidates . . . demographic projects to the year 2000 identify an increasingly younger and educated female population as older, uneducated women die off."

These are clear signposts for the major groups that compose the feminist political community—the single-issue groups, specialized litigation and research organizations, and the traditional women's groups, such as the League of Women Voters. Add to this the well-organized women's political and congressional caucuses, and the fact jumps out at you that Brownie meetings will soon be a thing of the past.

Meanwhile, men have opted for blinders. And if we continue to fail to fight for our rights, we will dance to the tune of a political disaster that will find us a docile gender.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

WE GAVE THE WORLD VIDEOTAPE. NOW THE WORLD HAS GIVEN US AN EMMY.

In 1956, we pioneered the development of videotape.
In the years since, we've refined, redesigned, perfected it.
This year, for our performance over all those years, Scotch videotape has been given an Emmy. It is an award unprecedented in the history of the industry. It is gratefully accepted.

THE WORLD WATCHES SCOTCH®
VIDEOCASSETTES

"Scotch" is a registered trademark of 3M. © 1983 3M Co.
The Emmy is presented by the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences.

3M

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

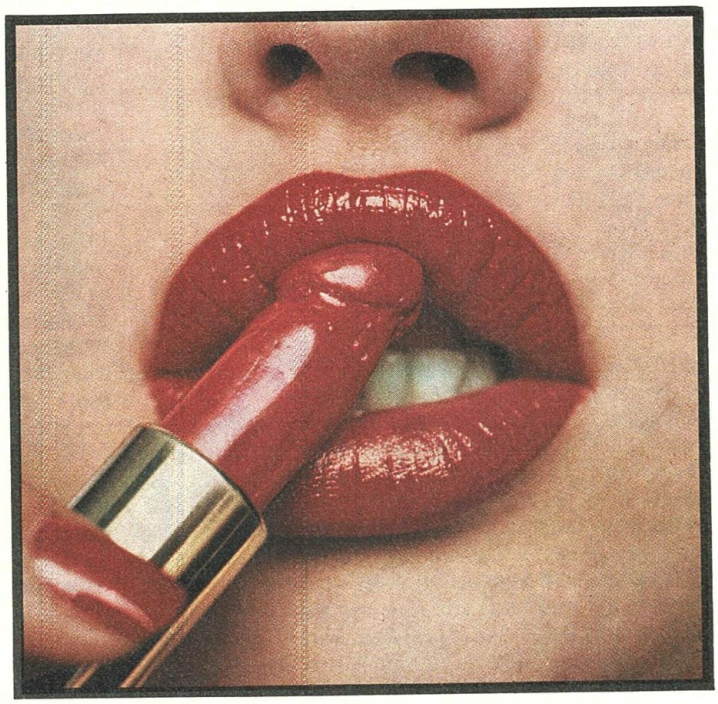
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

"What I love about
kissing is that it is even more intimate
than sexual intercourse.
All my senses are alert, and if I'm
kissing someone I love, I
will experience a beautiful orgasm."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm twenty-two, in my third year of college, and have better than a B average. About six months ago, I moved into a room in a private home because the rent was reasonable and it was near the college.

My landlady—I'll call her Joan—who must be near fifty, is five feet ten inches and must weigh at least 160 pounds, but she is not fat. In fact, she is very well-built and carries herself as though she is a model and is as light on her feet as a ballet dancer. Last month, her daughter got married and she asked me to help her with the reception after the wedding. I couldn't very well turn her down.

After the reception, there was nearly half a bottle of Asti Spumante left over, and Joan poured some and said that it was about time that we relaxed. She thought a good, hot shower would make me feel better, and I agreed that I could use one. She told me to use the shower in her bathroom, because it was better than the one in the hall bath. I went to my room down the hall and put on my robe—then I went into her bathroom. I really didn't give Joan any thought until I was washing my hair and I felt her hand on my hip. She said that she needed a shower too and thought maybe we could both be in need of something else.

A few minutes later, we were drying each other off and I was really surprised at the size of her tits. Without her bra on they didn't sag at all. She had already placed my robe on a chair beside the bed and had already poured two more glasses of wine from a fresh bottle. She pulled me down on the bed with her and just simply said that she needed some cock as she grabbed mine with one hand, even as she put her other arm around me and pulled my lips to hers.

My cock has a head of its own and was already hard, and as soon as she spread her legs it began entering her tunnel of love. It wasn't long before I began shooting my load into her. Later, she took me into the bathroom and cleaned my cock and balls off, saying that now it was only going to get better.

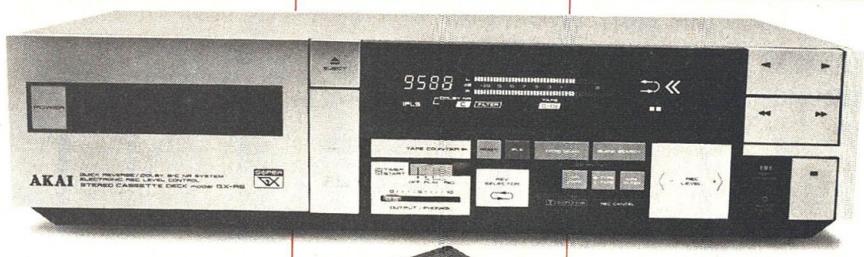
As soon as we were back on the bed, she began giving me fellatio. It seemed as though the harder I got, the more she got excited and deep-throated my entire cock. Then she looked up at me, smiled, and said that she just wanted to wrap her cunt around my cock and keep it there the rest of the night. She told me that she was going to get on top so that I wouldn't shoot off so soon. I had never had a woman take over like this, but when she guided my cock into her and began moving her hips back and forth, I was sure that she was going to drive my head right through the wall. She was on top for over an hour and had at least three orgasms—that takes a long time!

When she leaned over, I sucked on her tits and she just closed her eyes and whispered sweet nothings to me. I knew that she loved that nearly as much as having my cock inside her. I love to kiss and suck on a woman's tits—but so many girls I have known haven't seemed to enjoy it as much as she did. She gave me a deep kiss and said she was going to bring me off with her because she knew that my balls had to be hurting and that my cock wanted to explode. After about five minutes, she was pumping her cunt up and down my cock and the bed was rocking and the headboard was banging against the wall. We were coming and she was squeezing every last drop from my cock. I was nearly going out of my mind.

Two hours later, I felt her massaging my buttocks and running her tongue into my mouth. I realized that somehow we had re-

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

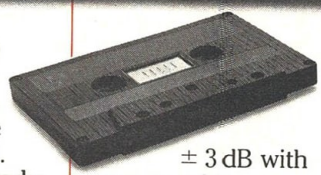
A SUCCESS STORY IN REVERSE.



In the past 10 years, nobody's sold more auto-reverse cassette decks than AKAI.

Because nobody builds bi-directional record/playback cassette decks like AKAI. Nobody.

Take our new GX-R6. You'll get a breathtaking frequency response of 20 to 19,000 Hz



± 3 dB with any metal tape.

You'll also get our unique quick-reverse mechanism that pulls out all the stops in a scant 0.4 seconds. Plus an AKAI Twin Field Super GX Head guaranteed for over 17 years of continuous play.

So write to: AKAI, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224.

We'll take you and your music in a whole new direction.

AKAI
Hi-Fi & Video.

mained together, with me on top of her. She whispered that she knew that we had had enough rest and that my cock wanted some more pussy. When I felt my cock get hard again, she wrapped her legs around my back, and the more I lengthened my strokes, the larger the smile got on her face. She had left all of the lights on, saying earlier that she loved to be able to see her lover. She told me that I didn't have to worry about getting her pregnant because she was past that point in life. All that she loved and enjoyed was a good, hard cock. She said that I could say she was my aunt.

She is so fantastic in bed that sometimes, in the midst of some professor's lecture, I suddenly find myself with a hard-on just thinking about her. She insists that I no longer have to pay her any rent and she has moved all of my clothes into her room. Joan has changed her wardrobe completely and looks better than most girls in their twenties and thirties do. Most of my friends said they would love to get into her, but I've seen her turn down a lot of comeons from quite a few rather prosperous and good-looking men.

I still have another year of college and am worried that I won't be able to keep my mind on my studies, because I can't sit through a lecture without getting a hard-on thinking about her. I just want to get passing grades, because she has already lined up a job for me in a prestigious company. They have told me what my salary will be, and they are going to pick up part of my tuition this fall.

I never thought that being in this situation could be a problem but I have been thinking about her age. She is the best woman I've ever known or fucked. She has told me that she is going to help me study this coming semester, but all that I've learned from her so far is how much she loves sex. She has also taught me the pleasures of oral sex, and I love eating her out. What is your opinion of age difference in my case?—R.F.

I often get letters from young men whose studies have been disrupted by their sexual needs not being satisfied. I don't think you have a bad deal. While you keep thinking about how nice it was or will be making it with your "older girlfriend," other, more unfortunate, youngsters spend just as much time thinking how nice it would be if they only had a girlfriend. They have to take themselves in hand and jerk off. The human body and mind respond to sexual urges in strange ways. Whether you "do it" or don't "do it," you can spend the same amount of time worrying about it.

As far as the age difference is concerned, it has never bothered me. I am in my mid-thirties and still in good shape. I have no problem making a college student fall in love with me, and I don't find it difficult to hold a lover of my age or older. The only time age difference causes a problem in a relationship is when one of the partners becomes incapable of having sex because of old age or sickness. A younger partner generally tends to rejuvenate the older, whereas the older one may in return inculcate a little wisdom in the younger. The only important thing in relationships is that there should not be a mental-age difference. A teenage rocker is never going to be really happy with an octogenarian senator and vice versa. Some people are born old, and others stay young eternally.

ANGLE OF THE DANGLE

The guys at work had a discussion about the angle and direction of an erect cock. Some of them say their cocks stick straight up and touch their stomachs. Others say they stick straight out.

We would like to know the most common angle of an erect penis and the advantages or disadvantages, if any, of the various angles.—Y.C.

When a standing young man with a hanging penis feels the first tingling of sexual excitement, the oncoming erection will produce an angle of 45 degrees (measured in comparison to the limp position). A good, healthy hard-on may stand out at a straight, 90-degree angle or may point to the sky at 180 degrees. Belly-touchers are in the minority. There are as many different shapes and styles of penises as there are of noses. Horses, for instance, are known to masturbate by slapping their erect penises against their own bellies. When a man has an erection of 90 degrees or more, you can test his firmness by hanging a towel over it.

For fun, women sometimes classify the shape of their tits by means of the so-called "pencil test" (tucking a pencil underneath each breast). Breasts that are not standing up anymore will hold the pencil; others, outright perky tits, will not be able to hold the pencil. Test with your friends who can hang the most weight on his erect penis and who can hold out the longest. There is no real advantage to any particular angle of the cock. What counts is that it be stiff enough to penetrate without bending. Some men who suffer from diabetes cannot get a real hard-on. Yet, with a "soft-on" they can sometimes experience an orgasmic feeling that is nearly the same as the sensation of a normal orgasm. Of course, for a woman it's more exciting to be with a man who can also show his proud state of arousal visually.

KISS BLISS

I have been to bed with a lot of men, and I almost find it easier to get undressed and have sex with a man than to kiss him. Is this unusual? Somehow, kissing requires a much more emotional relationship.

Could it be because the few men I have kissed are such lousy kissers? Some of them hardly open their mouth and simply stick their tongue down my throat, and others slobber all over my face.—J.E.

As you said, kissing is an act of great intimacy. I love kissing and usually have the same complaint that you have. Therefore, I enjoy kissing some of my lesbian lovers so much more than I do male lovers, as they are more sensual and more into touching in general. Between two lesbians, the gentleness and tenderness is more important than the raw sex. Many men don't really care for foreplay and simply want to get it over with as long as they get what they want, which is quite often merely a quick screw.

Of course, there are exceptions, and maybe you ought to become more selective. There are other things one can do with one's mouth, such as talk. That may be a four-letter word for intercourse, but it requires brains as well as personality in order to be interesting. Once a man has talked you into bed, you should get on with the kissing.

What I love about a good kiss is that it is even more intimate than sexual penetration. All the senses are alert: seeing, feeling, touching, tasting, and smelling. And if I'm kissing someone I love, I will experience a beautiful orgasm. I must admit that it very seldom happens that I meet someone who knows how to kiss with heart and soul. Why not try to teach your lovers and gently tell them what to do and what not to do? Use your own imagination, tongue, and lips, and tell them to do as you do to them. After all, one good deed deserves another.

TIT FOR TAT

My boyfriend and I have been dating steadily for three years. We have a beautiful sex life. Even after all this time, we still can't keep our hands off each other. We have, however, one little disagreement, and after much playful arguing, I decided to write and ask your opinion.

I love to give my baby head, but everytime I swallow his come, he makes me brush my teeth before he will even consider kissing me. He says it is unnatural for a man to taste his come, and I cannot convince him that I have swallowed it all. He insists that this is very common, but he's the only man I've ever met with this idea. Are there many men like this or is he unique?—C.J.

Your boyfriend is not unique. Most men—at least, most heterosexual men—do not want to taste their own sperm. Some even find the thought of it revolting. I once suggested to a letter writer, who complained that she couldn't satisfy her boyfriend's desire for her to swallow his sperm, that she just hold the sperm in her mouth and discreetly spit it out afterward. Men basically like the thought of coming inside a woman's mouth but often don't *really* care if the woman swallows it or not. In your boyfriend's case, it is mainly a psychological problem. You should simply tell him that if it's okay for you, it should be okay for him. I wonder if he is into sucking pussy, as a vagina often has a much stronger

IS PHYSICAL ATTRACTION BASED ON CHEMISTRY?

Scientists Answer

You've heard the expression, "there's chemistry between them", describe the response of a man and a woman to each other. Is it just an expression? Or can that physical attraction be scientifically calculated? A prominent group of scientists think the physical reaction that occurs between a man and woman can be chemically explained.

The Signals of Sexual Communication

Part of the hypothesis that physical attraction is based on science is the result of current studies, as well as a large body of already established and accepted data. It is a fact that insects, fish and mammals secrete chemical attractants just prior to mating. These attractants are called pheromones. The scientific community discusses pheromones as the language of smell, because pheromones actually serve as sexual communication between the male and female of any given specie.

Do Humans Have the Language of Smell?

A large group of respected scientists have been conducting studies for years to prove that humans also secrete pheromones. They believe that humans signal the opposite sex through the sense of smell. Many of these scientists contend that the evidence of human pheromones is conclusive. Others do not. This is the basis of the pheromone controversy. However, studies are continuing to prove the existence of human pheromones beyond doubt.

Alpha-Androstenol: the Sexual Signal

Alpha-Androstenol is the specific pheromone that many scientists believe is the chemical attractant between male and female. They hypothesize that it is this pheromone that signals sexual interest.

Jōvan Puts Pheromone in Fragrance

And it is this pheromone, alpha-androstenol, that exists in Andron™ by Jōvan. Andron is the fragrance that is based on the language of smell. Light flowery tones are the scent notes of this attractant fragrance. But Andron is more than just a beautiful fragrance. The message is there. And it is based on science. Based on chemistry.

Is there more to "chemistry between them" than words? Spray on Andron and collect your own proof.

Andron. By Jōvan. Consider the evidence.

© 1983 Beecham Cosmetics Inc.

flavor than sperm. If he does, try wiping his mouth off with a napkin afterward. If he finds his sperm in your mouth disgusting, put on a pair of rubber gloves and jerk him off with a clothespin on your nose and see how he likes that!

THE BEST-KEPT SECRETS

I'm five feet four inches, weigh 113 pounds, and measure 36-22-34. I consider myself very good-looking. My boyfriend, Carl, says that I'm a perfect double for Olivia Newton-John except that my tits are bigger and my legs look sexier.

Carl is twenty-three years old and very handsome. He's five foot eleven, weighs 175 pounds, and is very muscular. We've been going out regularly for three months now. He says he loves me with all his heart. I'm deeply in love with him, too.

He also shows his love. Most guys take you out or something and it's a quick fuck or just a long blowjob at the end of the evening. But Carl is gentle and patient and giving. He loves to lick my pussy for long lengths of time.

He's a regular reader of Penthouse, *which is how I found out about your column. When he gets the new issue, I go over to his apartment and we strip naked and sit on his bed. He feels me up and licks my pussy while I read your column. It always gets me really horny and wet. Then I'll suck him off while he flips through the magazine and looks at the pictures.*

Anyway, last week Carl asked me to marry him. Now, as my love for him is so great, I'd say yes right away, but there are a couple of big problems. For one thing, I'm only eighteen years old. He thinks I'm twenty, a junior in college instead of a high-school senior.

On my fourteenth birthday, my twenty-year-old neighbor shoved his cock in my mouth and came down my throat for a birthday present. I've been going to bed with older men ever since and learning to suck cock better all the time. Carl is the first man whom I'm really serious about.

I know you'll probably tell me to tell him, because he'll find out eventually, anyway. But if you knew the lengths to which I've gone to keep him from finding out! His friend Jim found out last month and to keep his mouth shut, I sneak over to his house once every two weeks and do a striptease dance to the song "Physical." I have to then kneel down between his legs while he jerks himself off all over my face. He pretends he's doing it to Olivia Newton-John. Disgusting! But I know that if Carl found out he'd leave me, and I can't live without him right now.

Also, all the girls at school are jealous of my looks. All the guys at school think I'm stuck-up because I won't go out with them anymore. The last time was in October of last year, and that guy had his paws inside my top from the moment I got in the car to just before he tried to force me to blow him in his car, outside my house. Finally, he settled for a handjob, and his sperm ended up all over my legs, instead of in a towel or something.

I've got ambitions to be a novelist someday, and marriage this soon might ruin my career. How do I tell Carl the truth? How do I keep his friend Jim from using me like some cheap hooker? How do I make friends at school and show the guys there that I'm not just stuck up but deeply in love with somebody so they'll keep their filthy little hands off my tits?

What I'm hoping is that this letter gets printed, so Carl and I will maybe read it together one of these months, and that will be a way for me to tell him.—K.M.

Even in this materialistic age, too many of us still seem to believe in the fairy-tale ending "They got married and lived happily ever after." If you have read my column regularly, you must have seen some of the many letters I have received from couples who, having married very young, now feel they missed out on something in life. Even if you were twenty, as you told Carl, I would still say that you are too young to marry. Are you afraid of losing him by telling him the truth? Do you think that marriage may solve this? Of course it won't, because you must tell him how old you are if you really want to get married. You would not want to start a relationship based on deceit. Once you tell him the truth, his blackmailing friend loses his power over you.

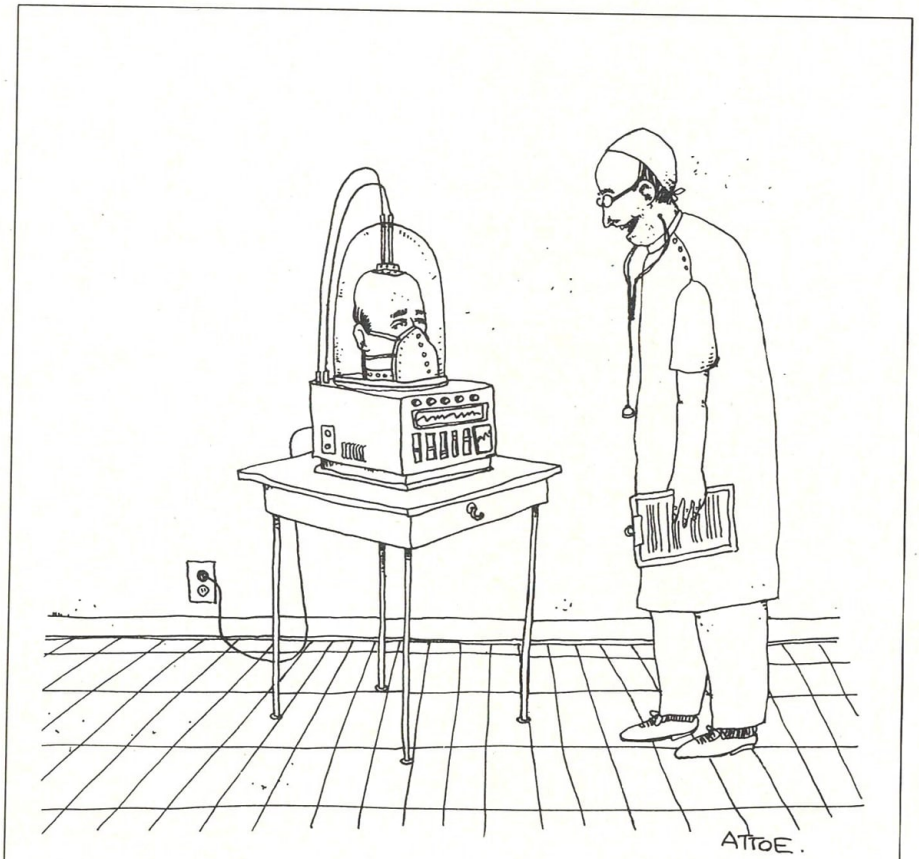
You must learn to be a bit tougher with your dates. It is your body, after all; don't let others fool around with it without your permission. You also seem to be more involved in oral sex, like blowjobs and getting sucked, than in straight fucking. At least you can't get pregnant with oral sex. This reminds me of a taxi driver I once met in New York who recognized me and told me that he was also fond of sex. I asked him what his favorite position in bed was and he answered "sixty-nine," and explained, "You can't knock 'em up with spit."

I think your problems will solve themselves with the passage of time and the big M: Maturity, not Marriage.

MASTERBAIT

I'm a twenty-four-year-old guy with a beautiful twenty-two-year-old wife. I've had a fantasy about seeing my wife masturbate for some time now. From the letters and articles I've read, I know it's something that quite a few women do. I've told my wife about sex in my family, but she said she had never masturbated before and would feel funny trying it now. I bought one of those penis-shaped vibrators, thinking it might get her started, but she said it was too noisy and turned her off. Our sex life is good otherwise. She can orgasm during regular fucking and when I eat her.

One time I thought I was on the right track. We went to a nightclub that had a



"Good news. You're going to live forever."

live stage show. We both did a little drinking and were feeling pretty good. The floor show was mainly striptease acts, but the girls went a little further than that. When they got down to G-strings, they would start fondling their breasts, then take off their G-strings and rub their pussies. Some of the girls even lay down on the stage and spread their legs so everyone could see as they stuck a finger or two in their pussies. Needless to say, I was really turned on.

It was the last act that really topped off the show. A really good-looking redheaded girl came onstage and started stripping. When she got down to her G-string, she was rubbing her breasts, taking her nipples between her thumb and fingers, making them stand out at least three quarters of an inch. Then she took off her G-string, showing us her red-haired bush.

My wife, knowing that I was really turned on, had reached under the table and was rubbing my cock through my pants.

Meanwhile, the girl had lain down, spreading her legs wide open and rubbing herself. It was really quiet in the club then, and we could hear her moaning. She spread open the lips of her pussy, letting us see how red and wet she was, then picked up a big rubber dildo. She placed the head of the dildo to her pussy and slowly inserted it. Then she started running it in and out.

When my wife saw her doing this, she gave a little gasp, took my hand, and put it on her pussy. I pulled the leg band of her panties aside. She was soaking wet. Then, keeping her hand on mine, she started rubbing in time to the motions of the girl onstage fucking herself with the dildo. The girl soon started moving faster, then, giving a small cry, arched her back and jammed the dildo in as far as it would go. At the same time my wife started coming—and so did I. We were a bit embarrassed getting up to go, afraid someone had seen us, but I saw some of the other men trying to hide wet spots on their pants too. When we got home we fucked ourselves silly.

My wife admits she was really turned on that night, but things haven't changed. Do you have any ideas of something I could do? Maybe buy a dildo? I would even be willing to let her watch me masturbate first. What do you think?—R.K.

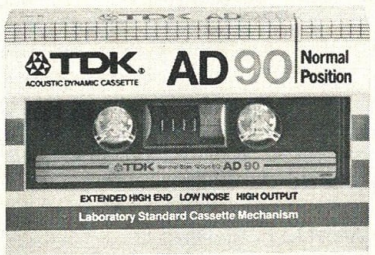
If a vibrator already turns your wife off, you may as well forget about bringing her home a dildo. That will probably scare her even more. But from what you tell me, your sex life is quite full and satisfactory. Since she can easily reach orgasm when you suck her or fuck her, she obviously sees no reason to masturbate. Masturbation is usually a substitute for sex. Men masturbate when their wives turn them down because of a "headache" or menstrual cramps or during the last months of pregnancy.

That striptease was the beginning of a

©1982 TDK Electronics Corp.

Make your music a moving experience with TDK AD.

Whether you're skating or biking with your portable cassette player or enjoying rock, jazz or classical on your car stereo, you deserve the best sound reproduction you can get. TDK AD cassettes make your music come alive with clear, crisp sound. Its Laboratory Standard Mechanism and high quality tape are so reliable, TDK backs it with a Full Lifetime Warranty.



TDK®
Music lives on TDK

new period in your sex life. Your wife obviously got excited by the show. Maybe next time you can bring home some porno movies or make your own video films. Why not try swinging with another couple? Even though she may not be interested in masturbating, the next time you make love to her, try rubbing your cock with one hand after having sucked her for a while without letting her come. Then, continue rubbing her clitoris with your finger. In this way she can see you take care of both of you—if, that is, you are sufficiently ambidextrous.

Suggest fellatio, interchanging it with her manual stimulation of your penis. In the meantime, you can then try to masturbate her. Once she gets used to the idea of masturbation, you can probably talk her into each watching the other masturbate. It is better to handle the situation this way than to sit down and talk about it. Just let it happen gently, by coaxing her into doing it. Tell her how beautiful she looks and how you would be delighted to see her play with herself.

ABSTINENCE FOR TWO

My husband liked only straight sex and was repulsed by anything else. As for myself, I was too mousy to look elsewhere. Now, however, things have changed for me (but not for my husband!). I have become involved in a hot and steamy situation, with my husband's fifty-nine-year-old boss. (I'm forty-three.) I won't go into the details, but circumstances have enabled us to be together several hours every day of the week and occasionally overnight. This man has not had sex with his wife or anyone else for close to twenty years. His wife won't even let him touch her breasts. She won't even kiss him. I know it sounds like a lie, but I know the wife well and she's definitely like that.

I'm sure you can spot a man who hasn't had sex for a long time. At first he just went crazy hugging and kissing me. He almost flipped when I let him touch and play with my bare breasts. The first time I slid my hand into his pants and touched his cock he almost went into orbit. But when I went down his chest and stomach and started licking and sucking his cock, I honestly thought he was going to have a heart attack.

Sounds good so far, right? Well, there are problems. For one, no matter what I do, I can't get it completely hard, only semi-hard. I can't get him hard enough for him to enter me. Sometimes, when I get it semi-hard I straddle him, and we can get it in that way, but it goes down right away. In the very beginning he lost a load before he was even semi-hard, and I haven't been able to get him to come again since.

We both enjoy all the hugging, kissing, sucking, playing, etc. He swears he's completely happy, and I believe him. But I want to make him even happier. I want to get it hard and keep it hard and I want to get him to come. In the mornings, just before he gets up to go to the bathroom, it's as hard as a rock. He has such a beautiful cock, with such a nice head on it. It seems like such a waste not to be able to get it totally hard. His wife must have sawdust in place of her brain to have turned away from such a beautiful cock. And the way he totally enjoys himself turns me on even more. Could you tell me exactly how to suck and lick his cock and balls properly? Help me to help my friend enjoy every aspect of sex that he's missed out on all these years!—K.L.

"Let me assure you, wanting to blow your psychiatrist is a perfectly valid response to therapy."

Although I've often said there should be no age barriers in relationships, there *are* certain problems connected with aging. One is the gradual loss of sexual drive and gradually increasing impotence. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is flaccid. In your friend's case, though, it sounds more like what I call the widower's problem. His sexual muscles have not had enough exercise for a long, long time. If he had masturbated regularly, he might have kept the machinery in working order. But even that is only a partial solution. A normal sexual relationship with a living human being is so essential.

Since he wakes up with an erection (which most men do . . . it's known as a piss hard-on and is caused by a full bladder pressing on the prostate gland), I would try and get as much of him in while it lasts. Fuck him before he pees. The solution might be to work him up with words as well as actions to moments that are more and more exciting. Try and turn his mind on. Sometimes having the woman who loves you next to you is not enough. Also, while you suck him press the nether part of his penis (beneath the scrotum and the anus) and encircle his cock above the balls with your fingers. Hold it tightly. This will give him the semblance of an erection, even if he is soft.

Another thing to try is a penis ring. You can buy one in almost any sex shop. The cock ring is frequently used by homosexuals and it is a popular, useful accessory at orgies. It enables a man to stay hard for a long time by preventing the blood, which causes the erection, from leaving the penis. Cock rings come in all sizes and are sometimes made of stainless steel or leather. You have to help him stick his penis through the ring and attach the ring either around his balls (underneath) or around the base of his cock.

With a little help of your friendly right hand (or his own hand), your tongue, and a cock ring, I am almost sure that he will sprout a healthy hard-on. Even if it is not 100 percent hard, it will, one hopes, be hard enough to allow him to penetrate you. Some men can have an orgasm and ejaculate with an almost totally soft penis. In your man's case, let us hope it is just a lack of practice that is causing his problem. A lot of tender loving care will probably straighten him out.

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit
Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
20 CIGARETTES
Salem
100s
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Let them know you've got a Dutch of Class.

Grolsch®

LAGER BEER

A brewer's masterpiece from Holland.™

Imported by Grolsch Importers, Inc., Atlanta, GA 30339 © 1983

VIEW FROM THE TOP

PARANOIA: A CLOSER LOOK

BY EMILY PRAGER

There is a myth that abounds in the American press that the Russians are the most paranoid people in the world. While recent events over Sakhalin Island would seem to bolster this belief, is this assumption really true? Are the Russians really more obsessive? We doubt it. We believe that the Americans have long since achieved parity with the Soviets in the sphere of mindless suspicion, and to prove it, we ask you, the *Penthouse* reader, to take the following 1984 International Paranoia Test. Send your results to us at the magazine, where we will compare them with our Russian sample. Please indicate if you are an illegal alien, a tax evader, or possess an unregistered phone extension. This information will be kept strictly confidential unless, of course, we find it necessary to use it. Score five points for each correct answer.

1. From which of the following are you most likely to get AIDS: (a) the house salad dressing in a gay restaurant, (b) a congressional page's kiss, or (c) a mosquito bite at Fire Island Pines? The correct answer is (a), especially if you insult the waiter.

2. While driving on a highway, what do you fear most: (a) a kid will drop a rock from an overhang onto your windshield, (b) your car is one of 50,000 about to be recalled for faulty brakes and so is that of the guy who's tailgating you, (c) you will run out of gas and be raped on the soft shoulder, (d) after you have been raped and are stumbling through the parkway landscaping, you will discover the dismembered body of a hooker/nurse/child who was reported missing three weeks earlier, (e) you'll be stopped for a random drunk-driving check and be arrested for possession of that joint you forgot about and the newspapers will get hold of it and you'll be out of a job and your family will never speak to you again, or (f) all of the above? Give yourself fifty points if you circled (f), and fifteen points for every hitchhiker you didn't pick up just in case he/she might be a former member of the Manson family.

3. Which is likely to cause your death: (a) falling masonry, (b) a bridge collapse, (c) an unattended gas leak, (d) a stray bullet? Ten points for each fear circled. How often do you think about an uncontrolled vehicle careening through the plate-glass window of the restaurant you're lunching at? Three times a week ___. Five times a week ___.

4. Where will you probably be mugged: (a) in a vestibule, (b) on a subway platform, (c) in a parking lot, or (d) in the shower? What will the weapon be: (a) a knife, (b) a gun, (c) a tire iron, (d) your can of Mace, or (e) the mugger's can of Mace? Which gambit would you use to talk a rapist out of rape: (a) humor, (b) martial arts, (c) a police whistle, (d) a hatpin, (e) herpes and/or AIDS, (f) bloodcurdling screams, (g) false comradeship, (h) your period, (i) depoprovera? Ten points for each item circled. Double your score if your home has a ground floor without bars on the windows, and good luck to you.

5. In old age, you can expect: (a) triple-bypass surgery, (b) malnutrition, (c) Alzheimer's disease, (d) to break your hip, (e) to be beaten and suffocated, (f) to die alone and not be found for a month, during which time the stray dogs that you kindly took in eat your face. Twenty points for each fear circled. Give yourself a fifty-point bonus if you're under thirty and still foolishly believe that you will die young and escape these things.

6. Do you worry that if you wrote to the FBI under the Freedom of Information Act, they would send you a memo saying your file is classified for national security? Yes ___. No ___. I never worried about it before, but I will now.

GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

7. How much decaffeinated coffee would you need to preserve a frog? How many blow dryers on high heat to fireproof your head? Correct answers: two pots and five dryers.

8. When taking an international airplane flight, what do you fear most: (a) a fire in the lavatory, (b) the wind-shear factor, or (c) that the pilot is a blind, deaf-mute South Korean who failed navigation school? Ten points if you circled more than one fear.

Tally up your score. If you scored 50 to 100 points: You live on tranquilizers. No fair. And 100 to 200 points is the American norm. Also the Russian norm. Too paranoid to live, but afraid of going to hell. Above 200 points: Only Siberian exiles and members of the United Federation of Teachers score this high. Lay back. Join a yoga class. It really isn't worth worrying about.

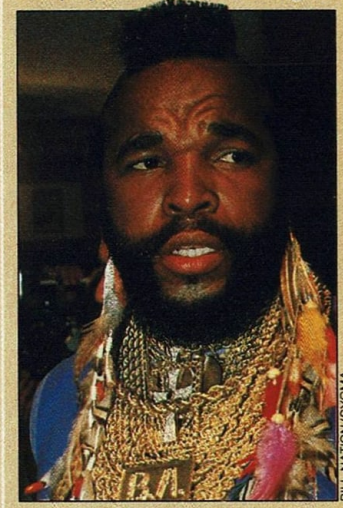
TV

BLOND ROOTS

Those of us who listened to the radio in 1966 might recall that the most asinine record of that year was "The 'A' Team," a gross display of martial meatballism contrived and "sung" by a former Green Berets staff sergeant named Barry Sadler. It was to that adversely memorable performance that the most egregious of our current television shows turned for its title, demonstrating poignantly the sense of tradition that has united all meatballs throughout time.

I, like most other borderline meatballs, became aware of **The A Team** last January, when the series was brought before the public in a manner that left little doubt as to which of NBC's new shows the network's money was riding on. The actual debut of the series was preceded not only by a feature-length presentation but also by a special preview episode. The latter was aired following the 1983 Super Bowl, a television event in which Washington's successful attempt to beat both Miami and the three-point spread seemed at times to be of secondary importance to the formal coming out into made-for-TV society of one Mr. T, whom staunch devotees of trash recognized from his role as Clubber Lang in the previous year's *Rocky III*.

Assigned to what apparently was the equivalent of a potato-peeling detail, a network sportscaster listened attentively as Mr. T explained that he wore chains—indeed, the garish sum of the earrings, necklaces, and bracelets that he wore did seem to attain to a new frontier of tastelessness—in remembrance of his heritage. "I'm still a slave," he said, "just a well-paid one, that's all." (It was regrettable that the sportscaster did not inquire as to the significance of the heritage-conscious Mr. T's tribal haircut.) Uncle T bade all viewers to watch "The A Team" lest they be made to answer to his wrath. To the best of my knowledge, this was the first time since the days of "The Lone Ranger" that a television playactor was maintaining his character out of context. It was an act that owed much to the "bad guys" of professional wrestling; and it seemed obvious that Mr. T's roots were more closely entangled with those of the Valiant Brothers than with those of Frederick Douglass. I, for one, was sold on "The A Team."

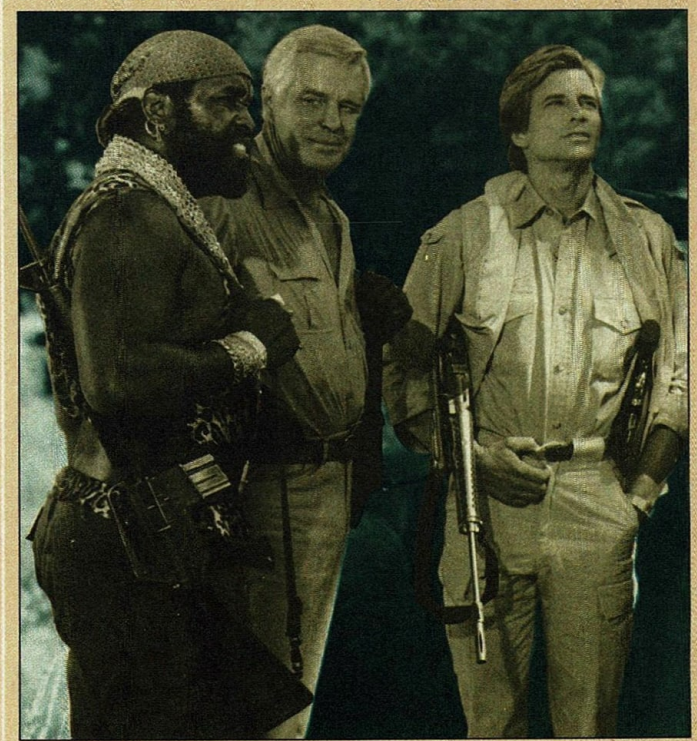


BILL NATION/SYGMA

Mr. T: for devotees of trash.

My enthusiasm lasted perhaps ten minutes into the first episode, after which "The A Team" began to strike me as being less imaginative, less energetic, and even less well acted than the average wrestling program.

To begin with, there is the matter of the premise. Now, no one expects a television series to be too credible. Those shows that aspire to realism—"Hill Street Blues," "St. Elsewhere," the six-o'clock news—are often the most absurd. But to be asked to accept that the characters before us—Hannibal, played by George Peppard, whose aloof smirk seems to express the realization that if one is going to be a whore, one might as well be a high-priced whore; pretty little Amy, played by Melinda Cules; a couple of fellows who are even prettier; and B.A., who is really Mr. T, who is really God knows who—are members of a military task force (perhaps the same one praised by Staff Sergeant Sadler) who were unjustly imprisoned, who escaped into the Los Angeles underground (whatever that might be), and who currently hire themselves out, complete with helicopter and assault weaponry, to average, downtrodden Americans in need of paramilitary assistance, is to be asked too, too much.



"The A Team": less well acted than the average wrestling program.

"The A Team" quickly became, and has remained, one of our most popular programs, particularly among the younger viewers of our prime-time nation. Week after week, vehicles and bombs explode in great numbers. Buildings burn, cars collide. Miss Cules furiously shakes her money-maker, Mr. T grunts in his best remedial English and seethes with the anger that only well-paid slave actors from the Midwest can truly feel. But these things alone do not explain the wondrous success of the series, which can perhaps best be accounted for by its utterly sublime and moronic mindlessness. It is as pioneering in its tasteless way as the Edsel-like array of jewelry with which Mr. T reminds himself of his African heritage.

"The A Team" is never so impertinent as to ask its viewers to think. By comparison, "The Mod Squad" was Dostoyevskian. This is a good thing for school kids, as it should help them to prepare for today's job market. But I can think of more entertaining ways to keep in touch with my meatball roots. After all, a rescue mission is just a rescue mission, but, as George Peppard knows, a good cigar is a smoke.—*Nick Tosches*

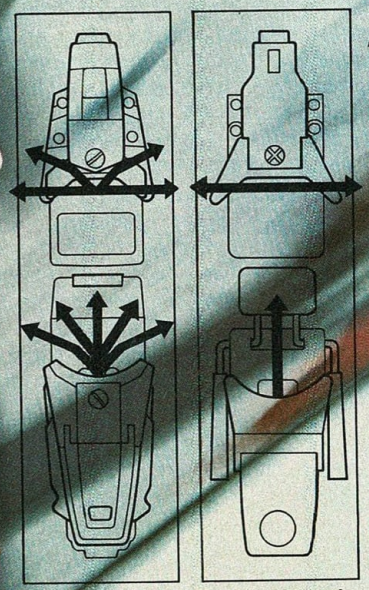
Set your own limits. Total Diagonal.®

TYROLIA

The mountain makes no concessions. When you're pushing your limits you shouldn't have to make concessions either. With the Tyrolia Total Diagonal System, you won't.

Compare Tyrolia's Total Diagonal System to conventional bindings.

Tyrolia has designed a system with five features that no other binding can duplicate: ***Diagonal Release Heel*** *– multi-directional protection in forward twisting falls.* ***Diagonal Reflex Toe*** *– maintains a constant multi-directional balance between retention and release.* ***Spring Pincer Toe System*** *– superior Return to Center Force (RCF) and Return to Center Time (RCT) for precise control and protection from premature release.* ***Convenient Entry-Exit Heel System*** *– easy step-in function plus a unique "soft" entry feature for steep slopes or deep powder.* ***Tyrolia Racing Brake*** *– totally retractable so it never contacts the snow, even in the most radical turns.*



Tyrolia Total Diagonal System ***Conventional Binding***

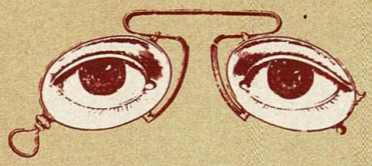
Try a hands-on test at your Tyrolia dealer. Prove to yourself that everything about Tyrolia's Total Diagonal System is total performance. And everything about the system makes conventional bindings seem rather incomplete.

The Tyrolia Total Diagonal System. Anything else is less.

US SKI TEAM OFFICIAL SUPPLIER

Total Diagonal Systems: 380RD, 380D, 280D.

Exclusive Distributor: Raichle Molitor U.S.A.
For a free catalog write to: RMUSA, Geneva Road, Brewster, NY 10509 © 1983 RMUSA



COMPUTERS

ELECTRONIC READOUT Take a look at the computer-book section in most bookstores and you'll see a lineup of baffling titles, all of which sound the same. To further the confusion, most of these books are in a language unintelligible to most of us mere mortals. They claim to be written for the layman, but this is an impossibility, since people who are into computers—at least many of the ones I've had to deal with—cannot communicate with anyone but one another. But I was delighted to find as many as five books on computers that you might find useful and, believe it or not, fun.

If you speak English but are interested in learning computerese, pick up ***The Hacker's Dictionary*** (Harper & Row), by Guy L. Stelle, Jr., et al. A hacker is someone who uses a computer mostly for fun. The nerd in the accounting department who slings a calculator on his belt probably hacks at night or during lunch.

But many hackers do nothing but eat, sleep, and hack. We're told that dedicated hackers would do well to be single; the author finds that since his wedding he has time to hack only in spurts. We're told that "crufty" means poorly built and overcomplicated, that a "gweep" is a hacker suffering from overwork, and that to "spazz" is to behave erratically. No doubt most people believe hackers spazz all the time.

The Hacker's Dictionary will be enjoyed by programming buffs, especially solitary ones in need of instant camaraderie, albeit of a textual sort. It also will be invaluable to non-hackers looking to impress their programming friends.

If you have an interest in computer trivia, you'll find ***The Naked Computer*** (Morrow), by Jack B. Rochester and John Gantz, hard to put down. A compendium of world records, little-known facts, and hard-to-believe calculations, *The Naked Computer* is fun and absorbing. For instance, if automobile technology had advanced at the same rate as computer technology, a Rolls-Royce today would cost $2.50 and give us 2 million miles to the gallon. Owning a good personal computer is equivalent to always having at your disposal a million mathematicians working twenty-four hours a day.

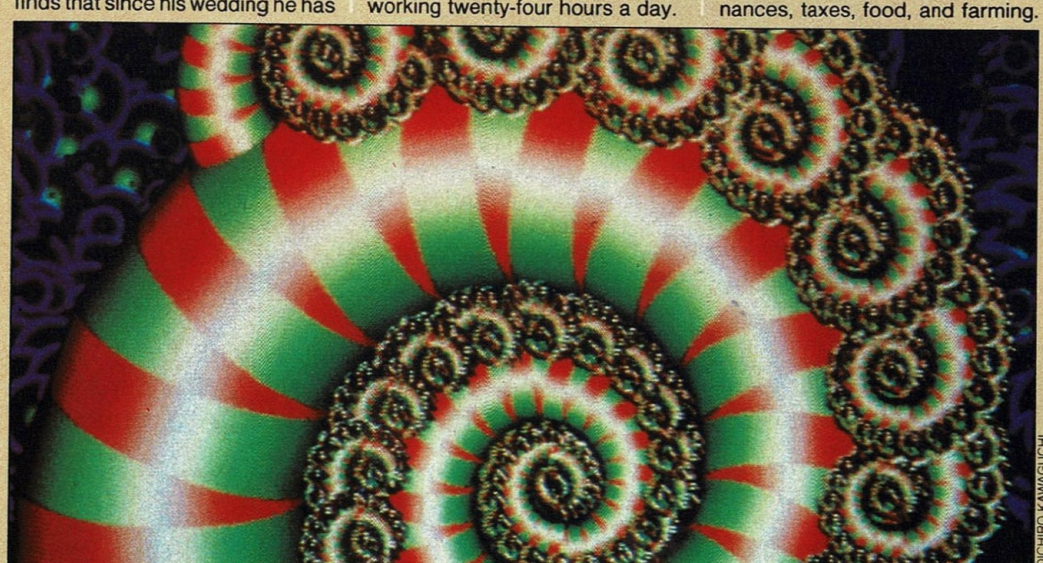
You'll read about the top computer millionaires, the ten largest computer crimes, some of the biggest blunders committed in the computer industry, and irreverent inside information about that "straight" corporate giant IBM, including lyrics to the Camp IBM "fight song," which the author got from an undisclosed source after IBM refused to supply it.

Imagine going to the New York Public Library, a staggeringly huge repository of information. To find what you are seeking you must go through a laborious search, coping with long lines, fallible librarians, and endless stacks. Now, imagine having access to the same information in the comfort of your living room. A few strokes on your computer brings the information magically to your screen. It is possible to link one's computer with vast storehouses of information called data bases. You'll find more than 1,000 of them listed in the ***Omni On-line Database Directory*** (Macmillan), by Mike Edelhart and Owen Davies. There are forty-eight different categories—such topics as the arts, personal finances, taxes, food, and farming. The content of each data base is described and evaluated in detail. There are also very useful chapters on the equipment needed to hook into data bases and on how much money the various services can cost.

Accessing data bases and managing your household budget by computer is all well and good, but few of us realize that computers may also be the paintbrushes and drawing boards of tomorrow's Leonardos and Frank Lloyd Wrights. ***Computer Images*** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), by Joseph Deken, Hildegard Kron, and Edward Rosenthal, stunningly illustrates the myriad applications of computer graphics. Even in their practical uses, computer graphics—depicting subject matter as various as medicine, topography, and engineering—are startling. Fantastical and surrealistic works are created by manipulating, combining, and storing images, and it appears that computer artists will be able to give modern artists a run for their money.

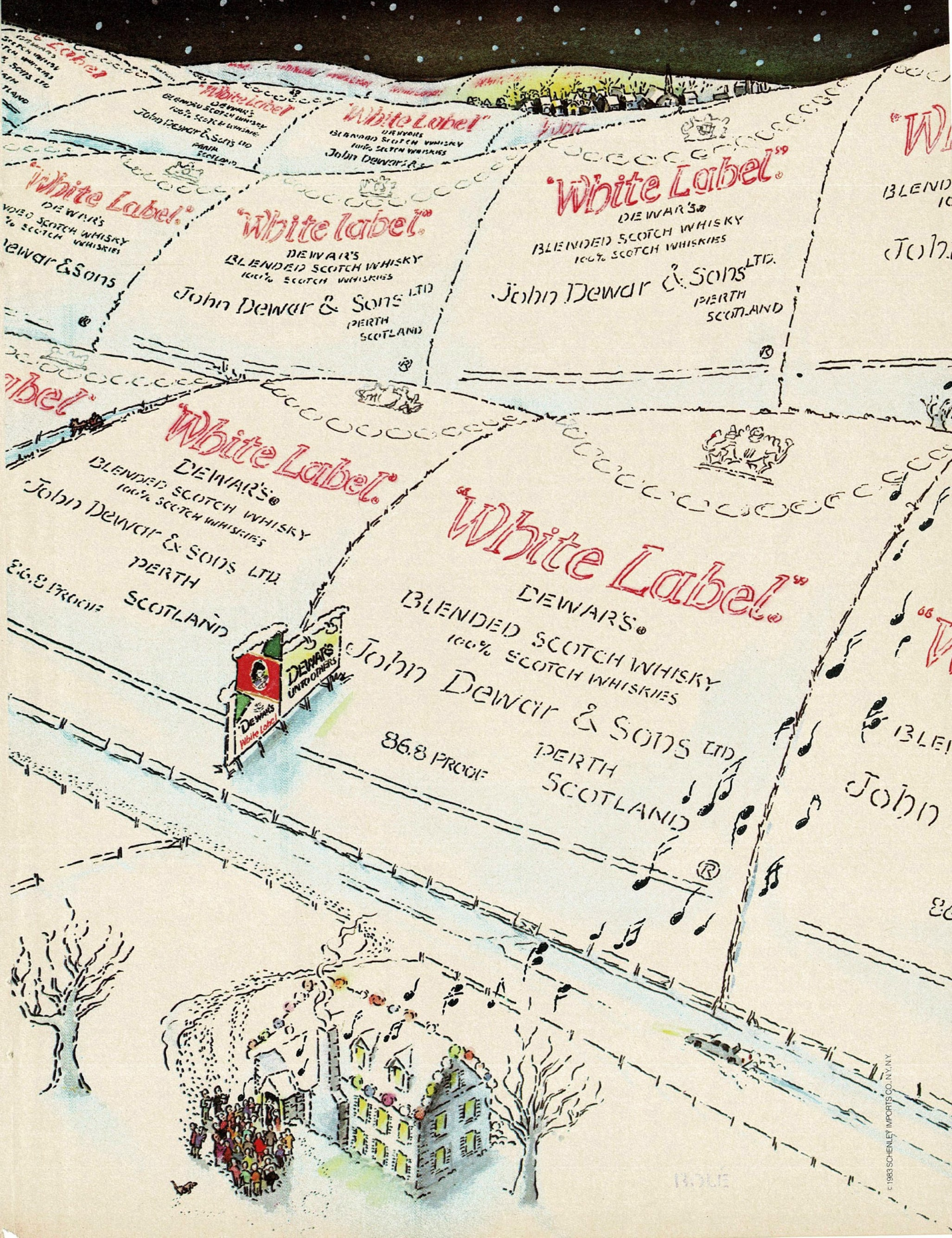
Then there's ***Ken Uston's Guide to Home Computers*** (Signet)—I'll try to be objective. If you want to buy a computer and use it like a microwave oven—that is, get it home, plug it in, and use it—my book's for you. It'll advise you on which computer to buy and which software will fulfill your needs, whether they are to write, balance a budget, tie into data bases, or play Pac-Man. I do wish my book had a few more pictures, which would have made it even more informative, and illustrations of the software screens would have been particularly helpful.

Overall, though, *Ken Uston's Guide to Home Computers* will tell you whether all this fuss about the need for a home computer is real or propaganda generated by computer marketers. If you buy it and don't like it, I'll send you my royalty on your copy.—*Ken Uston*

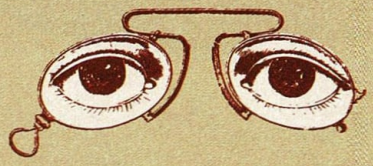


YOICHIRO KAWAGUCHI

Computer graphics from Computer Images: *giving the masters of modern art a run for their money.*



© 1983 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



FILMS

SECOND WIND

A short while ago, during the worst of the year's semiannual slump in film distribution, when absolutely nothing looks good and filmmaking seems as lost an art as Egyptian pyramid building, there reappeared four old movies to remind us of the medium in good form. Nothing odd about that. You can live on revivals, if you have the good sense to live in a museum or near a few dozen specialized theaters. But these aren't ordinary revivals. They are virtually rediscovered—actually reconstructed—films. They are now in general distribution, and I'd recommend them over all ten of the biggest grossers in this year's box-office scores.

As long as I can remember, Louise Brooks has been a legend, even for those of us who had seen nothing of her career. It wasn't much of a career, since she virtually retired in 1931, at twenty-four, after only five films of any consequence. But from it there has survived an image, a forthright glance from a hauntingly beautiful female face under a helmet of glossy black hair, presented in a few very famous stills.

Usually, the stills will have come from one of two movies that Brooks left Hollywood to make, in 1929, with the German director G. W. Pabst. Neither ***Diary of a Lost Girl*** nor ***Pandora's Box*** is a masterpiece. Both exploit a coupling of social-sexual repression and licentious decadence in pre-Nazi Germany, and neither functions as a narrative having more than rudimentary coherence. But through both of the Pabst movies the potent iconic figure of Louise Brooks, at once innocent and knowledgeable beyond experience, is coolly detached and yet abandoned to a willing eroticism that for moments out of time transforms each movie.

The current reconstruction of George Cukor's ***A Star Is Born*** (1954) adds twenty-seven minutes to the film—some in newly recovered footage, some in blown-up 16mm, some in stills with the soundtrack playing behind them. It's outstandingly good to have the whole thing almost together, though the strengths and weaknesses of this best version of an often-filmed story remain much the same.

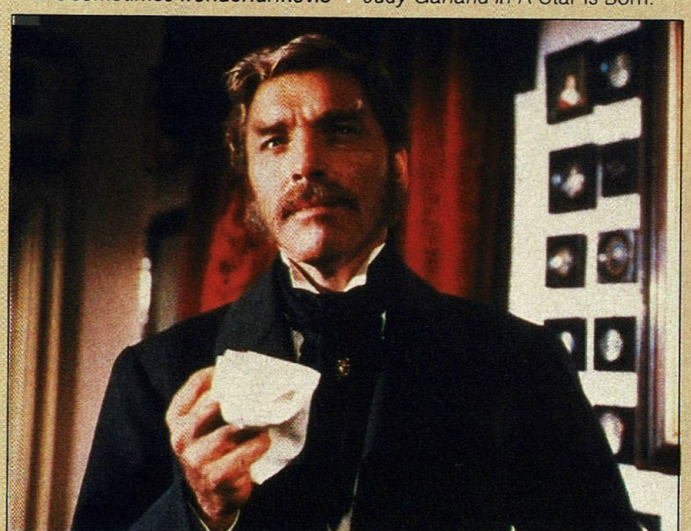
The film's one great musical number is still "The Man That Got Away." The tensions between James Mason's on-screen dissolution as the fading alcoholic movie star Norman Maine and Judy Garland's poignantly real dissolution as the rising Esther Blodgett also remain—but are intensified now that more of their personal story has been restored to the film. The problem with *A Star is Born* is that the deadeningly predictable pattern of a bourgeois tragedy has not been eliminated, only refined by the talents of Cukor, Garland, Mason, Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, and others. But the refinements are often quite lovely, and now there are many more of them in this sometimes wonderful movie that for thirty years we haven't quite had.

When ***The Leopard*** opened in 1963, cut by the distributor, miserably dubbed into English, it seemed Luchino Visconti's most grandiloquent failure. Now, with its Italian dialogue in place and twenty minutes of running time recovered, it emerges as one of his great successes.

Set in Sicily in the 1860s, the time of Garibaldi's conquests in the cause of Italian unification, *The Leopard* follows the fortunes of a local prince (Burt Lancaster) and his family in their tentative contacts with a rising middle class that will soon replace them in all positions of power.

PHOTOTEQUE

Judy Garland in A Star Is Born.



The Leopard *reemerges as one of Luchino Visconti's great successes.*

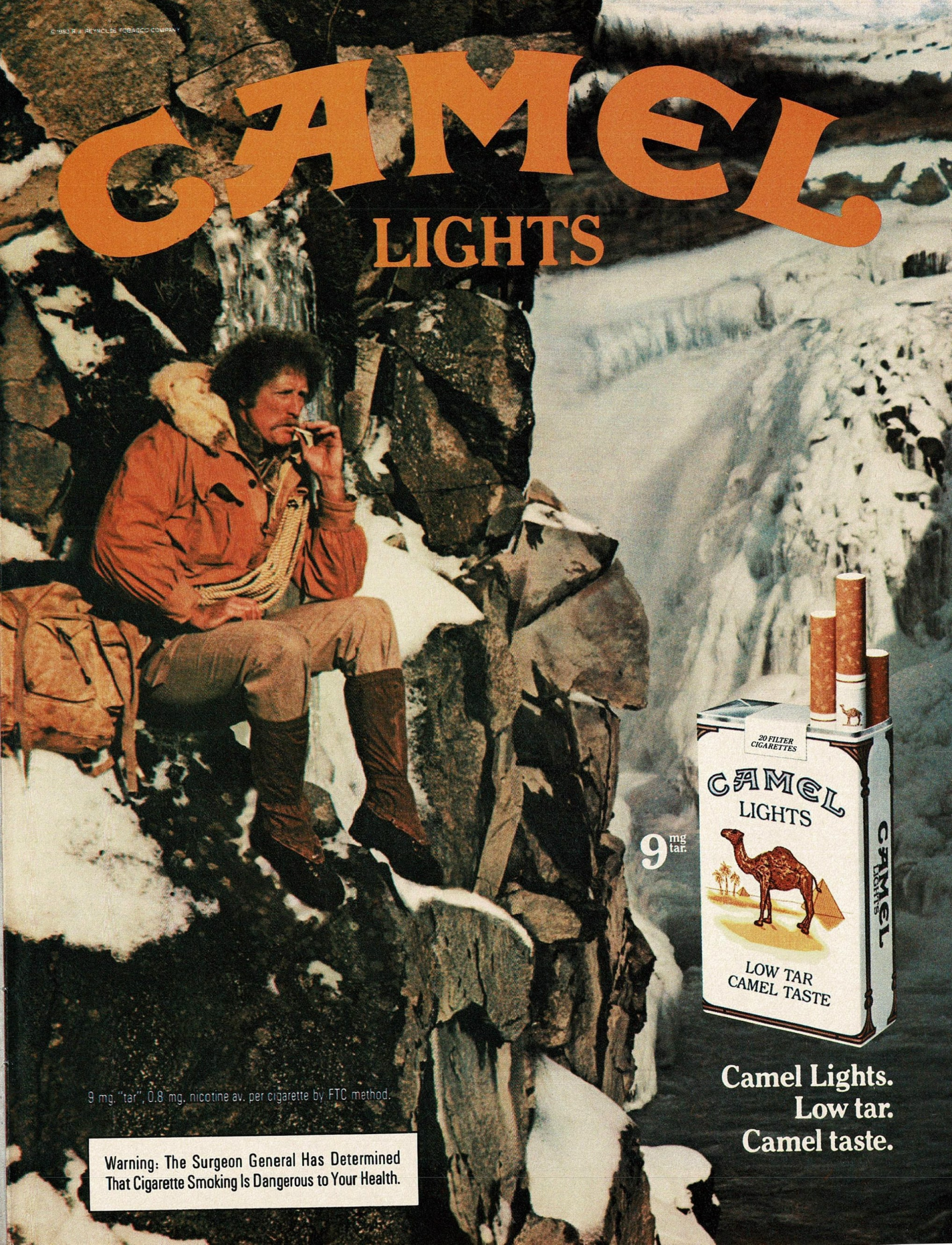
The film adapts a fine, thoughtful novel by Giuseppe di Lampedusa, great-grandson of the model for his fictional prince, and in so doing simplifies and omits a good deal. What it puts back, by way of Visconti's extraordinary feeling for the complexities possible in sweeping visual spectacle, is exactly what was dropped out of the poorly edited old version, which kept breaking the rhythms that are the filmmaker's point of view. In its now three hours and five minutes, the film does a very good job of transforming a panorama of social, political, and economic history into something like a personal meditation on life and death, time, resignation and desire.

It does this largely by readjusting its sights through the course of a marvelous series of set pieces—battles, banquets, flirtations, and seductions—that become increasingly more resonant than they seem at first sight.

Everything culminates in a ball, close to an hour in running time, during which the prince accepts the beautiful, calculating, slightly vulgar middle-class girl (Claudia Cardinale) whom his favorite, equally calculating young nephew (Alain Delon) means to marry. The prince feels his own pangs of lust, feels the pangs of an incipient heart attack, dances, jokes, turns from a room filled with chamber pots to the brilliant ballrooms next door, and finally walks into the street—to the first light of an oppressive dawn in which all the disjunctions of the night before will undoubtedly continue less gracefully. From beginning to end, this is a breathtaking passage, archetypal Visconti, and it offers some of the richest, most lucid filmmaking I know.—*Roger Greenspun*

©1987 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

CAMEL
LIGHTS



9 mg tar.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Camel Lights.
Low tar.
Camel taste.

SCENES

TOO MANY COOKS

I was sitting in a roadside diner with a new friend who'd shown a lot of promise. While scanning the menu, she came across: "Spaghetti—side order—$1.00." She turned to the waitress and said, "I'll have the pasta—and make it al dente."

I stabbed her.

But with time off for good behavior, I will soon be out to stab again. What I mean to do is rid the world of the people who have made croissants our national roll, Zabar's a shrine, and mustard too good for hot dogs. These food chicniks have created a veritable army of nouveau gourmets that has taken what was once simple and beautiful—cooking and eating—and turned it into such a razzle-dazzle of hype and pretentiousness that it's begun to seep, like radiation, into every area of our lives.

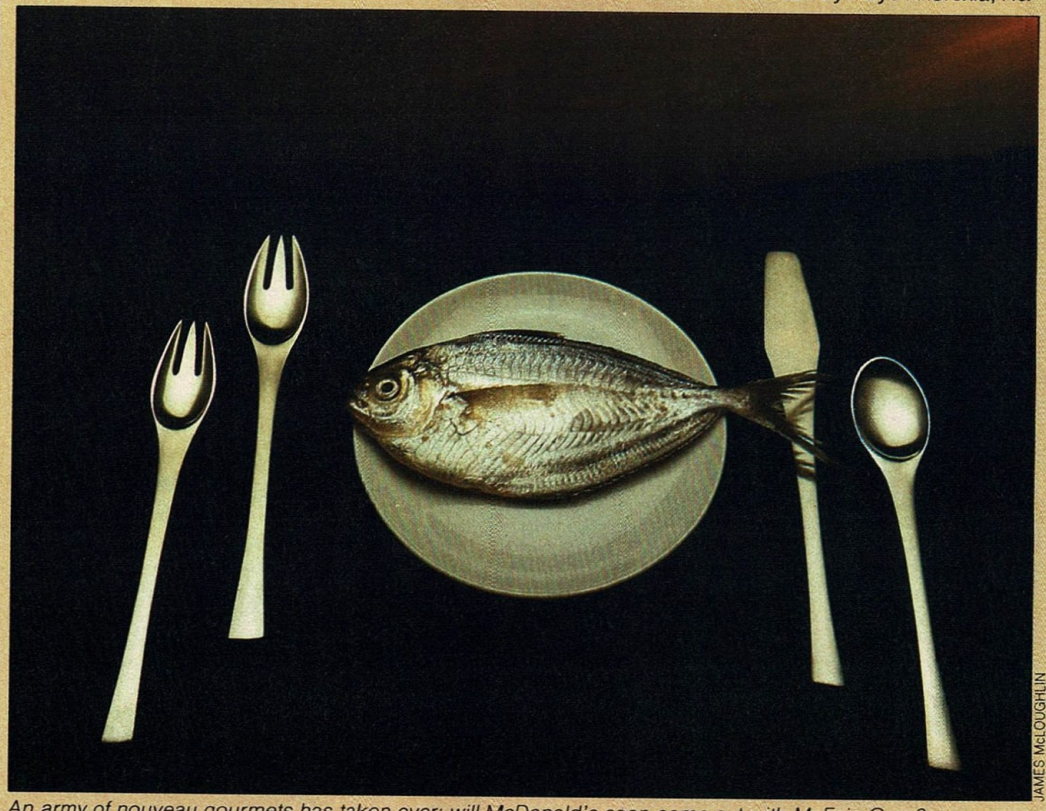
Merely eating a decent dinner is passé. Dining must be an adventure. Hurry, dash out to Bulbous, Connecticut, where René Merdecerveaux—just awarded a second star by Michelin for his amusing little bistro in Chartres, Le Douchebagge—has opened an American version. His crowning glory: your entire silver service baked into puff pastry and set adrift in a pond of reduced shallots and crème fraîche with, as his wittiest statement, a single M & M posing as a truffle. Heaven!

They're forming gourmet societies. They're auditing cooking seminars in foreign cities. Even fast-food land is paying attention. McDonald's may soon come out with McFoie Gras. And what's new in cookware? Well, I hear Cuisinart is getting close to marketing an attachment that turns out 18,000 phyllo leaves in four minutes and also tweezes chickens. In pots, ma petite, copper is in. "Brew a court bouillon in your copper poacher and hard-cook six eggs. . . ." (We no longer say "hard-boil.") Shall we get the newest garlic basket—eleven tiers—which you hang out the window? It gives the garlic a chance to breathe and wards off low-flying vampires. Or perhaps a $300 electric pasta-maker with forty-four shapes and a $200 cappuccino machine that cries out for the $150 *gelato*-maker? (It's not called ice cream anymore.)

Well, once you've bought all those divine machines and the even more divine cookbooks (Cookbook of the Month is about to release *Bye-Bye Anorexia*, *Hello Gout* as a dual selection with *Desserts for Herpes Shut-Ins*), it's time to get ready for a picnic. Take the wok for stir-frying alfresco (that's al dente's cousin). Then pack the pâté of thrush, the terrine of kiwi and Swiss chard, the gravlax and dill, the veal birds primavera, the sourdough bread from Iraq (harder to get now), the Camembert (which must stand at room temperature for four days to bring out the ammonia bouquet; Brie, mes amis, is as out as steak Diane), the olive oil from Kenya—so zesty we use it as a fondue—and a whole truffle, to be shaved over everything.

Perhaps we can accompany this with a selection from Bill Blass's new line of kosher foods. (Why not? He's designed everything else.) And for dessert, some chocolates. Not Bill's, but those cooked up by Michel Guèrard, who began as the creator of nouvelle cuisine and who has branched out into cookwear, eatwear, and soon, perhaps, underwear. (Once upon a time, you could just buy a pound of chocolates; now it's $18 for "the 14-ounce ballotin"—"ballotin" is "small bundle" to you, Yetta.)

And once we've been sated with cuisine and vin, will we perchance make out in the grass? Don't be gauche, mon cher! We will pick wild basil. And that's what's bothering me most. Nobody has time for love anymore; nobody's looking for the perfect orgasm, just the perfect omelet. Which may explain why I'm working as a sous-chef in the prison cafeteria (the "Dining Out" column job was filled). Via the subtle blending of exotic herbs, I've saved the state a fortune, because few of my customers ever make it to a parole hearing. And when I'm released, I'm going to toss a food-and-wine tasting for the gourmet industry that'll really knock 'em dead—*Lawrence Eisenberg*



JAMES McLOUGHLIN

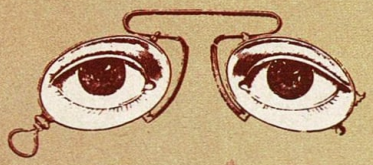
An army of nouveau gourmets has taken over: will McDonald's soon come out with McFoie Gras?

SKIING IS BELIEVING.

Expect the unexpected.
In ever–increasing numbers, members of the international ski set, (participants and spectators alike), are fast becoming firm believers in functional fashion from Ellesse-where the only constants are the logo and quality.

ellesse
Apparel without parallel.

Ellesse U.S.A. Inc., 1384 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. 212-840-6111



SOUNDS

COUNTRY PUNKERS It had to happen sooner or later, and now it's here—the bastard offspring of an unholy coupling between punk-and-new-wave rock, the proud papa, and country music, the not-so-proud mama. It's a new phenomenon, this critter, but it already has the critics tongue-tied. Should they call it country punk, quirky and western, techno-country, prairie modern, or punkabilly? Aw, hell, who cares? Let's go pogo at the rodeo.

There were hints and harbingers of the new music back around the beginning of this decade, when new-wave songster Elvis Costello recorded an album of country tunes in Nashville and the Panther Burns began playing loud, punked-up versions of rockabilly, country, and blues songs for startled bar patrons in Memphis, Tenn. Elvis's album bombed; the Panther Burns went on to make a crazed album for England's Rough Trade label and a later EP for Animal, the Chrysalis subsidiary label run by Blondie's Chris Stein. Just now, the Panther Burns are on hold while the band's two founders, vocalist Tav Falco and guitarist Alex Chilton, cook up a so far unidentified but undoubtedly most bizarre new project down in New Orleans.

Around the same time, former members of several San Francisco punk-rock bands relocated in Austin, Texas, and started a new band, **Rank and File**. With a catchy self-advertising song ("Rank and File"), lyrics that compared new-wave trend followers to sheep, a twangy guitar sound, and a tempo somewhere between a Johnny Cash lope and a Sex Pistols blitzkrieg, Rank and File were certainly original. Their first album, *Sundown* (Slash/Warner), is amiable enough, and a success by underground standards. But it just doesn't have the guts, the drive, or the pure, unadulterated country soul of a new band that lives in Nashville but does some of its recording in Memphis—a band called **Jason and the Nashville Scorchers**.

Lead singer and songwriter Jason Ringenberg, the son of an Illinois hog farmer, has one of those pure, aching country voices that Hank Williams imitators would kill for, and he can write pure, traditional country tunes when the mood strikes him. His "Pray for Me, Mama (I'm a Gypsy Now)," a murder ballad in the classic mold, cuts deepest on the band's latest disc, a six-song mini-album on Nashville's Praxis label. (It's distributed by Disques du Monde, 1133 Broadway, Room 1107, New York, N.Y. 10010.)

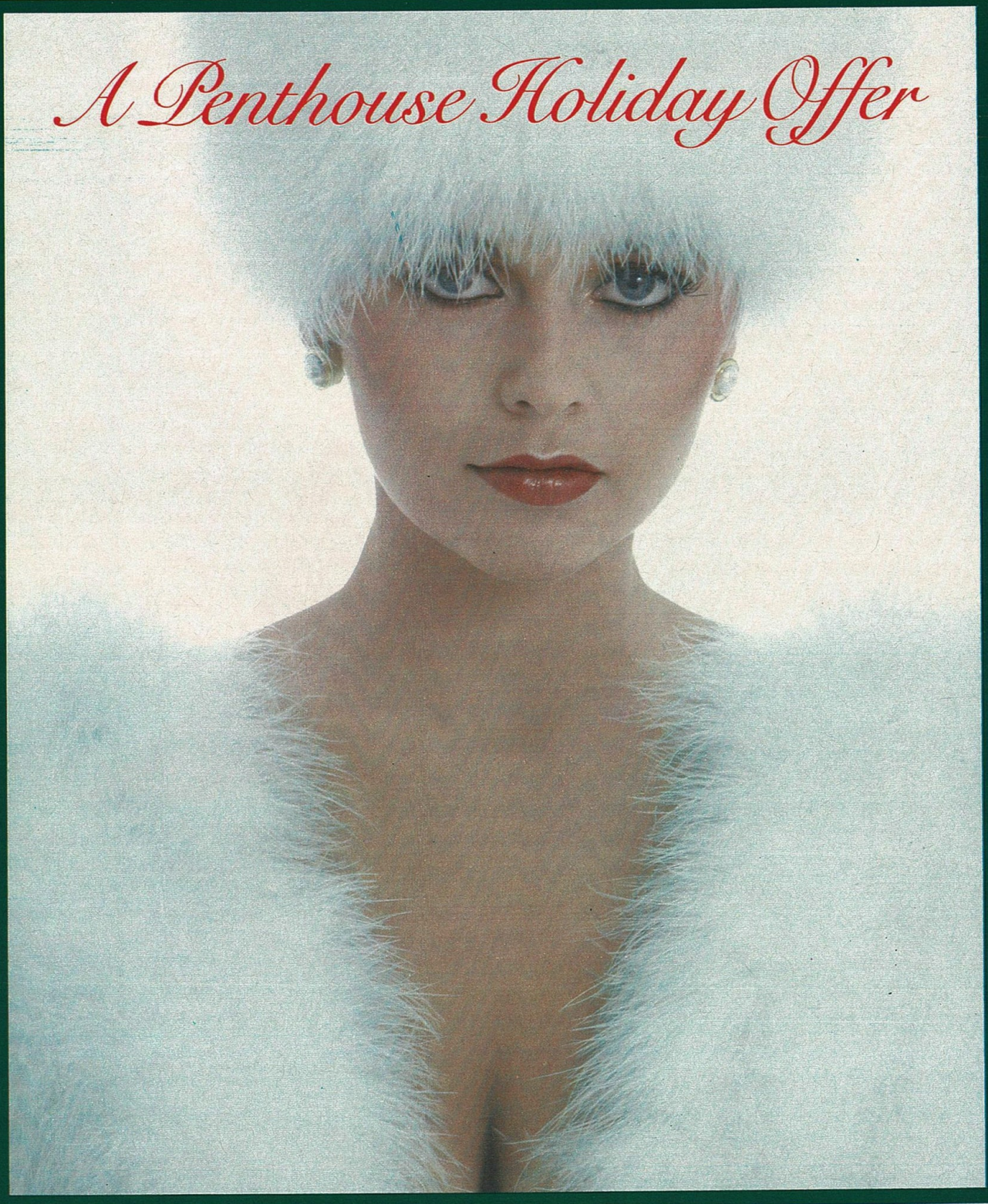
"Sickness now has become style," Jason Ringenberg moans on "Harvest Moon," another of the songs he contributed to *Fervor*, a mini-LP. He could be talking about the violence and ritualized self-destruction associated particularly with the Los Angeles punk-rock scene, or about the doom-laden neurosis of another new-wave set, or about heavy metal, mainstream rock—or American culture in general. However you interpret it, the lyric is a key to the surprising punk-country alliance. In country music, punk rockers have found their own roots—a white-American soul music that was often as outspoken in its early days as punk is now.

Rubber Rodeo, a band that includes four graduates of the Rhode Island School of Design and two descendants of Oliver Wendell Holmes, boasts both pedal steel guitar and synthesizer. This is the band that inspired the terms "techno-country" and "prairie modern," and while it can be conceptually clever and musically deft, when it comes to feeling and roots there doesn't seem to be anything present. Versions of Dolly Parton's "Jolene" and the Western anthem "Tumblin' Tumbleweeds" showed up on the band's first record, a six-song mini-LP called *Rubber Rodeo* (Eat Records, 400 Essex Street, Salem, Mass. 01970), and while they were funny enough the first time through, they were too calculating and artificial to sustain lasting interest. The latest Rubber Rodeo plastic, a twelve-inch single called "She Had To Go," with the original "Forbidden Valley" and the movie theme "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" on the flip side, seems to be an assault on the new-wave-synthesizer-rock crowd. The musicians are wearing country-and-western outfits on the back cover, but that's as close to country music the record ever gets.

Rocky Burnette and the Rock 'n' Roll Trio reunites Rocky, son of the killer 1950s rockabilly screamer Johnny Burnette, with his dad's original backup band. The album's title, *Get Hot or Go Home!* (Enigma Records, Box 2896, Torrance, Calif. 90509), is an accurate indication of its contents. Rocky roars through well-chosen rockabilly ravers—there's even a jacked-up version of his dad's big hit "You're Sixteen"—and newer tunes with a 1950s sound. And the band, led by ace guitarist Paul Burlison, roars back, and at careening tempos many punk bands would be hard-pressed to sustain. Like the very best of today's country punkers, the rockabilly wildmen of the 1950s were always game for a headlong dive into the audience—or a headlong dive into the abyss. Why, you may ask. Just to see what happens . . . just for fun . . . or just for the hell of it.—*Robert Palmer*

Jason and the Nashville Scorchers: ready for a headlong dive into the audience . . . or the abyss.

A Penthouse Holiday Offer



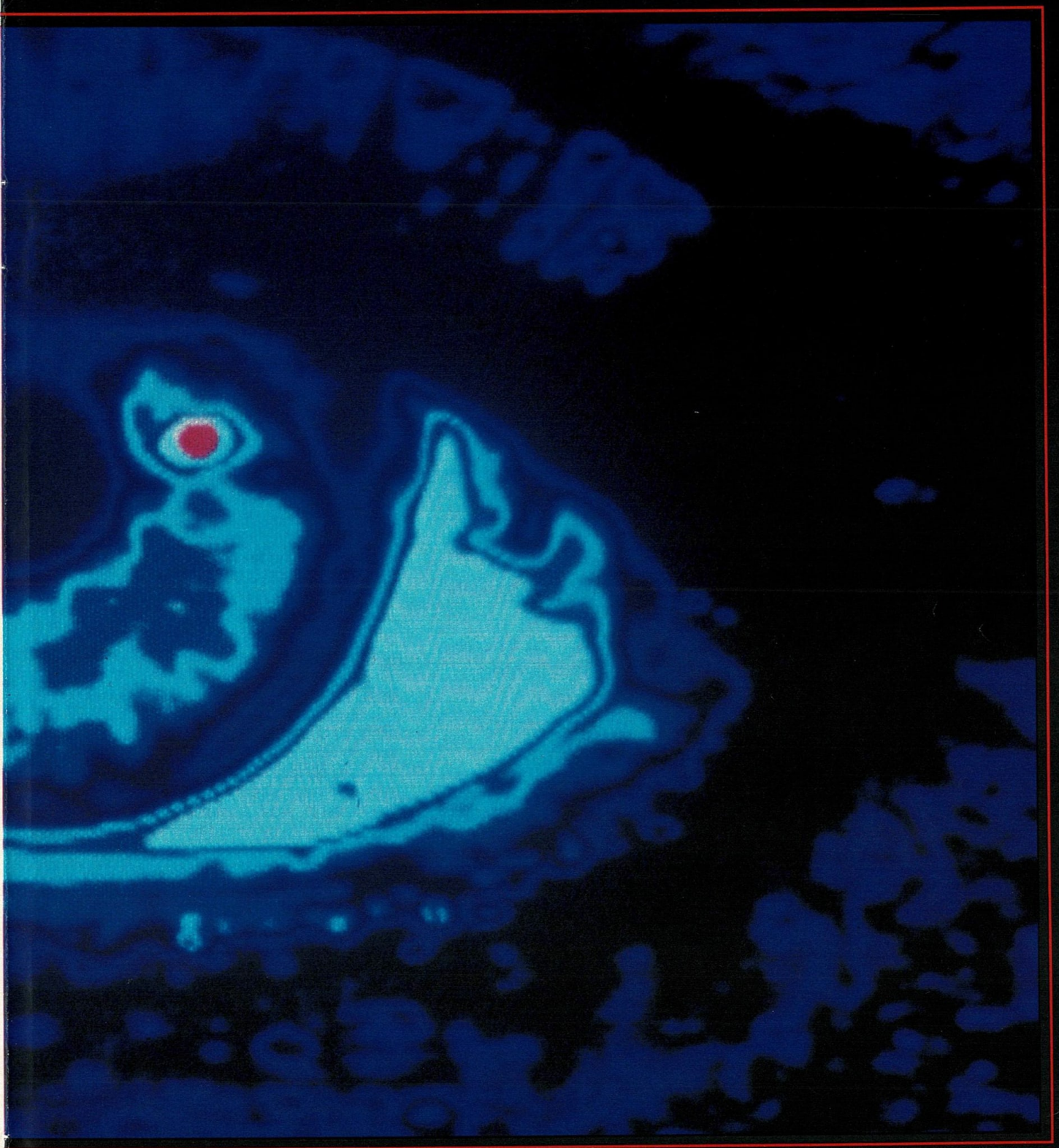
This holiday season give the gift that keeps on coming month after month...give a gift subscription to PENTHOUSE Magazine. PENTHOUSE offers a full year of exciting pleasure –award-winning articles, candid interviews, advice from Xaviera, letters from readers who tell everything about their sexual encounters, up-to-date service features, fiction that absorbs the mind, and of course the erotically beautiful and sultry women who will truly raise anyone's holiday spirit. One year of PENTHOUSE costs only $30. That's a $7 saving off the cover price. Just fill out the attached card or call toll-free: 1-800-228-2233. Nebraska residents call: 1-800-228-5200.

PENTHOUSE

It's 1984—and George Orwell's dire predictions may be coming true a lot faster than anyone imagined.

BIG BROTHER IS CLOSING IN

BY DANIEL KAGAN



As we make our way into 1984, the ghost of George Orwell reaches a skinny finger up from an early grave and prods us to think about the chilling scenario he created thirty-six years ago in the novel whose title consists of only that date. *1984*. It is the story of one man's futile attempt to save the intimate workings of his soul, the last vestiges of his freedom, from the all-consuming totalitarian state in which he lived. In Orwell's book, the state uses technology to strip citizens of their privacy in order to control them.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD SOCHUREK

The book's recurring theme, "Big Brother is watching," has entered our language. In Orwell's fictional Oceania, the state utterly dominates and penetrates the life of the novel's hapless hero, Winston Smith. Unblinking telescreens—uncomfortably like our two-way-cable-TV systems—are everywhere, collecting and recording every action in every place at every moment. The state controls each citizen by intimidation, but its weapons are not the threats of prison or torture, which are used only as a last resort: The power by which the state dominates hundreds of millions of its citizens is the power provided by information—statistics, profiles, data, facts—total knowledge of who is doing what, where, and with whom. In Orwell's hellish future, the power of the state derives from the fact that there is no privacy.

Our life in 1984 doesn't yet approach this terrible vision, but the erosion of personal privacy that has taken place over the past twenty years is cause for alarm. Much of the privacy we once had is already gone. It has not been purposely snatched away all at once, but it has drained away as the technology of information gathering, storage, and transmitting and of computers and computerized record systems has evolved.

Since the mid-sixties, computers have become fast, cheap, and small enough to allow American institutions to get rid of ledgers and file folders and turn to automated information processing. Millions of files can now be stored on computer tapes and can be automatically retrieved and read at astounding speed. In terms of privacy, this has meant that large institutions can collect and store more information about more people at a greatly diminished cost. In the old days, it cost many man-hours to locate a file on someone. An investigating company, a government agency, or a law-enforcement agency, for example, would have to send someone to a records area to spend time, often days, looking for the information. If a comparison with information from other sources was needed, the process would have to be repeated. This was expensive. It required a good deal of human effort. Sometimes subpoenas or warrants were necessary. Now, an interested organization or individual need only request information from an electronically stored computer record.

The computer searches its data banks with lightning speed. The data appears on the operator's CRT screen. The operator pushes a button and the computer prints out the information. Very fast, very cheap, very impersonal. The information can even be obtained over the phone. This means that individuals or organizations that once wouldn't have bothered checking or cross matching certain information can now afford to do so. It also means that individuals or organizations that once were not interested in knowing certain things about job applicants or loan applicants now require such information.

We are also witnessing the collection of an entirely new class of information, which at one time was uncollected, much less given any importance. These are the data trails each of us leaves behind whenever we do anything that involves identifying ourselves to a computer terminal. Think of your phone bill: Every time you make a call, the time, phone number, duration, and cost of the call are recorded in a phone-company computer. The bill you get is simply a printout of the information in the data bank. Anyone who has access to your telephone record can make some educated guesses about you. For example, if you call Washington, D.C., often and use the 224 prefix, this would tell someone you are calling the U.S. House or Senate. You may be in politics, you may know someone who is, or you may be a lobbyist or a journalist. This is called *transactional information*. It is a sort of electronic footprint that a good tracker can use to make suppositions about who you are and what you do.

We are witnessing the collection of an entirely new class of information, which at one time was uncollected, much less given any importance.

More and more transactional information is being collected about all of us all the time. If you use one of those automatic teller machines (ATM), the location, time, date, and amount of money you withdraw is recorded. If you own a new car with one of those diagnostic minicomputers that give the mechanic a record of your engine's performance, you should know that some of these minicomputers store information that can be used for other purposes. In his book, *The Rise of the Computer State*, *New York Times* reporter David Burnham points out that the little black box on some General Motors cars records the number of times the car was driven faster than 85 miles per hour, as well as the number of times the engine was started after the "check engine" light went on. At least one electronics publication has pointed out that this information could be used to contest owners' warranty claims.

Business-credit and hotel-reservation computer systems offer a fund of transactional information to interested parties. Burnham tells of a fellow reporter who, in the course of traveling for his paper, became enamored of a woman at the Avis-car-rental desk in Atlanta, Ga. Once, the reporter traveled for a week before going to Atlanta to see the woman. She promptly asked him what he had been doing in Los Angeles and Houston. She had his Avis "Wizard" account number and access to the Avis computer system, and she was able to track him quite easily by finding out where, when, and for how long he had rented cars.

More and more stores are now beginning to use computerized cash registers at their checkout counters. When you use one of these and pay with a credit card, the machine's system can automatically record your identity, your account, and the identity and price of the item you purchase. There are also electronically recorded files at your bank and at any company whose credit cards you hold. The same files exist at one or more of the five major credit-reporting companies and at your insurance company. If you hold medical insurance, the information will likely also be in the files of the Medical Information Bureau (MIB), in Boston. The MIB is maintained by a consortium of 700 insurance companies and holds more than 10 million files. It's also possible that when you applied for insurance, the company commissioned a consumer-investigation company (one of the largest of which is Equifax) to work up a dossier on you before deciding whether or not to grant you a policy. And it's possible that your employer may have done the same thing, or done his own, similar investigation on you. These investigative collections are perfectly legal as long as you're informed they're being done. Many times you have to sign a release authorizing them in order to be considered for a job or an insurance policy.

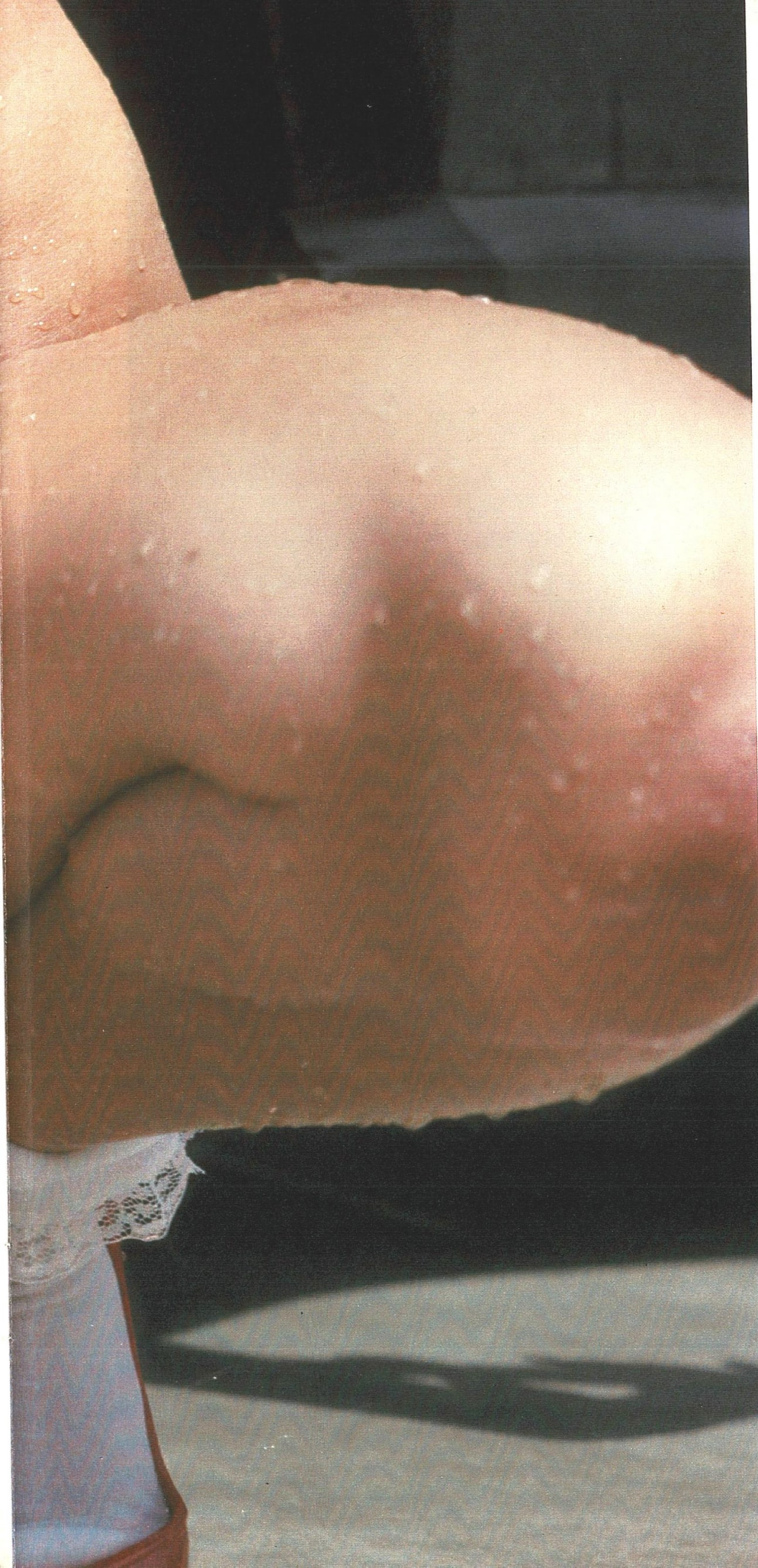
On top of all this, the federal government holds more that 3.5 *billion* separate records on U.S. citizens, in 7,000 data banks at agencies ranging from the IRS to the Social Security Administration to the armed services to the FCC—an average of fifteen separate records in different agencies for every man, woman, and child in the country. This amounts to a virtual library of data—much of it computerized—on every citizen. Many of these computerized data pools can now "talk" to one another, thereby generating detailed composite records. Much of the information in both the government and the private sector can be combined and used—legally, quasi-legally, or illegally—in ways that the people who supplied it never intended.

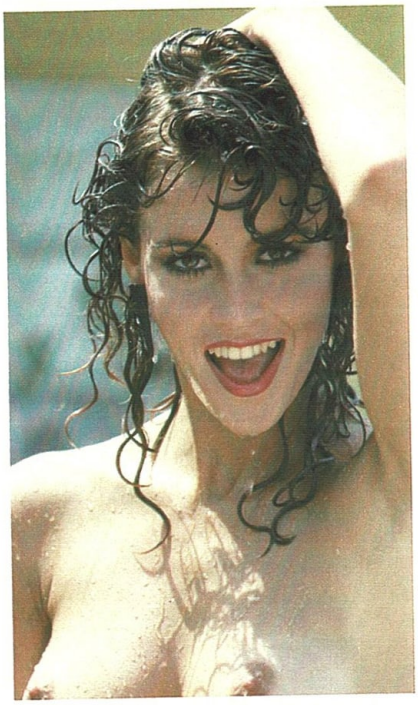
In 1975, the presidential Privacy Protection Study Commission began an analysis of all the issues pertaining to personal and collective privacy in the United States. Two years later, the commission published a 650-page report, which contained 160 recommendations for legislation to uphold the commission's basic requirements for a workable national privacy policy. Most experts agree that these

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

NINA LEE

"In some ways, being built like me can be a real liability...."



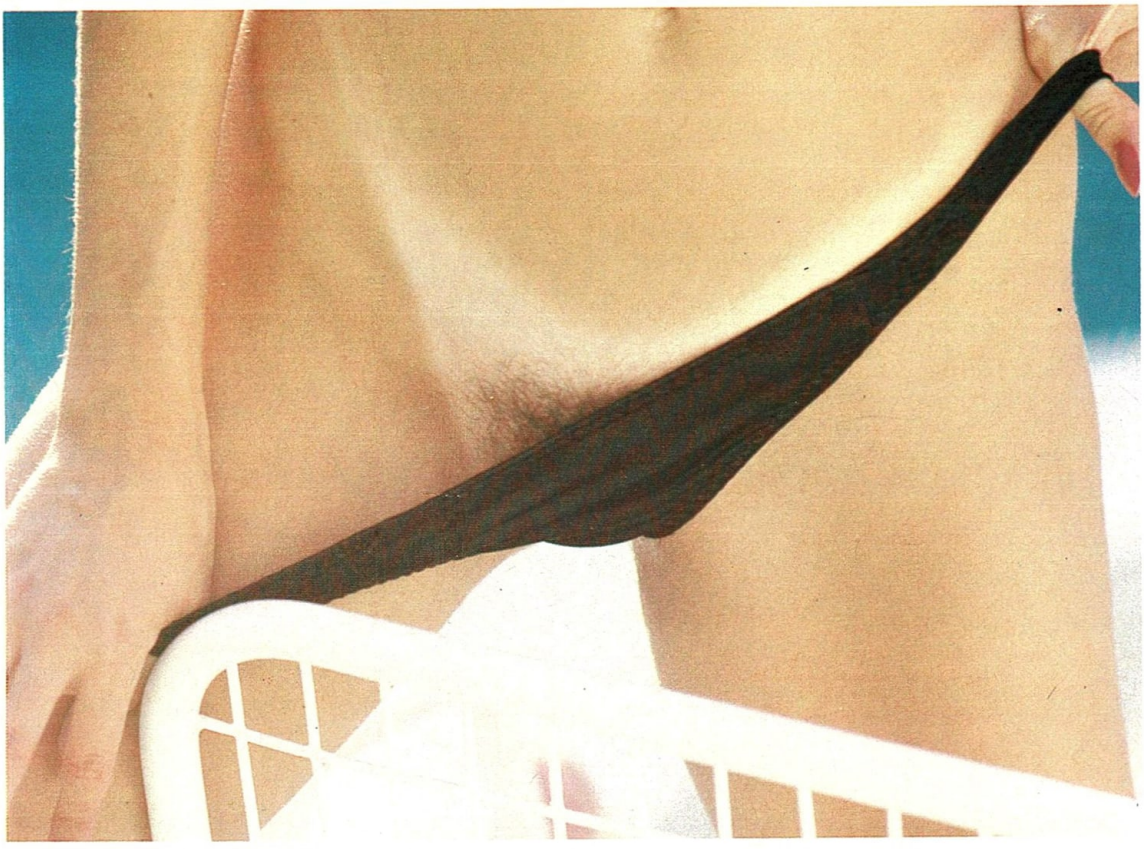


PATIENTS CAN BE REWARDED

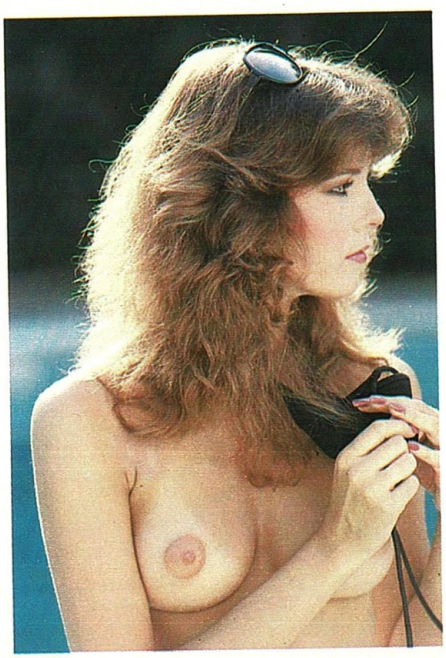
The lacy white socks might suggest a little girl, but 35-20-34 Nina Lee is a woman, albeit a young one. Not that age and sex discrimination haven't worked in her favor: Nina's yet to have a man hold her twenty-two nubile years against her. As for sex, the discriminating part is entirely up to her. For obvious reasons, our hazel-eyed San Diego stunner claims her best trait is her playfulness. While posing she turned on a garden hose to guarantee herself a splashy layout.

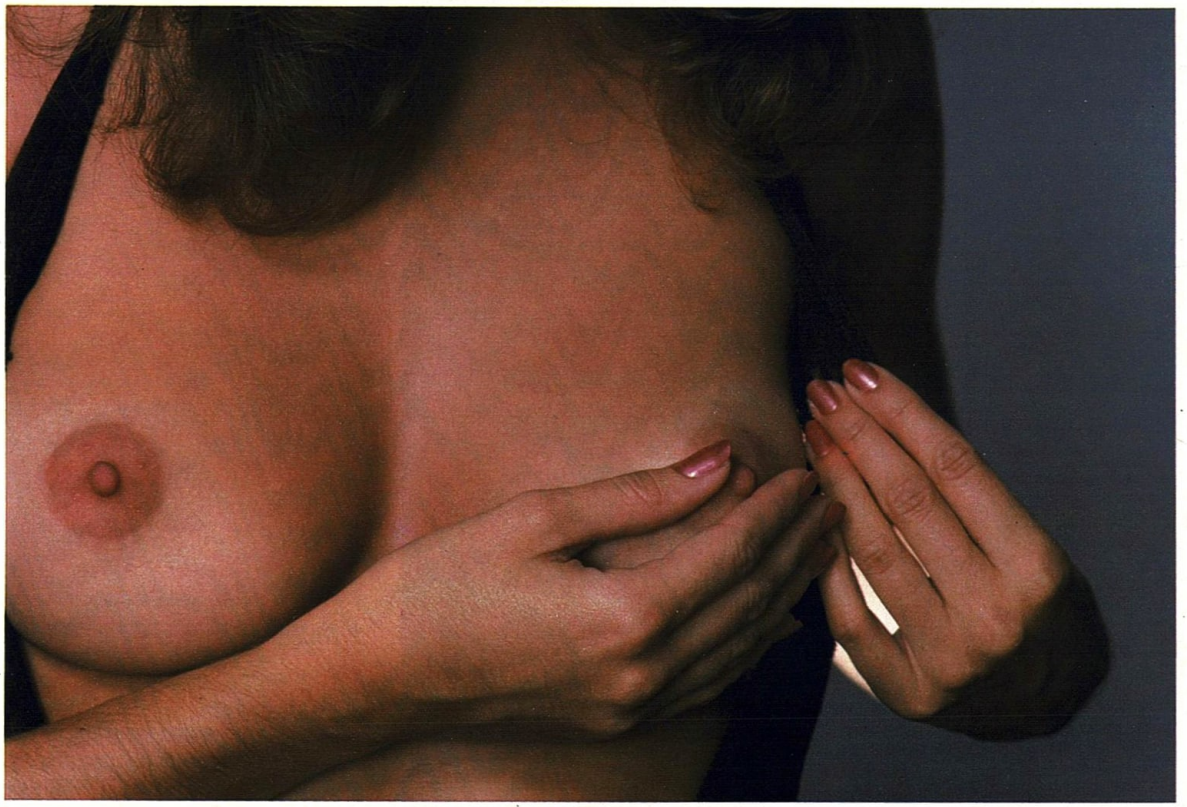
Modeling for *Penthouse*, she admits, is a lot more exciting than her current job as a receptionist–though the latter is also good for her ego. "It's a doctor's office," she explains, "and the male patients never seem to mind waiting."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ FELIX



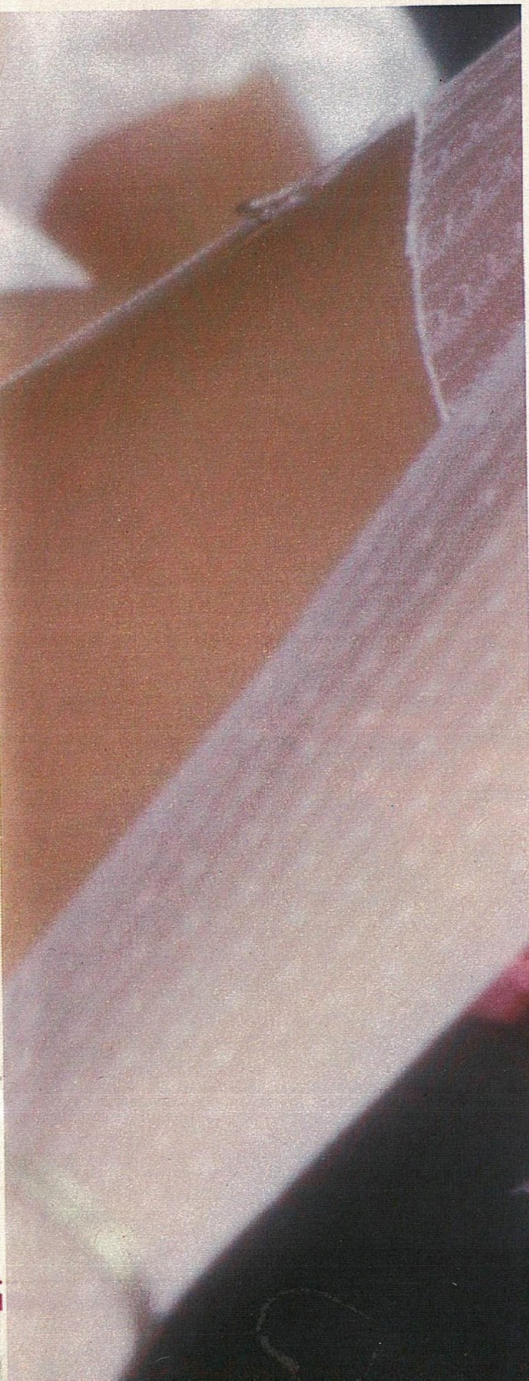
Most of the men in their thirties or older, according to Nina, stare at her a lot but rarely have the nerve to ask her out. "The boys I went to college with were much more aggressive," she remarks, "always coming on so strong..." And hoping, no doubt, to catch her at a very weak moment.





Sometimes Nina worries that
admirers are more entranced with her
(admittedly) perfect
breasts than with all her other charms.
"The way men look at me
sometimes," she laments, "as if they're
seeing double..."

"In some ways," Nina goes on, "being built like me can be a real liability." If that's the case, sweet Nina, we'd like to apply for maximum risk.



The story of our government's disgraceful attempt to cover up the brutal rape and murder of four churchwomen in El Salvador.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

BY T. D. ALLMAN

It was as though America was converging there, looking for some clue to itself.

Father Paul Schindler, a missionary priest from Ohio, was the first to find it, but by early afternoon so many other Americans had arrived there that the clearing in the forest might have been a San Salvador parking lot. There were vans, cars, and jeeps, and around 1:30 a convoy led by a limousine arrived. The big car flew an American flag on its right front fender.

Possibly no United States citizen ever before had set foot on the Hacienda San Francisco, near the remote village of Santiago Nonualco; now it seemed half the fair-skinned foreigners in El Salvador were impelled by some inscrutable force to search out this place where normally only a few scrawny cattle grazed. A curious crowd of Salvadorans gathered on the edges of the forest clearing to watch the spectacle. One Salvadoran youth in a green shirt wrapped a white handkerchief around his face. It made him look like a bandit, but it was only to keep away the flies, the smell. Most of the rest just stood and stared.

The Americans adopted various postures. Teresa Alexander, Madeline Dorsey, and Elizabeth Kochik, all Catholic nuns, knelt down in the tired yellow dirt. Their lips moved in prayer, but their eyes, wide open, looked straight ahead into the patch of upturned earth in front of them. Bob White—everyone called him that, even though he was U.S. ambassador to El Salvador—strode from the flag car into the center of the clearing. He stood still, his clenched fists pressed against his hips, looking straight down.

The press photographers and TV cameramen, unlike the others, had no time to kneel or stand. There were too many pictures to take, too many images to capture—and then broadcast to the world. By the next day, nearly 100 million Americans, and hundreds of millions more people around the world, would turn on their television sets and see what Schindler, White, and the others were seeing.

With White was Patricia Lasbury, the American consul in San Salvador. As she drew closer, she recognized a

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

pair of blue slacks and grabbed White's arm.

"It's Jean," she said.

They were pulling the bodies of Jean Donovan, Dorothy Kazel, Ita Ford, and Maura Clarke out of the hole with ropes. What surprised Father Schindler was that "we could have four bodies in that small hole. It was only about three-feet wide. Jean was on top of Dorothy and the two of them were on top of Ita and Maura. Jean's skull had exploded."

As the second body was pulled out, Lasbury said to White: "The underwear is not on her." Later, a special report to President Carter said that "all four women had been shot in the head. The face of one had been destroyed. The underwear of three was found separately. Bloody bandanas were also found in the grave." That was the sanitized account. People at the grave site saw bruises and other signs of abuse on the bodies. "You could tell from the blood and the underwear," White said. "They had been raped."

What was known even then—December 4, 1980—about the murder of these four women cast a dark shadow over the conscience of America, and an even darker shadow over the efforts of the U.S. government to support the government of El Salvador against guerrilla insurgency. The four church women had not been killed by the guerrillas. They had been murdered by the armed forces of the U.S.-backed Salvadoran government.

Jean, Dorothy, Ita, and Maura were, respectively, an American volunteer worker, an Ursuline nun, and members of the Maryknoll order. Jean and Dorothy, along with Father Schindler and other Americans from the Cleveland area, lived and worked in La Libertad, a provincial capital on the road between San Salvador and the country's international airport. Ita and Maura worked in the northern province of Chalatenango. But for both groups, the task was the same. By December 1980, El Salvador was already undergoing the ordeal of mass murder, which so far has claimed at least 30,000 innocent lives. And they were trying, as best they could, to alleviate the terrible suffering all around them. "Their concern was with the people," Ambassador White later said, "not with politics."

In the weeks before their murders, Ita Ford and Maura Clarke had received death threats from the Salvadoran military in Chalatenango. During the same period, two Salvadoran co-workers of Jean Donovan and Dorothy Kazel had been murdered by government troops in La Libertad. And one of the most powerful men in the Salvadoran government, Defense Minister José Guillermo Garcia, who had been named to the post with the support of the U.S. embassy, had denounced the Chalatenango missionaries at a meeting attended by the heads of several of the most notorious Salvadoran death squads.

Then, in early December, the following sequence of events unfolded:

• On the evening of December 1, Jean Donovan and Dorothy Kazel, along with some other American Catholics, including Father Schindler, went to the American-embassy residence for dinner. For a time, they discussed the problems refugee-relief workers faced in El Salvador. White remembers Jean Donovan asking "What do you do when even to help the poor, to take care of the orphans, is considered an act of subversion by the government?" Serious talk, however, gave way to camaraderie. At 1 A.M. Ambassador White and his wife, Marianne, invited their guests to spend the night.

"There's real danger out there," he told them. "I'm not having someone leave the embassy residence and getting killed."

• The next day, following breakfast with Mrs. White, Jean and Dorothy left the embassy residence and drove their white Toyota van to El Salvador international airport, a drive that takes about forty-five minutes. They planned to meet four Maryknoll nuns, who were returning from a religious conference in Nicaragua, and then spend the night in La Libertad. Two of the nuns did arrive as planned on the early afternoon flight. But Ita Ford and Maura Clarke could get seats only on a later flight. Accordingly, Jean and Dorothy returned to the airport to meet them at about six that evening.

> A special report to the president stated: "All four women had been shot in the head. Bloody bandanas were found in the grave."

There already were signs that a plot was unfolding. Following the arrival of the first flight from Nicaragua, ten transit passengers were ordered to remain on board the airplane rather than enter the transit lounge, the usual procedure. During the forty-minute wait before the plane continued on to Miami, uniformed Salvadoran soldiers boarded the aircraft and closely questioned the passengers. Singled out for special attention was the only American woman among the transit passengers, Sister Marie Rieckelman. A Maryknoll psychiatrist who also had attended the religious conference in Nicaragua, Rieckelman was on her way back to the United States. She later told Pacific News Service correspondent John Dinges that the soldiers scrutinized her closely and instructed the stewardess to question her twice about where she was going.

A little later, the following radio communication between Salvadoran-government security forces at the airport was intercepted, and ultimately passed on to Ambassador White: "No, she didn't arrive on that flight. We'll have to wait for the next."

Outside the airport, too, there were strong indications the Salvadoran authorities were searching for a particular North American woman or group of women. A party of Canadian missionaries, who, in fact, were the last foreigners to see the four women alive, were interrogated so thoroughly as they left the airport that they considered their lives in danger and appealed to Ambassador White for help.

Heather Foote, a member of the Washington Office on Latin America, a church-funded organization, also passed the airport checkpoint late that afternoon after having seen Jean and Dorothy in the terminal. "Usually the soldiers just glance inside the car or open the trunk," Foote later recalled. "This time they checked our identities and questioned us carefully. It was the most thorough check I've ever seen in El Salvador."

• Around 6:30, Jean, Dorothy, Ita, and Maura left the airport in the white Toyota van. At the checkpoint, soldiers were flagging down all vehicles, ordering them to stop and be searched. But as the four women approached the checkpoint, the soldiers did not stop them, let alone search the van. Instead, they waved the van on.

Around six, shortly after it had been verified that Jean and Dorothy had returned to the airport and that Ita and Maura had disembarked from the plane, a member of the airport security forces, Sgt. Luis Antonio Colindres Aleman, issued an order. He instructed five of his subordinates to change from their uniforms into civilian clothes and to report to him with their government-issue G-3 rifles.

Then, as the four women prepared to leave the airport, another command was radioed to the airport checkpoint. All vehicles were to be stopped from leaving the airport for the moment—except the white van with the four American women in it. Then Colindres and the five National Guardsmen jumped into a National Guard jeep, raced down the airport access road, and intercepted the van. One of the soldiers got into the van and, following Colindres's orders, began driving it toward the nearby town of Rosario de la Paz, with the National Guard jeep following just behind. Just outside Rosario de la Paz, the jeep got a flat tire. One soldier was left with the jeep. Colindres and the four other soldiers boarded the van.

Several miles beyond the town, Colindres ordered the guardsman driving the van to head down a secondary road. When they reached the Hacienda San Francisco, the van stopped.

It was at this point, according to the findings of an investigation by the Lawyers Committee for International Human

Rights, that the guardsmen murdered the women after sexually abusing them. Then the guardsmen got into the van, drove back to the airport to pick up a Customs police truck, drove the Toyota van to an isolated spot twenty miles from the scene of the murders, unloaded the van's contents into the truck, removed the van's license plates, poured kerosene on the van, and set it on fire. The fire so totally destroyed the van that the next day, when it was found, Father Schindler was able to identify it only by the engine number.

In El Salvador, the tropical heat works fast on human corpses. The exact fate of the four women might never have been known had it not been for one curiosity of the Salvadorans. In that feudal nation there is a hierarchy of death as well as of life: Those who give the orders to kill do not do the killing; those who do the killing do not bury their victims. Had the four women been buried after they had been murdered, the burned van might have decoyed Schindler, White, and others into searching for days the area where it was found—while the bodies of the women decomposed twenty miles away.

But the killers left the bodies where they had fallen. Villagers heard shots at about 11:30 P.M., and the next morning the driver of a milk truck discovered the bodies of four women in a ditch beside a field close to Hacienda San Francisco. The clothes of all four were in disarray, one was naked from the waist down, and out of respect for the dead, the villagers replaced some of the clothes. National Guardsmen arrived and ordered the villagers to dig a shallow grave. While the bodies were being placed into the hole, a Salvadoran justice of the peace arrived with his secretary. On the guardsmen's orders, he certified that the four women were "unknowns," in spite of their obvious foreign features.

But already too many people had seen too much. One of the villagers told his parish priest, who told the archdiocesan office in San Salvador, who informed the archbishop, who informed, among others, Heather Foote. El Salvador is one of those Third World countries where high technology coexists with the primeval. Illiterate peasants grow a few beans in a field next to an earth satellite station; members of the death squads play video games when they are off duty. When, more than a year later, Francisco Orlando Contreras, one of the guardsmen who was accused of murdering the women, was photographed by the press, he looked as if he were headed for a discotheque in Queens, not a courtroom in San Salvador. A muscular, darkly handsome man with thick, curly hair and a bushy mustache, Contreras was wearing a tight-fitting pair of blue jeans and a Mickey Mouse T-shirt.

It was a similar kind of warp that brought Father Schindler's quest to an end, after more than twenty-four hours of doubt, anguish, and fruitless searching. In San Salvador, Heather Foote happened to be talking on the telephone when a message was passed to her that the bodies of the four women had been found. Heather was talking long-distance to a Catholic nun in Washington named Peggy Healy. She read the details to her over the telephone. In Washington, Peggy Healy picked up another telephone and dialed 503, the area code for El Salvador, and then a seven-digit number. The phone rang in Father Schindler's house in La Libertad, and a second later he learned the location of the bodies from a person nearly 2,000 miles away.

And so—by the afternoon of December 4—a combination of happenstance and dark inevitability had brought all the Americans to the Hacienda San Francisco. The bodies, partly covered with branches, were spread out on the ground—limbs pointing out from the center, they formed a kind of star. Whatever Ambassador White was thinking at that moment only he knew. But everyone who was there remembers what he said. Schindler remembers him saying over and over again, "The bastards won't get away with it. The bastards won't get away with it."

White doesn't remember using the word *bastards*.

"It was clear to me then," he recalled, "that we were up against a real test. If there could be no justice for U.S. citizens in El Salvador, there could be no justice for the Salvadorans, and everything we did there would be a joke. I told Schindler the important thing now was to get the investigation started, to take statements, gather evidence, to insure justice was done."

The ambassador swung into action right there at the grave site—interviewing bystanders, dispatching an embassy car to pick up the justice of the peace and his secretary, then taking the two Salvadoran officials back with him in his car to the capital.

What had started as a clandestine assassination was now a full-fledged international incident. It was also, as White believed, a crucial test of our intervention in Central America. Would the Salvadoran authorities, which the United States supported, have the interest or the capacity to bring about justice for this grotesque crime? Even more important, did the government of the United States care whether justice was done?

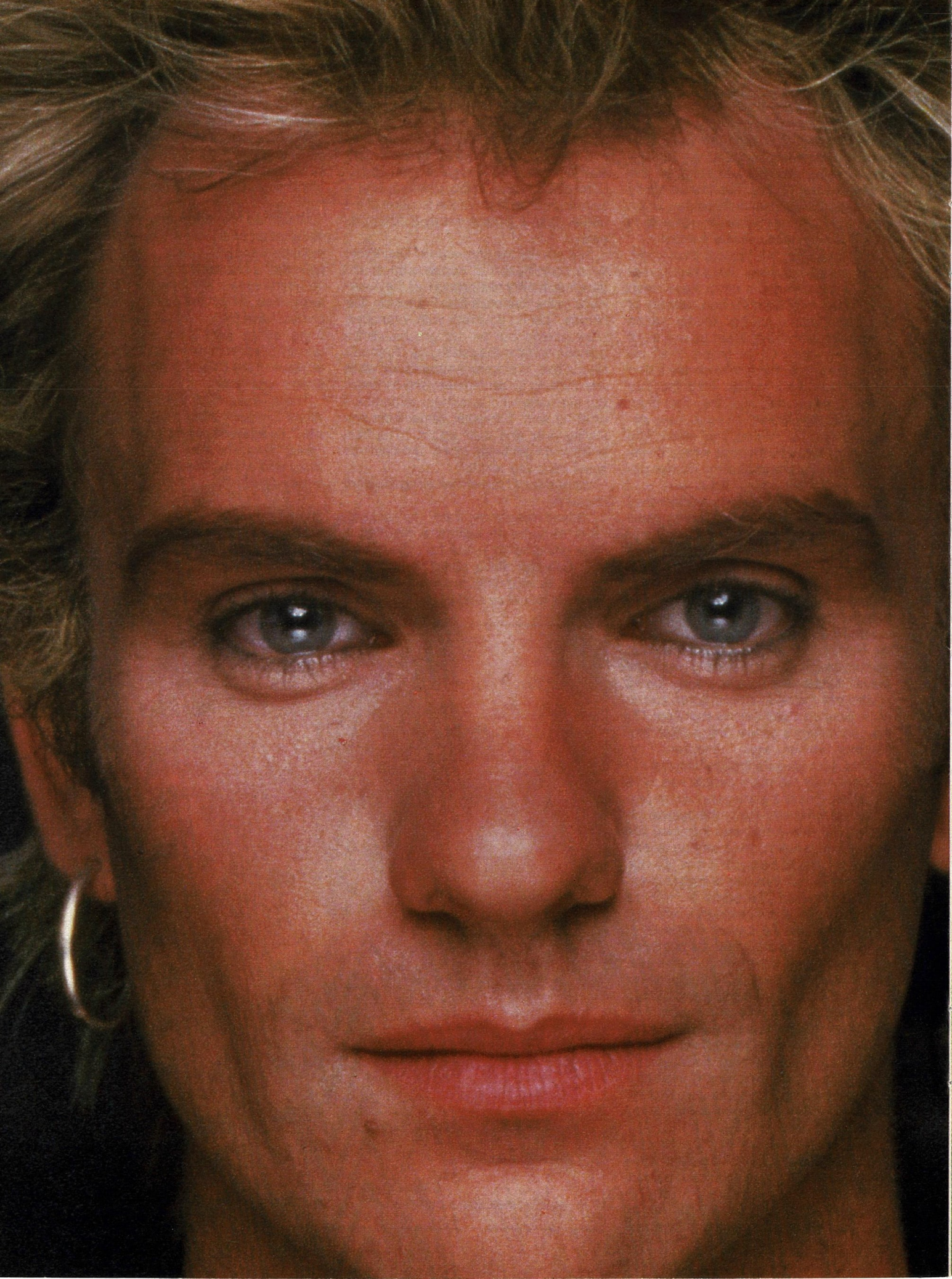
There was no doubt in Ambassador White's mind. "What I said at the grave site," he related two and a half years later, "was, 'This time they're not going to get away with it. This time they're not going to get away with it. . . .' "

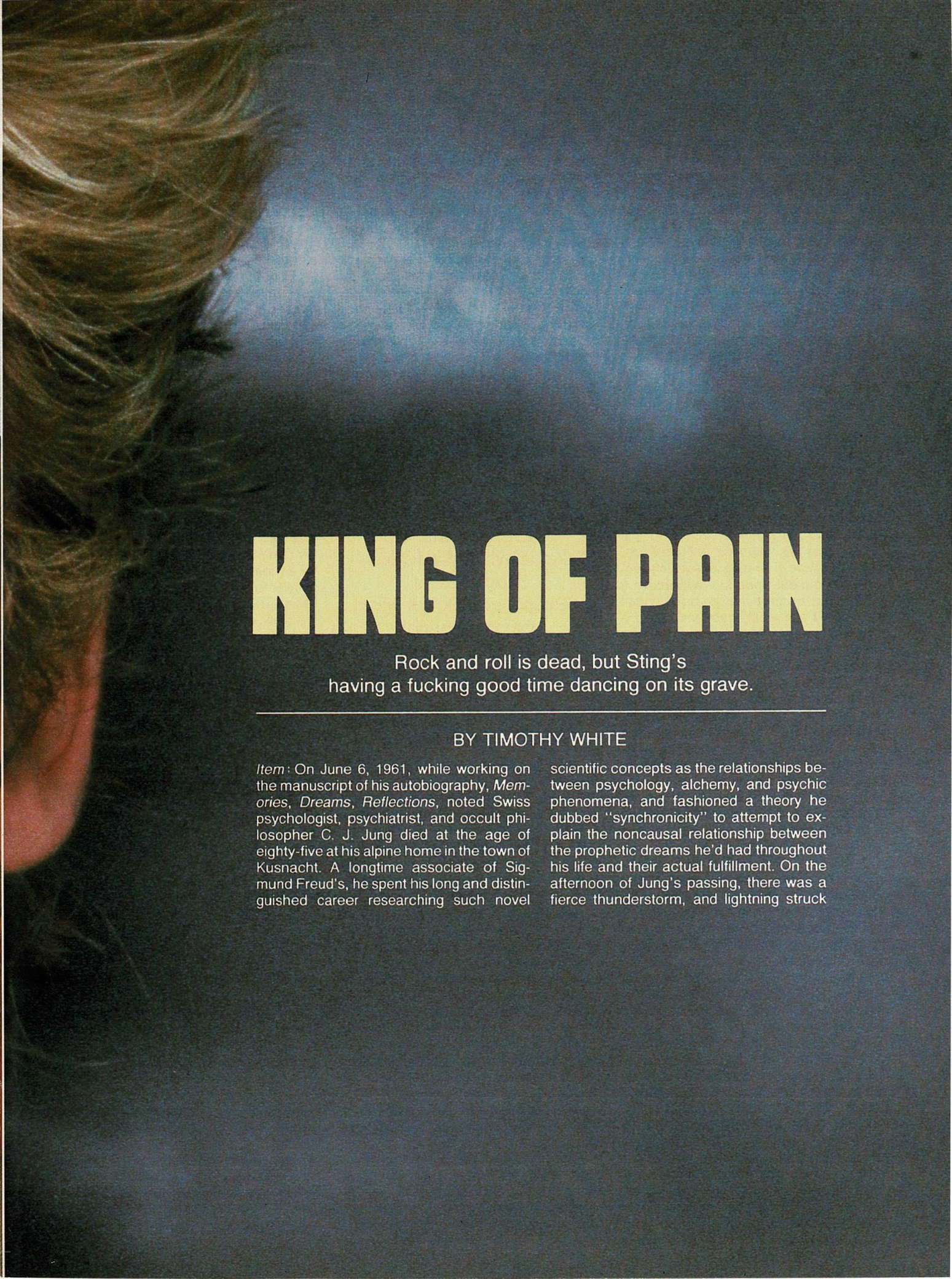
Three years later, whether you talk to Bob White or to Father Schindler or to any of the people who knew Jean and Dorothy and Ita and Maura, they all agree on one thing.

"They've gotten away with it," says Mi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

"Would you stop shouting "Let's have some penetration!" This is Bambi, *for heaven's sake!*





KING OF PAIN

Rock and roll is dead, but Sting's
having a fucking good time dancing on its grave.

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

Item: On June 6, 1961, while working on the manuscript of his autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, noted Swiss psychologist, psychiatrist, and occult philosopher C. J. Jung died at the age of eighty-five at his alpine home in the town of Kusnacht. A longtime associate of Sigmund Freud's, he spent his long and distinguished career researching such novel scientific concepts as the relationships between psychology, alchemy, and psychic phenomena, and fashioned a theory he dubbed "synchronicity" to attempt to explain the noncausal relationship between the prophetic dreams he'd had throughout his life and their actual fulfillment. On the afternoon of Jung's passing, there was a fierce thunderstorm, and lightning struck

his favorite tree in his garden.

Item: On March 3, 1983, Scotland Yard revealed that the bodies of prominent Hungarian novelist, intellectual, and social activist Arthur Koestler, seventy-seven, and his wife, Cynthia, fifty-five, were found seated in chairs in an upstairs room of their elegant flat in the Knightsbridge section of London. Both were dead from a barbiturates overdose in an apparent suicide pact. Koestler had been the author of such acclaimed books as the *Roots of Coincidence*, the anti-totalitarian novel *Darkness at Noon*, and *Ghost in the Machine*, which suggested a chemical solution for the divided houses of faith and reason in the human brain. He was also vice-president of Exit, a British organization dedicated to voluntary euthanasia, or "self-deliverance," as he termed it in a how-to pamphlet he'd written for Exit. The *New York Times* reported that the Koestlers were initially discovered by their maid, who had promptly obeyed the note near the corpses, instructing her to phone the police.

Item: In 1981, a band called the Police, led by a coolly charismatic blond British singer-songwriter called Sting, released a chilling rock album, about the loose transistors and unsoldered circuits in the nerve boxes of humankind, entitled *Ghost in the Machine*. The platinum-selling record and sold-out world tour supporting it established the three-man group as one of the biggest and most important pop acts on the planet. In 1983, following rumors that the Police might break up, the group re-emerged with another collection of chiefly Sting-authored songs in an album called *Synchronicity*. Thematically, the new album and its first single, "Every Breath You Take" (both of which simultaneously topped the charts internationally), put forth the concept that the most significant task of any individual is to achieve harmony between the conscious and the unconscious, i.e., the only antidote to evil is self-knowledge, because our dreams can literally invoke monsters.

"When the *Ghost in the Machine* album came out, I was in touch with Koestler," says Sting, chatting somberly after a bracing round of tennis on the Police's sprawling, rented Long Island estate; it's only two days since his band played to a record-breaking, rabid 70,000 rain-drenched fans at New York's Shea Stadium, but he shrugs at the mere mention of it, his thoughts elsewhere.

"You know, the news of Koestler's suicide didn't surprise me in the least. I wasn't outraged or shocked at all, because the circumstances were perfectly reasonable: The man was sick with leukemia and Parkinson's disease, he was in pain, he was very old. He made arrangements that would cause the least amount of fuss, and his wife's decision may have been her own. Throughout his life Arthur Koestler said, 'If you have to go, do it with dignity,' and he did.

"Strange that Koestler should take his life so soon after my discovery of his work," Sting continues, courtly and comfortable in angelic tennis whites and woollen sweater. "And for a songwriter, that idea of Jung's that two events can be linked not causally or logically but *symbolically* is very important—that's what artists have been doing for years! They use symbols to maximum effect!"

And what, Sting was asked, would be the operative symbols in, say, a song like "Every Breath You Take"?

"Well, it's funny you ask. People say to me, 'Ah, it's a really nice love song,' but that's not how I see it. The I'll-be-watching-you motif is quite frightening. Perhaps the song was a synchronistic prophesy, because as a people we've all gotten to Orwell's 1984 a year early—the book is no longer science fiction but a sublime aggregate of the world's current atrocities. As for the song, I think it's shadowy, evil, and insidious, and the fact that it's been at the top of the American record charts proves the point.

> " 'Every Breath You Take' is evil and insidious," Sting cackles. "People don't know what they're hearing! It's absolute poison!"

"People don't know what they're hearing!" he cackles exuberantly. "My God! It's absolute poison!"

Beware, good pop-music fans, of the steely, centered soul who knows no ambiguities. Mark well the rock and roll cynosure who is so intently focused on his chosen path that to impede him ever so slightly in his personal mission would seem to constitute a most grievous assault, deserving the darkest of retaliations. Such a person is a beast, a machine, an agent of malevolence.

Rock and roll has long been accused of breeding such demi-demons like rabbits. Consider Mick Jagger, lanky fast-lane Lucifer in the minds of many, as he sidles into Sting's dressing room backstage at the Hartford Civic Center, where the Police are holding forth for two mid-August shows on their interminable global road trip.

Minutes before, the atmosphere had been slack and unfocused. Tall, raw-boned Police drummer Stewart Copeland rhapsodizes for the benefit of friends and roadies about the soundtrack he's composed for Francis Coppola's film *Rumble Fish*. "Coppola calls me out of the blue—and you *gotta* call Coppola back, right? Boy, he made me realize writing a film score is a craft, an art. . . ." Genial, mop-pish lead guitarist Andy Summers poses for pictures with master jazz percussionist Jack DeJohnette and his wife and daughters ("Such lovely ladies! Who could decline such ravishing visitors?"). Over in the corner, Sting had been filling the last of his pre-show free time by nuzzling with golden-haired Trudie Styler, who is several months pregnant with Sting's child.

But all the casual, half-assed backstage ease evaporates as Mick crosses the threshold, looking like unmade bedlam, attired in a ragged pair of black paratrooper pants that could have been two duffle bags sewn together during the limo ride up from Manhattan, the matching jacket *trés* cheap, the shirt under it a sublimely shapeless complement to the whole sad-sack ensemble. Jerri Hall brings up the rear, a raven-eyed mannequin on fire in severe designer playclothes, with the teenage and darkly beautiful Jade Jagger in blue jeans and meek pursuit.

The air begins to snap and crackle, jagged electricity coursing around the cramped quarters. The suddenly sheepish Sting is sufficiently off-balance to opt for a momentary retreat, slipping into the shower to don his stage clothes. Jagger is flashing his crinkly squint and fleshy smile in a slow, deliberate pan, taking in the ten-odd mere mortals frozen in his midst, when tonight's featured attraction returns in an artfully rent peasant outfit that could pass for Martin Guerre's pajamas. There is a quietly bald brand of duel in the offing here, the young and sprung new-rock rooster testing the storied cock of the walk to see if he still trusts his footing in the barnyard.

Jagger deflects Sting's funky, sinewy display by launching into a giddy soliloquy about tours gone by—an impromptu history lesson that reduces everyone to hungry spectator status, and which he concludes with a devastating anecdote about the time James Brown dared to stand up the Stones as an opening act.

"We offered him a fair price, a fair price," says the mock-broody Jagger, suddenly twisting his hurt-little-boy scowl into a triumphant leer—"but 'e never fuckin' showed up!"

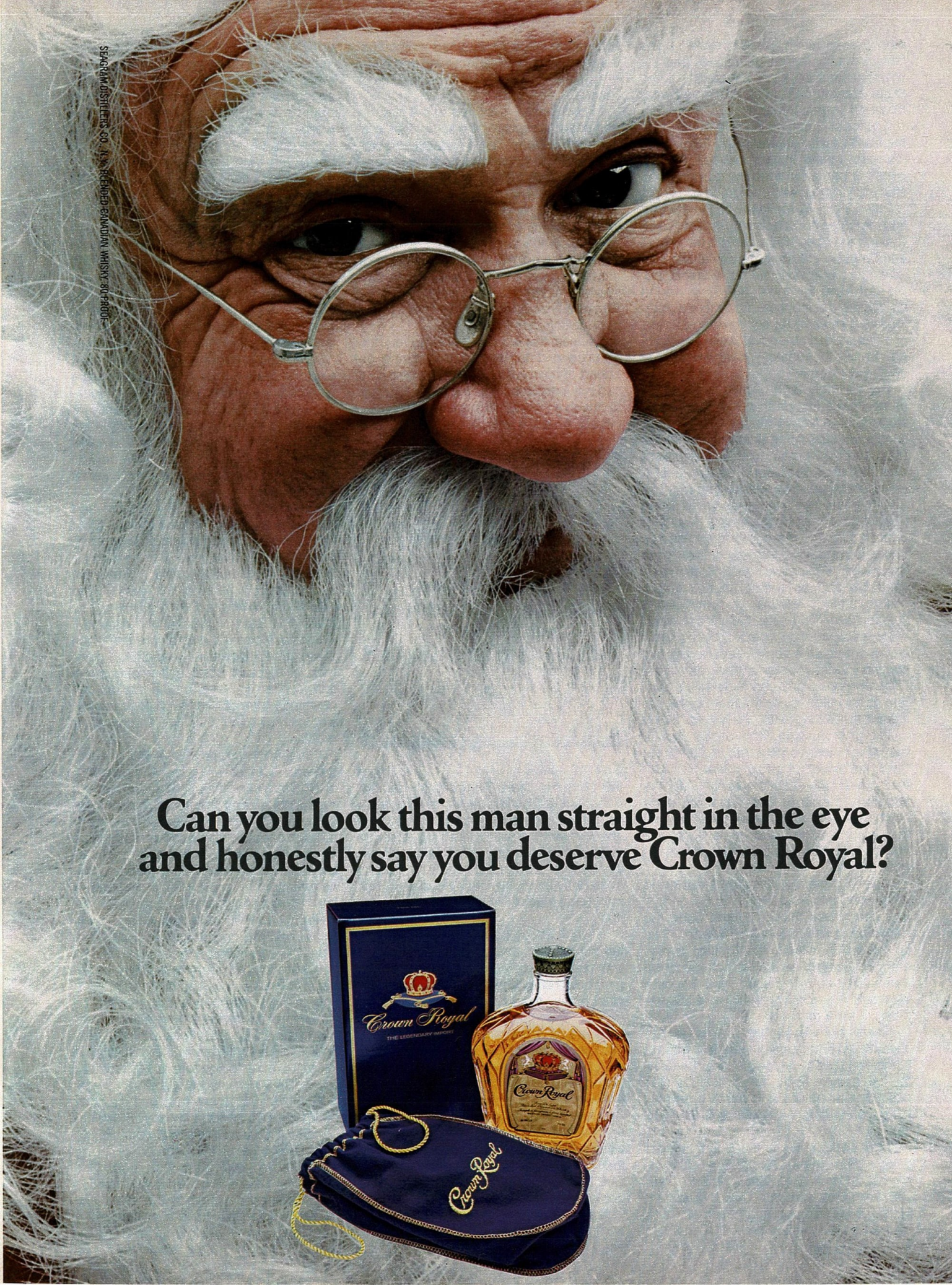
A bountiful guffaw ricochets off the concrete walls, camaraderie solidly established, and Stewart Copland decides to try for a smart-alecky dig: "Hey Jagger," he inquires confidently as he tapes up his fingers for the night's work, "Do you know the words to *all* of our songs?"

Big laugh, from Jagger especially: two points to the beanstalk with the drumsticks.

Sting begins to bounce on the balls of his feet as the roar grows outside, and the near poetry of his finely tuned athleticism pulls all eyes back to him.

But Andy Summers, an elfin wiseass

PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 78-79 BY TERRY O'NEILL/WOODFIN CAMP.


SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF
Can you look this man straight in the eye and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?
Crown Royal
THE LEGENDARY WHISKY
Crown Royal
Crown Royal

who's seen such ploys before, ogles Sting's mangy macho getup, indicates the trousers, and says, in a superbly timed stage whisper, "Er, Mick, didn't you wear those on *your* last tour?"

A furiously grinning Sting leaps at Summers with feline suddenness, lunging for his neck at the instant the call "Showtime!" is barked in from the corridor. The startlingly raw power and grace of Sting's reflexes loom as the last word in the cutting match as his attack propels the Police through the open door, out into the arena, and on up to the rock-and-roll altar.

Jagger, eclipsed, stands blank-faced. He had ruled the roost, but Sting wound up owning the moment. And there's nothing like a rampaging ego feeding on tens of thousands of ravenous, paying customers to tip the scales—dangerously—in any power game.

The stirringly high-pitched lead singer of the Police knows this, being an intent student of Arthur Koestler's and C. J. Jung's unusual theories about the human brain and the horrific potential in the dark side of all of us. Problem is, he also *feels* it, being protagonist as well as pupil.

In the last five years, we've all been treated to increasingly heavy doses of Sting's stunning Aryan-Adonis persona, observing a savvy, vaguely sinister rock ringmaster who pushes our adulation and sex-drive buttons with a flourish and a chilling smirk. Persona, you know, is a Jungian term. Originally, the word referred to the mask worn by an actor, but it gradually re-entered the vernacular sporting the shrewd Swiss doctor's new definition: "The persona . . . is the individual's system of adaption to, or the manner he assumes in dealing with, the world. Every calling or profession, for example, has its own characteristic persona. But the danger is that [people] become identical with their personas—the professor with his textbook, the tenor with his voice. One could say, with a little exaggeration, that the persona is that which in reality one is not, but which oneself, as well as others, think one is."

Thanks, professor. We don't want this to deteriorate into Rock Psych III, but Jung's point here was that you can't deny the dark side of yourself—your "shadow," as he termed it, which "personifies everything the subject refuses to acknowledge about himself." If you do, you become whatever it is you're resisting—a Milquetoast . . . or a monster.

However, if you don't resist and find out a way to, say, *act out* your shadow without being engulfed by it, you just might survive the icy-cold, nihilistic, exquisitely metallic side of your nature and avoid programming yourself for vengeful self-annihilation.

Think about it: Up to this point, in all of Sting's film roles—*Radio On*, *Quadrophenia*, *Artemis '81*, *Brimstone and Treacle*, and now director David (*Elephant Man*) Lynch's screen adaptation of Frank Herbert's *Dune*—he's played a snot, an arrogant punk, a determined malcontent, a suburban fiend, respectively; and lastly, a celestial prince of evil named Feyd-Ravtha.

"Feyd-Ravtha is an heir to the Harkonnen's feudal system," he says of his sci-fi alter ego in *Dune*. "His is a family of really bad, just rancid people, and they live on this really sick planet and they have terrible diseases with huge boils of pus and are *wicked*. I got very partisan on the movie set—you're either a Harkonnen or an Atreides, who were the good guys. I hated the Atreides actors, and we had separate dressing-room wings. If you had to do a scene in which you were angry at Atreides, you spent half an hour beforehand telling them to fuck off!"

You see, this is a race with the Devil that goes beyond the Method, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. Having showed up at various junctures, over the last two years, to observe one man's spirited fight to save himself from the ever fluttering impulse to play the fatal wild card, it'd be best to let the story tell itself. Suffice it to say that Sting has had a shuddersome glimpse or two at his own faulty wiring, the ominous shadow switch that could all too easily be thrown should he permit his delicate fuses to become overloaded. Sorry to have to draw you all into this messy business, but, hell, Sting was really the one who started it all.

> Sometimes I get very angry and violent, particularly if things have gone wrong . . . in which case I really feel like I want to kill . . . just go for the jugular!

In 1977, Sting, aka Gordon Sumner, the tenor sax–like jazz vocalist and bassist with a faltering British band called Last Exit, quit that nowhere gig to become part of a London-based rock quartet called the Police. The group had been recently founded by drummer Stewart Copeland, third son of an ex–CIA agent. Soon afterward, Corsican rhythm guitarist Henry Padovani was fired and the Police became a threesome, with classically trained Andy Summers, late of Eric Burden's Animals and the Soft Machine, on lead guitar. With a loan of £800 they recorded and pressed their own record, a single called "Fall Out." It would eventually sell 70,000 copies.

Three years later, the Police found they had risen above embattled Britain's punk upheaval on the strength of Sting's haunting, reggae-fired songs of loveless prostitutes, mass alienation, and the specter of apocalypse to become one of the most popular mainstream rock bands in the world. Yet Sting, a young, handsome, rich, outlandishly successful chap with a pretty wife and a kindergarten-age son, now found himself full of the foulest sort of contempt for life itself.

"I was catatonically sullen for a full twelve months," he says. "Very difficult to be with. Very aggressive. *Impossible*. I knew I was just treading water artistically, and behind that knowledge was an awesome feeling of negativity and a detesting of everything. In a sense, my son Joseph, who's now six years old, created my nihilistic period in that I felt that if I died tomorrow, I'd had a good life with a lot of vivid experiences—but my child was entering a world that was increasingly small, increasingly polluted, increasingly violent, increasingly meaningless. Especially if we were all going to be blown up next week by a tactical nuclear device. I felt he was being cheated out of a full life, and so what was the fucking point?"

As the soaring voice, pop theorist, and popular focal point for the Police, Sting found himself turning out razor-edge compositions with titles like "Bombs Away," "Don't Stand So Close to Me," "Shadows in the Rain," "Driven to Tears," and "When the World Is Running Down, You Make the Best of What's Still Around." *Zenyatta Mondatta*, the album on which these songs appeared, was a huge commercial success, easily selling over a million copies in America in the penny-pinching winter of 1981 and spawning two singles that ruled the Top Ten charts for months.

Sting, however, now feels that the record was "a failure—a very, very poor record." Describing the intense bleakness of his outlook during that period, he conjures up visions of a charred, smoldering mental landscape, riddled with fantastic rubble and cramped pockets of chaos, nightmarish scenes from which there seemed to be no avenue of escape. He almost relishes the recollection that he could have allowed himself to skid that close to the brink. And the only thing that pulled him back, he is sure, was a mere book. One he had first chanced upon many years before but in his callowness had not grasped and appreciated. Yet, on second reading he was more prepared to heed its urgent message. Or so he offers, with the soft-spoken serenity of one who assumes he is in control of all things tangible, a tentative convert to the mysterious, solitary religion of self-love. That's why he urged the other Police men to abandon the silly, annoyingly exotic titles (*Outlandos d'Amour, Regatta de Blanc*, etc.) they'd been giving to their albums, and name their fourth and best effort after the controversial treatise on behavioral psychology that Sting sincerely believes may have been the literary work that saved his mortal ass, Arthur

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

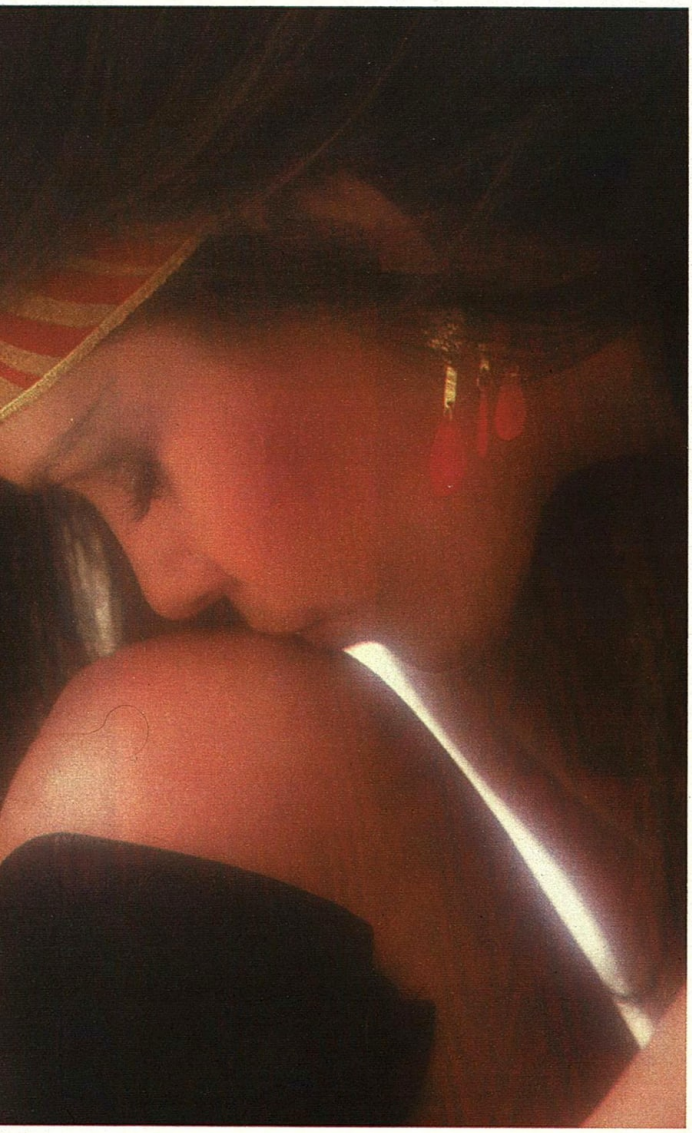
CODY

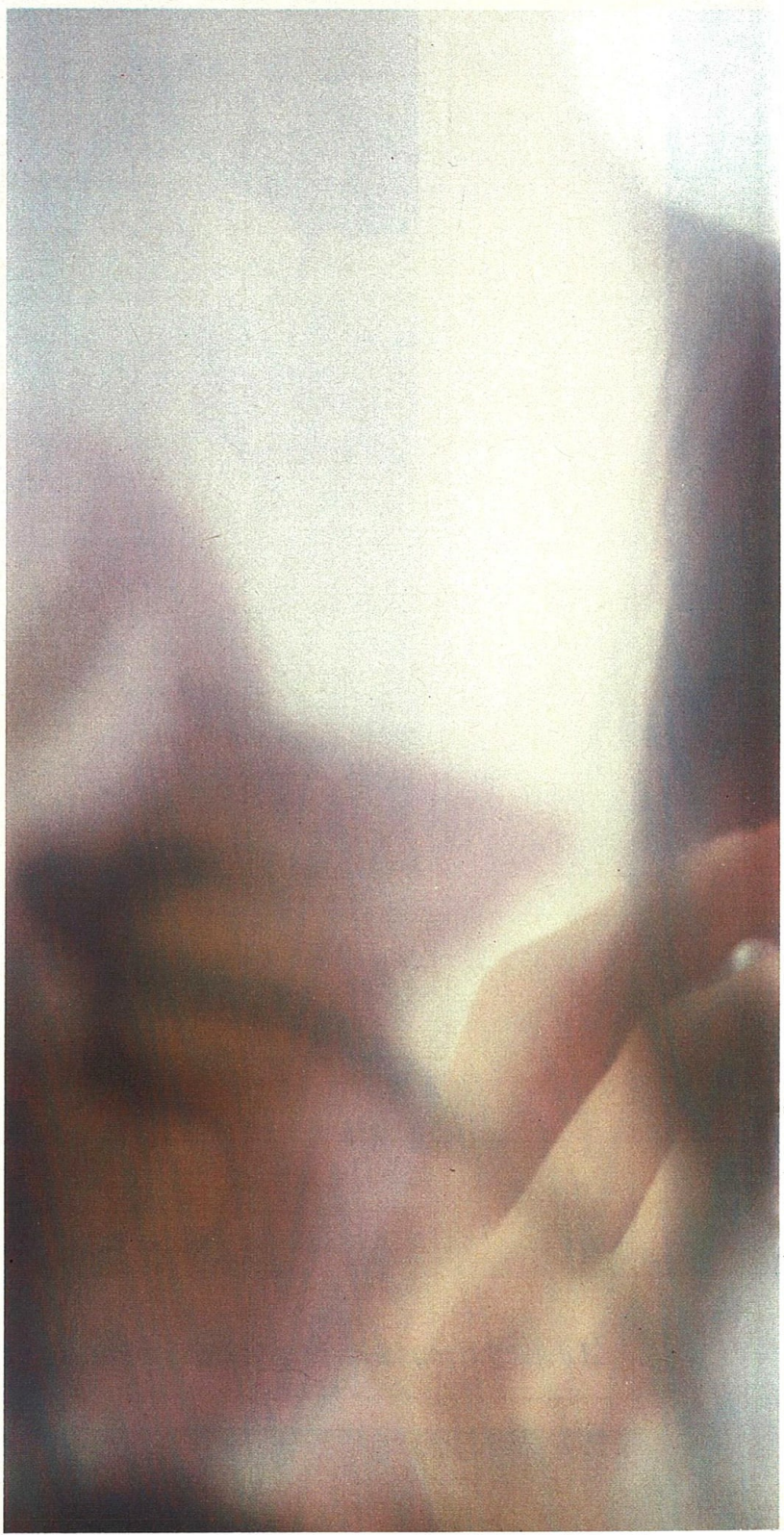
"I think the museum should hang a framed Penthouse *centerfold next to a Rubens...."*

MANHATTAN TRANSFER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Tall, tawny Texan Cody Carmack first appeared in these pages in May of 1981, then a lass so young she still had dew on her lips. Now there's a fresh bloom on this honeysuckle rose together with an unmistakable aura of sophistication. The latter, she maintains, is due to her change of venue: from deep in the heart of Texas to the bosom of Manhattan's elegant Upper East Side.

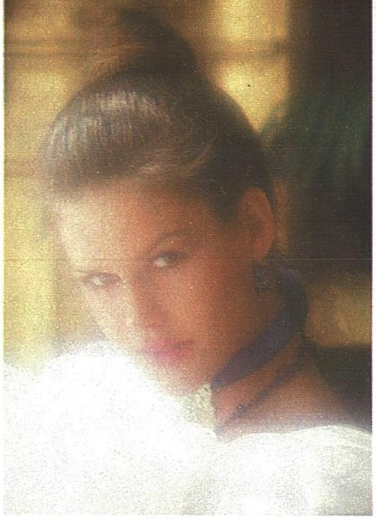




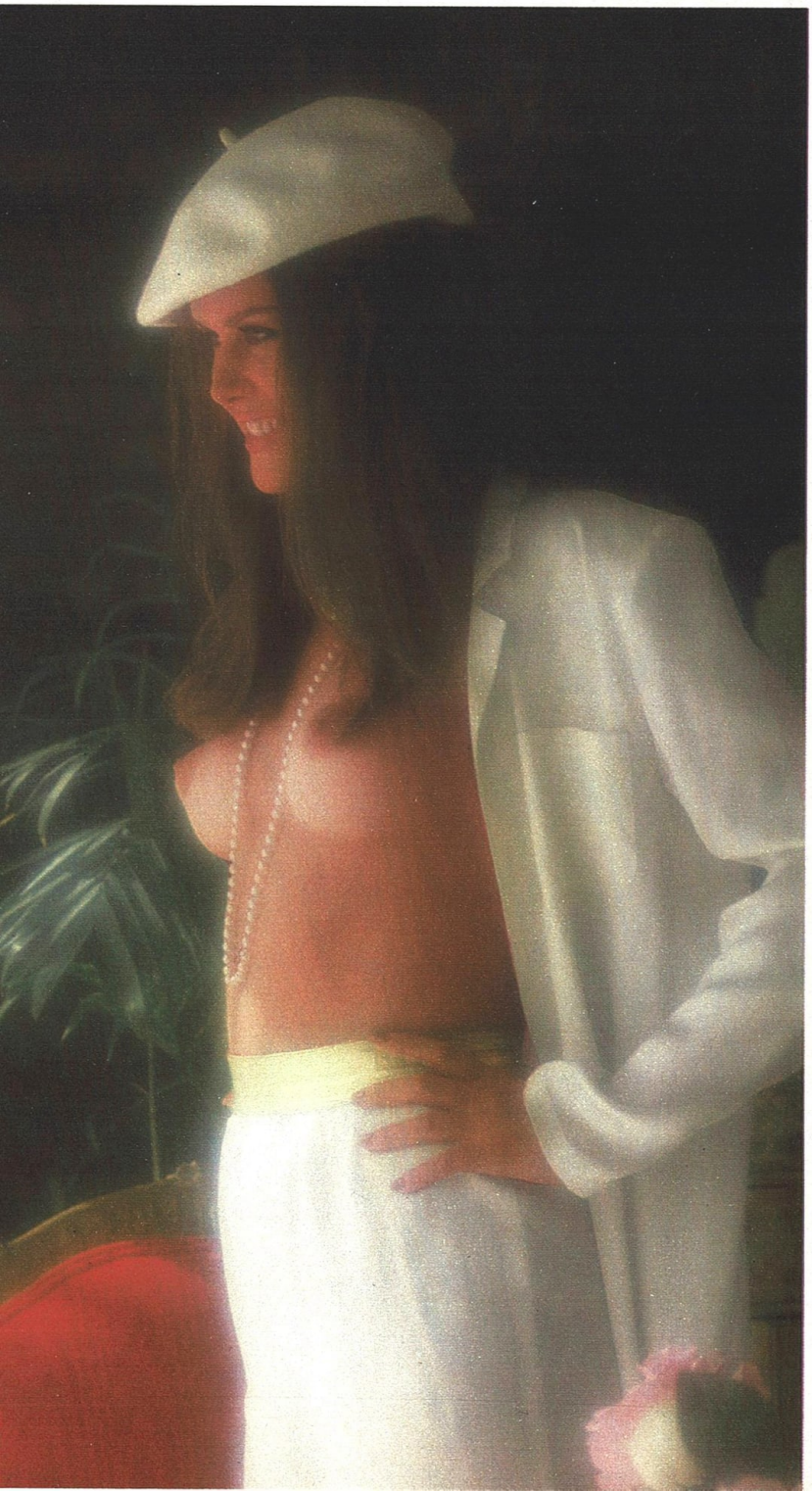
Dress by Jon Haggins Makeup and styling by Kathy Keelon

"It sounds like a radical departure," says our ebony-eyed enchantress concerning her recent Manhattan transfer, "but I actually feel more at home up North than I did down South."

"People are much less conservative, far more tolerant and worldly. It's fun to be a standout like I was in Austin, but it's even more fun to be a fit-in in New York."



Not that a girl with Cody's looks and talents wouldn't fit in most anywhere. Since her first stint as Pet of the Month, she's enlarged her modeling career and worked extensively for *Penthouse* doing posters, calendars, and video films.



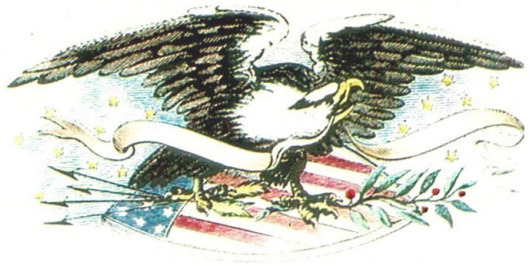
An aspiring actress now taking professional lessons, she'll appear with Bob Guccione in a segment of the television show "Rich & Famous" to be aired this month. "That's something else I love about New York women," she adds. "They're never prudish or squeamish about nude modeling. Like me, they see it as a glamorous art form–and most of them wish they could be Pets themselves."

One of Cody's favorite pastimes is spending hours strolling through New York's Whitney and Metropolitan museums, observing how famous masters have depicted female beauty in sculpture and painting.

"I think they should hang a framed *Penthouse* centerfold portrait next to a Rubens, with a label saying 'By Modern Grand Master Bob Guccione.' But of course," she laughs, "the guards would never allow it."

Never say never, Cody. Confronted with a girl as sublimely delectable as our 36-24-36 former Texan, their stuffy please-don't-touch policy would hardly apply.

MISS CODY CARMACK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Twelve veterans groups, including the 1.9-million-member Veterans of Foreign Wars, recently formed a national Vietnam Veterans Coalition. Its purpose is to lobby Congress for passage of an Agent Orange compensation bill and a full accounting of servicemen still listed as missing in action (MIA) or prisoners of war (POWs) in Vietnam. This action underscores a fundamental rule of politics: In numbers there is strength. The coalition will give Vietnam veterans a single voice and more political clout. It is a "first" for the Vietnam-veterans movement.

The coalition members will be free to pursue some of their individual goals, such as working with Veterans Outreach Centers and their programs. The coalition's objectives are, however, ones that all the groups share. Besides Agent Orange and the POWs-MIA issues, the coalition will press for the appointment of Vietnam veterans to high-visibility jobs. It will also follow through on a jobs program for Vietnam veterans and action by the Small Business Administration (SBA) to get on with the $25-million loan program, which Congress created for Vietnam veterans last year. This latter program is a sore point with Vietnam-veterans groups, because the SBA has only managed to commit some $5 million of the $25 million originally promised.

We certainly hope that for Vietnam veterans 1984 will bring some improvement over 1983. However, such improvement is not likely to occur automatically. Nineteen eighty-four is a presidential-election year, and because of this it is important for Vietnam veterans to define their political agenda.

Democrats and Republicans are inclined to take the "veterans' vote" for granted, or to operate on the assumption that it will produce a "wash," i.e., no advantage to either party. The fact that no individual, or individual leaders in the veterans community, or groups that purport to represent veterans—such as the American Legion, the DAV, or AMVETS—can deliver the veterans' vote makes it extremely difficult to acquire a genuine commitment from the national political parties or their standard-bearers. No presidential candidate in 1984 is going to campaign on a platform of reducing veterans' benefits, curtailing the VA's system of medical care, or closing the legislative door for treatment and compensation of the "atomic vets" and those who are suffering from the anguish of the toxic herbicide Agent Orange. Nevertheless, it is clear from the presidential sparring in 1983 that these issues and concerns have been relegated to a seat in the back of the national political bus.

We do not contend that veterans issues and problems constitute the nation's No. 1 priority. However, it is correct to say that the fate and future of those veterans affected by Agent Orange is much more important than, say, the fate and future of bilingual education. The plain fact is that Vietnam veterans and their children are dying as a consequence of exposure to Agent Orange, and no one is dying because they have been denied the "opportunity" to learn the multiplication tables in Spanish, or any other language. We have followed very closely the efforts of the victims of Agent Orange to gain redress in the courts. It has been a painful and costly process. It also is illustrative of the principle "justice delayed is justice denied." Some may disagree with our diagnosis of the American judicial system, but, in the case of the Agent Orange dispute, we believe that the solution can only be a legislative one . . . and this requires that Vietnam veterans politicize the issue and compel the candidates to endorse or reject a legislative remedy.

> The fate and future of those veterans affected by Agent Orange is much more important than, say, the fate and future of bilingual education.

The well-known stand-up comedian, Rodney Dangerfield, has made a career out of claiming "I don't get no respect!" Vietnam veterans, as well as veterans of America's other wars, need to have their own spokesperson, who could claim "I'm taken for granted."

There exists in this country a belief that when some matter comes along that threatens to affect the nation's security, a willing band of men will be ready to protect the nation. We find this to be a dangerous belief. Today, some eleven years after the last U.S. combat troops left Vietnam, the children of those who went to Vietnam and of those who declined that "opportunity" are approaching an age where service in El Salvador, Lebanon, or elsewhere is more than an abstract notion. These children are the ultimate arbiters of national policy, and we believe that the treatment of Vietnam veterans will weigh heavily in their personal considerations of the merit, or lack thereof, of U.S. policy. This is not to say that the "younger generation," any more than the older generation, really knows what happened—and why—in Vietnam. Rather, it suggests that today's young people know what's fair and what isn't fair, and that they can be counted upon to deny their support to an establishment that ripped off their fathers, uncles, and older brothers. The sense of equity and fairness is strong in the United States of America, and if the last decade has done little for Vietnam veterans, it has at least produced a climate of recognition, which holds that those who fought that unpopular war have still not been treated properly by their government or countrymen.—*William R. Corson*

Reach for a world of flavor.

MERIT

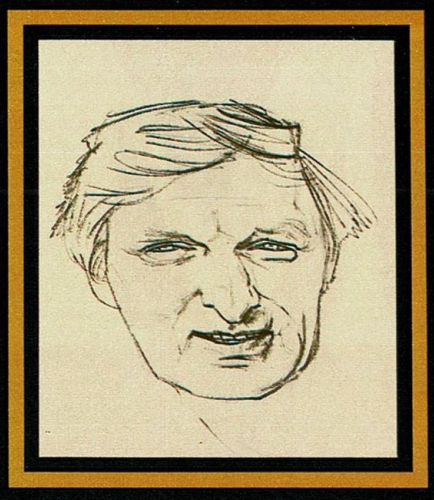
The low-tar cigarette
that changed smoking.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:



FOLK HEROES, PART 9

For those of us who mourn the loss of TV's greatest hit,
The evening news now takes its place as our favorite.
It's lots of fun when one can see
The Gipper & Crew in old D.C.
You get foreign affairs with a wink and a smile,
An administration—sitcom-style.

SAN SALVADOR

Nothing would bring Sissy's husband back, but she was determined to avenge his final betrayal.

TIN WIFE

FICTION BY JOE FLAHERTY

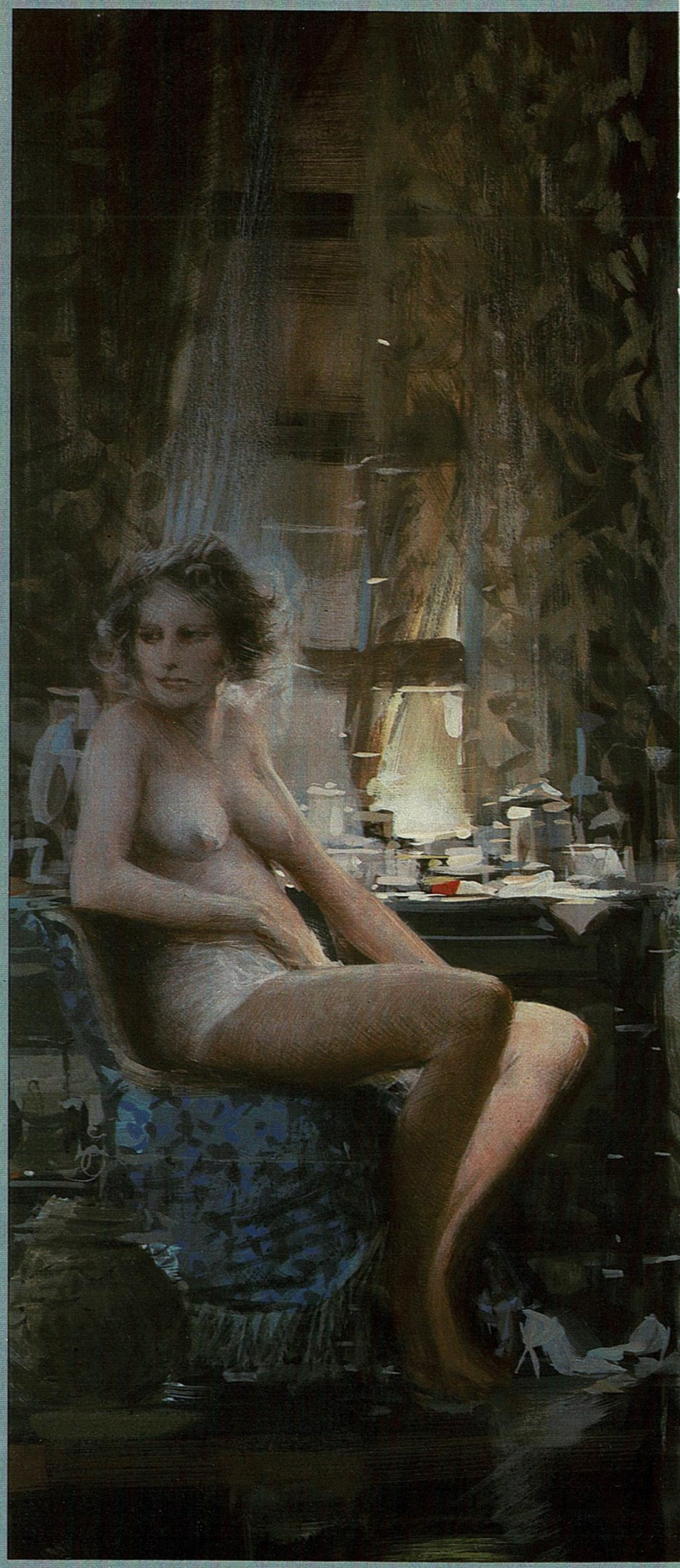
Sissy made her way toward the door along the wall across from the table. She wouldn't even look in Gordon Groves's direction. She didn't want to be trapped.

When it came to Gordon Groves, deputy commissioner for public relations for the New York Police Department, she and her late husband, Eddie, had reached a rare oneness. Groves was a 14-karat shit. The schmuck couldn't sell Kool-Aid at a day camp.

Yet, for today, he was threatening. He was the obstacle Sissy wasn't sure she would clear. She had his word, and so much depended on it. But it was the word of a petulant little playactor.

It had started four months ago with a manila envelope that Eddie's partner, Sal, had brought her from Property. It contained the things Eddie was carrying on him the day he died. Sissy could feel various items through the paper: watch, ring, coins, wallet. She fished out Eddie's wallet, not touching anything else. That was her sacrifice to being a functioning widow. There were credit cards and whatever cash Eddie had been carrying. Sissy had to pay for a burial. She sealed up the rest and after a small debate placed the envelope in Eddie's chest of drawers, not her own. She felt the dead shouldn't mingle with the living.

Finally, after the funeral, that piece of unfin-



PAINTING BY JOHN BERKEY

ished business began to loom larger and larger, and Sissy decided to open the envelope before the act reached terrifying proportions.

One night, after a hot bath accompanied by a few glasses of red wine, she emptied the contents on her bed. The gold chain struck her immediately. She thought she knew all of Eddie's accessories, but the chain was a stranger. Maybe he had made another one of his deals—a jeweler with some violation or another. Or perhaps the jeweler had asked for a little special protection from the precinct.

Sissy turned on her bed lamp to examine the chain more closely. It was real gold! But it was the pendant hanging from the chain that mesmerized her. There were two interlocking circles with an initial etched in each, *E* and *T*. Sissy held the chain directly under the Tensor lamp. There was no mistake: *E* and *T*—Eddie and Theresa.

On even closer examination, she realized the circles were, in fact, handcuffs. *E* and *T* cuffed together. Such a sweet sentiment. What occasion was on the horizon—her birthday? Their anniversary? Neither was even close. But for sure, it was a gift for her. Where was the gift box? she wondered.

She peered harder at the chain. The gold didn't seem new. It was scratched and dulled by skin, dulled by wearing. She had never given Eddie such a gift. Or had she?

With deliberate effort, she rose and walked to her night table. She held the chain before the mirror. Maybe a reflected image would trigger the blurred memory in her brain. She looked absurd in the mirror. Standing there, holding the chain spread out—an end in each hand—she looked like an unholy creature about to decorate her walleyed clone. She was going to crack, to shatter in the mirror before her own eyes.

Deliberately, with steady hands, she tried to fasten the chain around her neck. The ends failed to meet by two inches. It was not a gift for her. And certainly it didn't belong to Eddie. Eddie wore a 16½-inch shirt collar. A 35-inch sleeve. The numbers gave her confidence. People about to break couldn't muster such information. Her mind started to click. She had been a cop's wife long enough to sort facts. Organize them. Chalk facts up on that blackboard, Sissy.

The first fact came. Eddie never called her Theresa. It was always Sissy. Then the *T* was someone else. Eddie was bringing it to someone else.

But it wasn't a gift. No box. It had been worn. Yet it was in his possession. She fumbled for the next step, then she hit on it. He was bringing it to be repaired for someone. She went back to the bed lamp. There was no trace of repair on the chain.

She was close to it. Not hers, not his, not a gift, not to be repaired. Yet he had it on him, it was found on him. Or near him? With that neck size, could it possibly have belonged to a kid, a punk druggie? But why the handcuffs? A felon using handcuffs as the hallmark of affection? Hardly.

Was someone else near him? Someone small? A woman. A woman grieving over his body. Erase that. Someone near him when it happened. Someone who wasn't supposed to be there. Not supposed to be there for the outside world, she amended. Her world.

If that was so, why would the cops send Sissy the chain, the evidence? They'd be meticulous about that. They'd fine-toothcomb everything. But damn, she was confused. Of course, it was the *T*. How would they know it was the wrong *T*?

What else would they, could they, think if it was lying next to him? *E* and *T* is solid evidence. Eddie and Theresa. They would never have checked his neck size. Airtight logic.

She ran to the bathroom off their bedroom, fell to her knees, and hugged the bowl as she threw up.

"Sal, please don't be upset," she said quietly. "I've adjusted. Except for the priest. You should have a priest when you die in bed with a prostitute."

She thought about taking another Valium to help her sleep, but she decided against it. The vomiting had exhausted her enough.

There was work to do in the morning. Enough for one night. She'd start with Sal. He would be easy enough to crack. No sweat. She always could blow him out of the water. The thought of that facile process was enough to get her to sleep.

Nothing could be accomplished the next day. When she finally reached Sal, he told her he was on the last leg of a seventy-two-hour shift. So she invited him to dinner the following night. The excuse was that she wanted to show her thanks for his kindness and support.

Through most of the dinner, Sal's conversation was limited to compliments on her cooking. Sissy didn't press him. She was content to ferry in the food from the kitchen and coquettishly dismiss his elaborate compliments. She watched him relax under the caloric onslaught. She would wait until they were sipping coffee and anisette on the couch, when his competitive body was glutted into repose. His senses, too, she hoped.

When Sal sank into the couch, he exclaimed, "You might need a crane to get me out of here."

"Do you want to relax while I do the dishes?" Sissy asked.

"No way, you did enough tonight. Dishes are mine. Great chefs shouldn't muck with soapy water. You enjoy your coffee, and when I catch a second wind, I'll hit the sink."

"Come on, you make it sound like I'm worked to death. I'm not breakable china, you know."

Sal looked at her with concern. "I know, but we worry about you. You had a terrible kick in the pants. A couple of kicks in the last few years. I haven't been around as much as I should. You know—the wacky hours of the job and everything. But has it been going all right?"

She put her hand over his and patted him. She softened her voice. "I'm all right most of the time. And Eileen seems pretty good. Kids have so much to keep them busy. It's all right most of the time, but . . ." She lowered her head.

Sal picked up her chin with a strong index finger. "But what?" he asked.

"I'm a Catholic, you know."

Sal seemed perplexed. He clearly didn't know where she was going with this non sequitur.

"Well, we all are, I guess," he said. "I mean, even if we don't practice like we used to, it's always there."

"I know, I know," said Sissy. "That's why I'm so worried about Eddie not having a priest."

"But he did," Sal consoled. "I told you that. The precinct rushed one over there."

"But not before he died."

Sal was getting uncomfortable. Spiritual semantics were not his strong suit. "Yeah, but it's supposed to work anyway. The last rites, I mean."

"Normally, I guess, yes." She fought to keep her voice even. "But not the way Eddie died."

Sal panicked. "He died in the line of duty."

Her fish was about to bolt. She eased off. "Sal, please don't be upset. I've come to terms with the way he died. I'm going to be all right. I've adjusted. Except for the priest." She was impressed by the monotone of her voice. "You should have a priest when you die in bed with a prostitute."

He stood up and shouted down at her, "Who told you that? Who told you that shit? That craziness?"

"Sal, will you please sit down and calm yourself." She took his hand and pulled him down to the couch. "Now have your coffee and try to relax. I'm not upset." He obeyed. She granted him one sip "Don't you think cops' wives talk among each other?"

"You mean a *friend* called you and told you that?"

Sissy was like a metronome. "And why not? You guys tell each other everything. Do you think we're any different? Besides,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

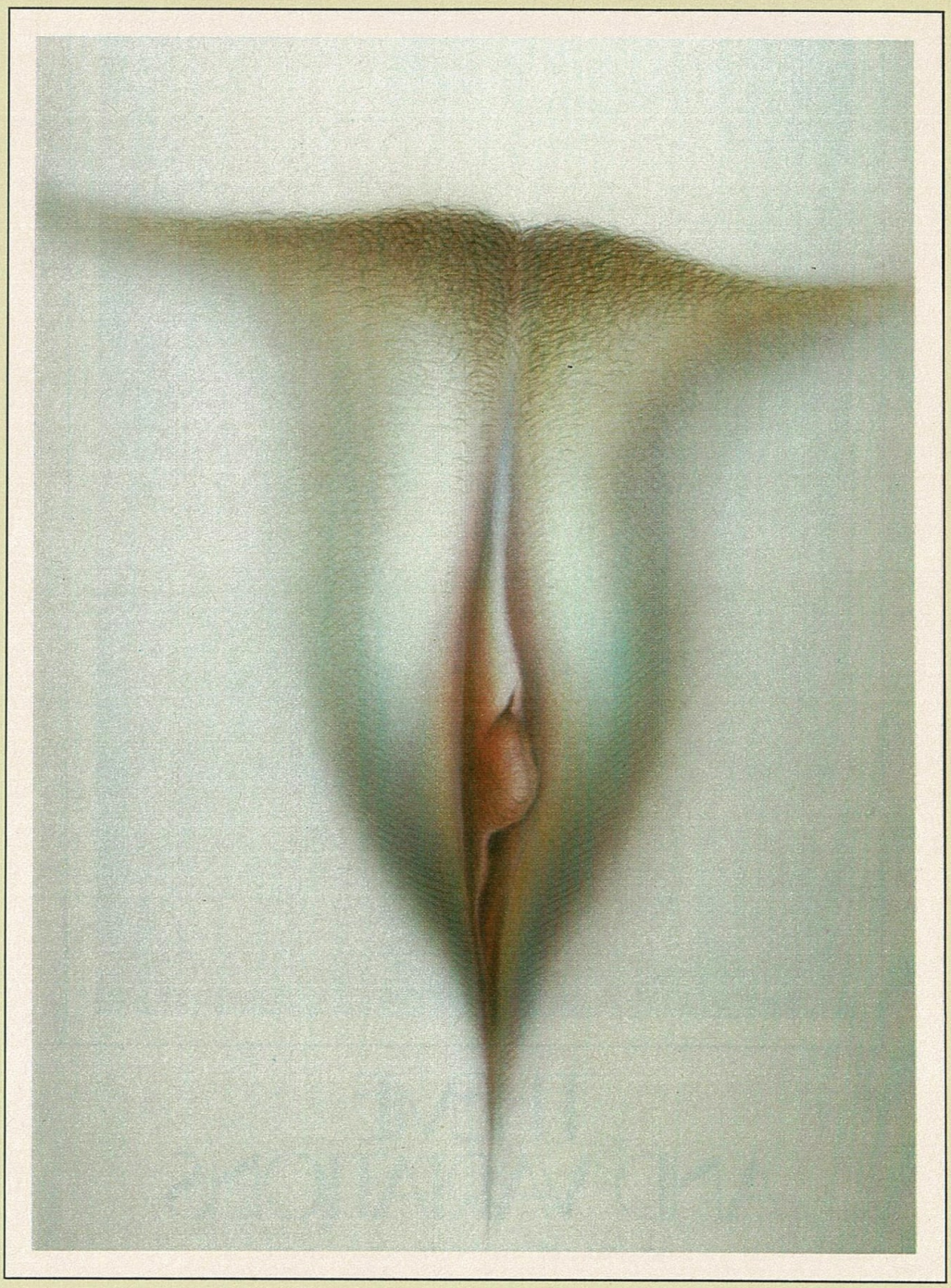
A celebration of erotic
beauty and human sensuality by one of today's
masters of Realistic Art.

© Bradley Smith

THEME AND VARIATIONS

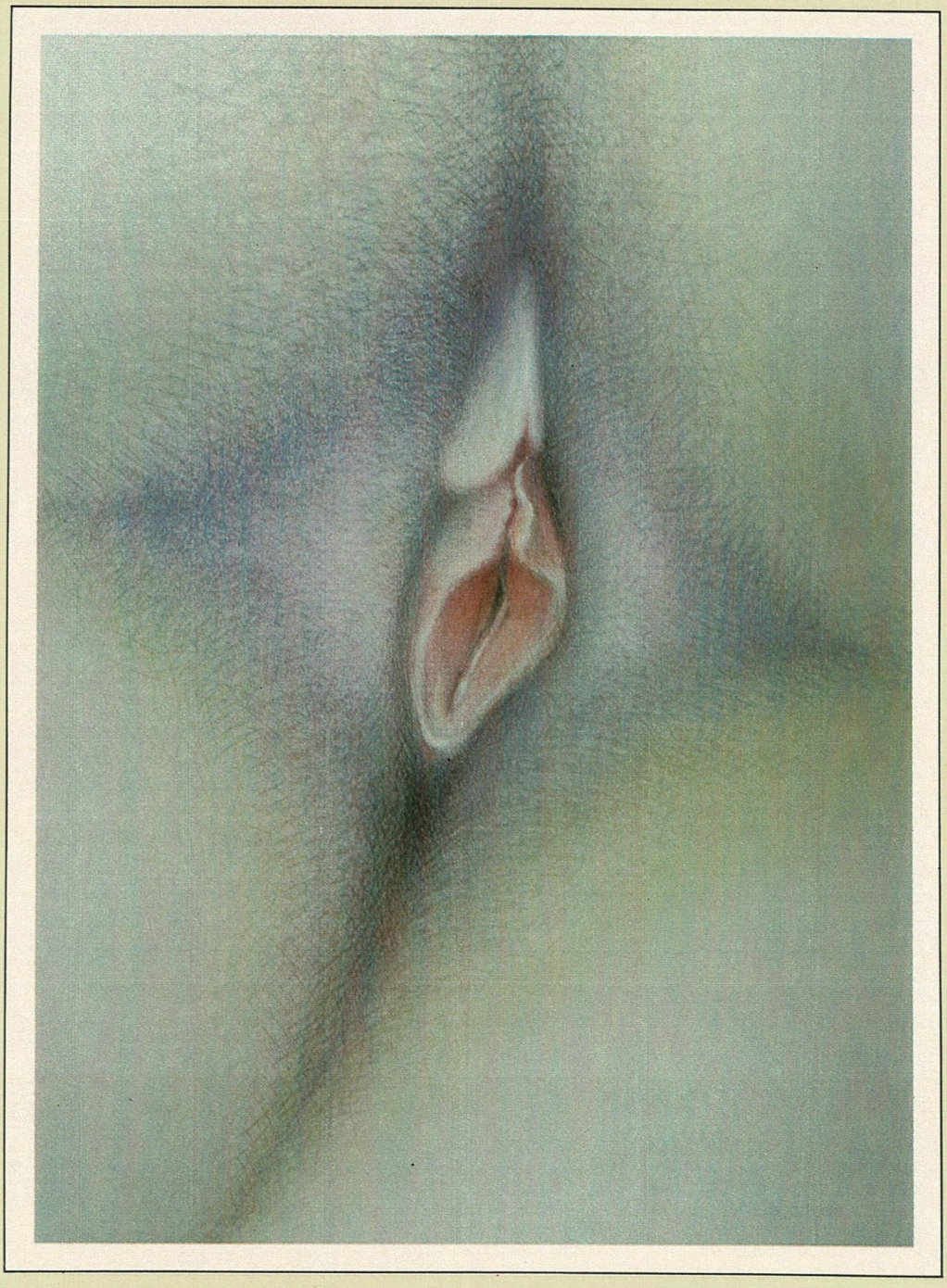
Igor Mead, a distinguished photographer, uses a meticulous artistic technique to capture the infinite multiformity of feminine genitalia. Mead executed these drawings from his own photographs, changing them in subtle ways, heightening their eroticism with his art.

PAINTINGS BY IGOR MEAD

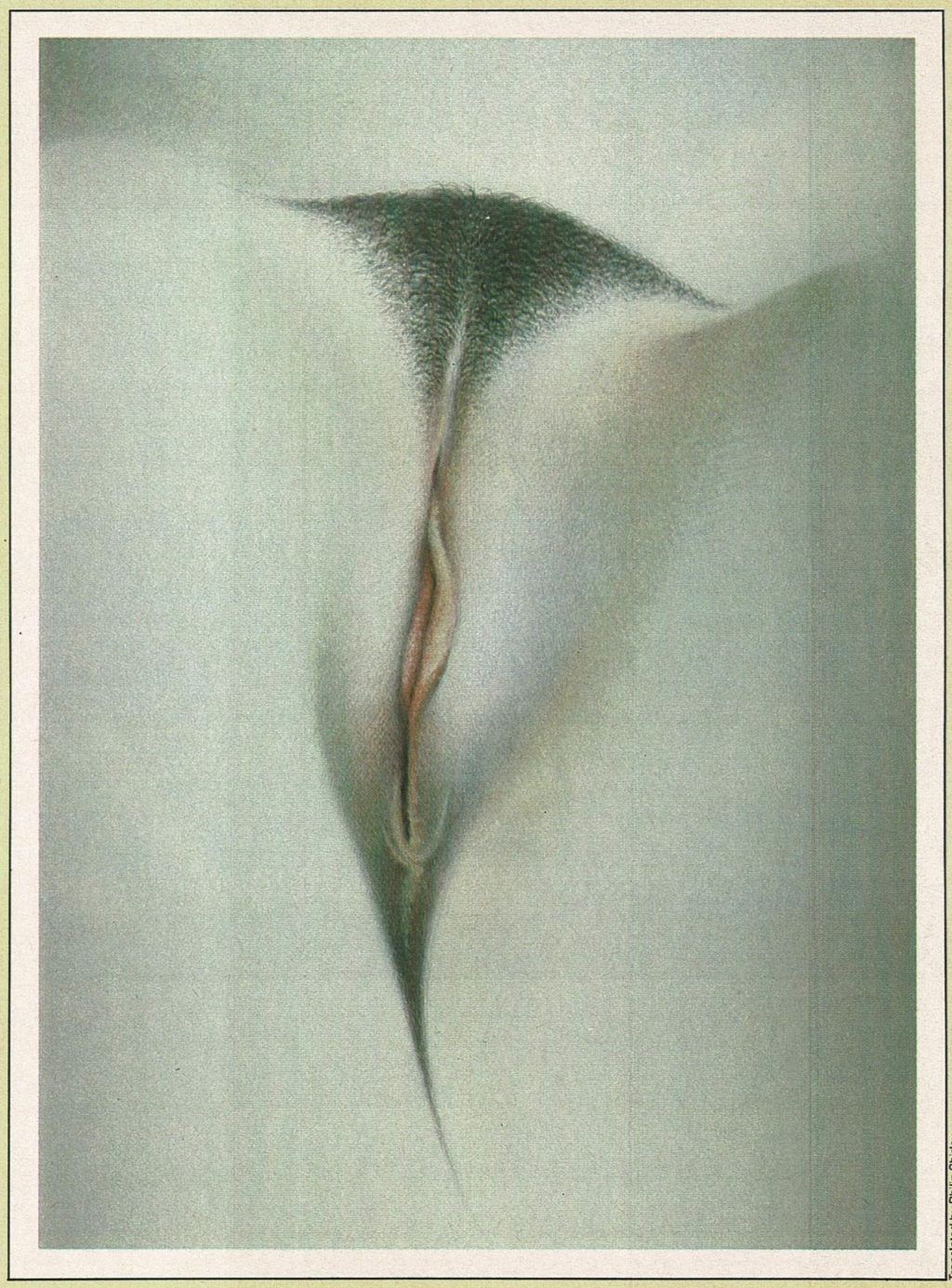


"Far down inside her the deeps parted and
rolled asunder, in long, far-traveling billows, and ever, at the quick of her...
she was deeper and deeper and deeper dis-
closed...till suddenly...she knew herself touched, the consummation was
upon her, and she was gone...."

"She was gone, she was not, and she was born:
a woman. Ah, too lovely, too lovely! in the ebbing she realized all the
loveliness. Now all her body clung with tender love
to the unknown man.... She gave an unconscious cry of pure loss.... It had
been so perfect! And she loved it so!"–D. H. Lawrence

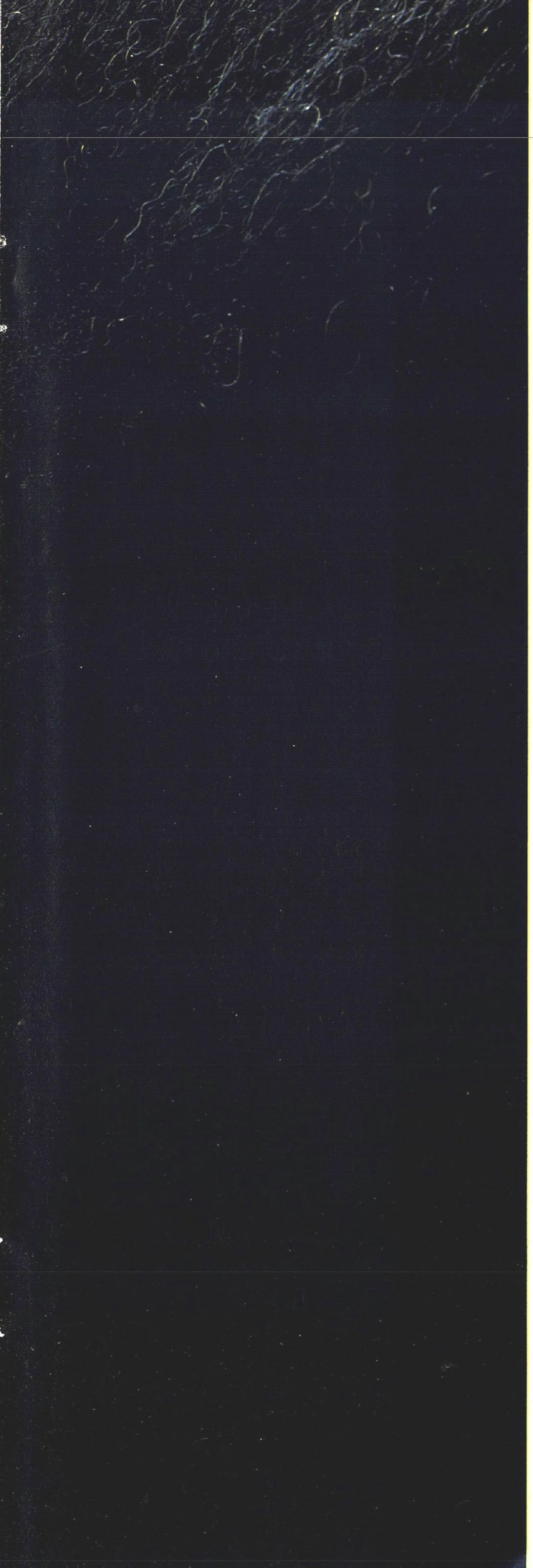


"The randy, russet-haired miss, turning to the
blonde who seems the image of her pristine dreams, softly, achingly
whispers this: 'Your puberty's a bower of bliss
where bright buds toss and white sap streams. Let my fingers go roving
midst the moss where your fair rosebud gleams."—Paul Verlaine



Translated by Philip Shirley

"A jewel-box trimmed with black plush curving
like a pleated hem, spangled with a copper blush, a jewel, god of all
gems, throbbing with vigor and white sap waft-
ing a perfume that has to be right out of Mother Nature's lap to drive the
lover to ecstasy."–Paul Verlaine



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

In the left corner—
Bob Arum. In the right corner—Don King.
America's two top boxing
promoters come out swinging in a no-holds-
barred interview about
our most controversial sport.

BOB ARUM AND DON KING

The contest for boxing's top dollars takes place not only in the ring but in two offices in New York. There the sluggers are Bob Arum and Don King, who promote the sport's biggest attractions. These two modern-day Barnums don't particularly like each other, to put it mildly, and the competition between them is fierce. It is a rough business, as rough as what goes on in the ring.

Boxing has had other great promotion showmen: men such as Tex Richard and Mike Jacobs were forerunners of Bob Arum and Don King. Until recently, bouts were for the most part arranged and promoted by an unimaginative Old Guard from the cramped and smoke-filled offices of Madison Square Garden. This is not to say that there were no great bouts, but boxing promotion was limited to the mere staging of a sporting event. Arum and King, however, have tried to reach the greatest number of people possible. People who would never have seen a fight have found themselves caught up in such dramas as the "thrilla in Manila" and the "no mas, no mas" happening in New Orleans.

Arum and King are largely responsible for taking boxing's greatest bouts all over the world. Before Arum and King, fight

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY

promoters never fully capitalized on the personalities of the fighters themselves. Dempsey, Louis, and Marciano were admittedly all charismatic, but Arum and King understand that boxing is entertainment, and that you sell an event with entertainers. They were able to take advantage of the personalities of fighters from the lower-weight divisions—Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard, Aaron Pryor, and others. They have revolutionized boxing promotion, and yet no two men were ever so different in terms of style, background, and viewpoint.

Bob Arum, Brooklyn-born and -raised, is the son of Orthodox Jewish parents. He graduated from New York University and Harvard Law School, then he opted for government service. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations he served as an assistant U.S. attorney under Robert Kennedy. He then went into private practice with a prestigious law firm.

There was little in Arum's background that would qualify him for the career he has made for himself in boxing. Indeed, considering the world in which he had moved, everything about boxing might reasonably have repelled him.

But in 1964, the attorney general's office heard rumors that income from the first Sonny Liston–Floyd Patterson fight might have been transferred illegally out of the country. Arum, who was head of the tax division, was sent to Chicago to investigate the matter. It was a whole new world for him, and he was drawn to it and its denizens.

His entry into boxing was gradual and tentative. While still practicing law, he represented a closed-circuit television company then involved in broadcasting a Patterson-Chuvalo bout. Soon after that, he began a long friendship with football great Jimmy Brown, who introduced him to Muhammad Ali and to Ali's manager, Herbert Muhammad. Arum formed a new promotion company, promoted closed-circuit broadcasts of Ali fights, and finally made a commitment to devote all his time to boxing. He formed his present company, Top Rank, Inc., which has its headquarters less than a mile away from the fortress of Don King Productions.

For Don King, the long road to the town house on Manhattan's East Side began fifty-two years ago, in the ghetto streets of Cleveland. King's father, a steelworker, died in a mill accident. The promoter's early education consisted largely of learning about the ghetto's most lucrative industry—the numbers game.

He began his career as a numbers runner during summer vacations. It was his plan at the time to eventually become a lawyer, but his business acumen was such that he soon rose from being "Donald the Kid" to being "King" of Cleveland's numbers business. While running one of the city's largest policy banks, King found himself in a street fight with one of his employees. He killed the man. In 1966, he was convicted of manslaughter and sent to state prison. He served four and a half years before being paroled. Recently, Governor James Rhodes of Ohio granted him a full pardon.

While in prison, he made the decision to rehabilitate himself. An avid reader of literature and philosophy, he enrolled in correspondence courses at Ohio University. He was a straight-A student.

When King was released from prison, he got involved in promoting a charity boxing exhibition. During that promotion, he met Muhammad Ali. King decided that he would manage boxers. He has proved to have a keen eye for boxing talent, and two of the early fighters he managed were Ernie Shavers and Larry Holmes.

Arum and King agreed to be interviewed separately by *Penthouse*, and to talk to contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein about the current state of boxing. Arum was interviewed while promoting the Marvin Hagler–Roberto Duran fight. He was prepared to answer any questions about boxing, but he told Sonnenschein that he didn't want to get into "another pissing war with Don King." King, too, took time off from a busy schedule and did not shrink from answering any questions. Like Arum, he did not wish to attack his rival. Once in a while, though, neither could help taking the gloves off.

ARUM:

Penthouse: It's a big jump from being a Justice Department lawyer to becoming a fight promoter. What made you do it?

Arum: Ali was the heavyweight champion, and I was asked to promote him. Law was very satisfying, but the glamour, the good times, the excitement of a heavyweight championship is almost like a narcotic.

Penthouse: But a lot of people might say you went from practicing law to being a hustler. That's how promoters are perceived.

Arum: I know that I don't conduct my business that way, but I think that most promoters are hustlers. And I knew when I went into this business that no matter how I conducted myself, the stigma would also attach itself to me. That's one of the crosses that I bear for the work I do.

Penthouse: Does that still bother you?

Arum: Sure it does. However you want to justify how much money you made for this kid or that kid, it's hardly the same thing as making a real contribution to society.

Penthouse: A lot of people criticize boxing because it's controlled by foreigners—the World Boxing Council and the World Boxing Association. Is that criticism justified?

Arum: To some extent. These *are* the ruling bodies for championship fights. The impact that United States interests have in world boxing is frightfully small, considering that most of the champions and most of the world-class fighters are from the United States. And between 90 and 95 percent of the funds involved come from the United States. Something should be done so that the United States has more influence in international boxing.

Penthouse: But in the meantime you're forced to coexist with two federations.

Arum: Yes. In the past, I've had good and bad relations with the WBA. Now they're my best friend. Probably it's because of the Hagler-Duran fight. My relationship with the WBC has been bad for about four or five years. The WBC is really one person, Jose Sulaiman. There's no way I can have a good relationship with Sulaiman, because I think the WBC is a total scam. The champion pays 2 percent and the challenger pays 1.5 percent of his purse. The money that goes to WBC isn't accounted for. There have been instances where I've paid these sanction fees—checks that I deduct from the fighter's purses—and they've been cashed by Sulaiman at the casino in Caesars Palace. It's documented. I think Sulaiman is a scam, and I really can't live with that situation.

Penthouse: He survives . . .

Arum: Sure he survives. The fighters are terrified to overthrow him.

Penthouse: Would you like to see Sulaiman and Pepe Cordero, who some say controls the WBA, out of boxing?

Arum: I would like to see Sulaiman out of boxing. I don't necessarily think I would like to see Cordero out of boxing. I'd like him to stay as a promoter of fights in Puerto Rico and not be involved with the WBA the way he has been. But I think he should be entitled to make a living.

Penthouse: But you've been quoted as saying that you were coerced into giving Pepe Cordero $100,000 for the Mancini fight.

Arum: No, it was more than that. It was approximately $250,000.

Penthouse: What was it for?

Arum: I made an arrangement with a promoter who was managing a fighter named Ernesto España, who under WBA rules was entitled to fight Arturo Frias. However, the networks really weren't interested in a Frias-España fight. So I made another arrangement with Cedeno Rafito, a Venezuelan promoter, to have Mancini fight Frias, with España to fight the winner. Then Cordero came into the picture and said that he was España's manager. So I said I'd promote a Frias-España fight, and I'd get CBS to cover it, but I wanted a commitment from both fighters that the winner would fight Mancini.

Frias won every round of his fight with España, and in the ninth round España butted Frias and opened up a big cut in his forehead. The fight couldn't continue. If the butt is accidental—which it probably was—the fight is stopped and the fighter that's ahead on the scoreboard wins. Cordero was protesting the decision, saying that it wasn't a butt that caused the cut but a punch and that Frias should have lost the fight. Cordero showed a tape to the chair-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

KING:

Penthouse: You're in a rough business where people do rough stuff to one another. Why do you stay in it?

King: I've become so successful in this business that it's becoming more of a burden now than it is an achievement. But as bad as it gets, it's better than sitting on the stoop. I'm not going to let somebody else get the benefit of it.

Penthouse: You've promoted a lot of boxing and you've taken a lot of heat. Do you think you've been accepted in the way you deserve?

King: I deal with people of every race, creed, color, and religion. My problem sometimes is fighting the age-old system that exists.

Penthouse: Some people have said that you use Jesse Jackson to help promote certain black fighters, to gain favor with certain black fighters.

King: Well, I don't think that's true but, nevertheless, you're going to catch the critics. If I was a white promoter, I'd be on the cover of *Time—Business Week*, too—for my ability to stay in business. For me to be in business against the insurmountable odds and difficulties that I have to work against daily, it's phenomenal. I developed two heavyweight champions of the world from square one. While everybody out there is criticizing me, I've been working at my trade. I'm a trailblazer, a pioneer. I have world champions now in spite of the vicious assault on my character; in spite of the FBI, the CIA, the IRS, you know? In spite of all the investigations of the grand juries.

Penthouse: Still, I'm sure you've read that people say you're anti-white.

King: That's absurd. That's what Bob Arum used when I debated him. He said that I was anti-Semitic because I said he was white, Jewish, and a Harvard graduate. That's what he is. He isn't ashamed of it, is he? I'm an ex-convict and an ex-gambler, and to be competing with him is saying a lot in itself.

Penthouse: Well, do you think you've been treated fairly or unfairly? Especially by the New York press?

King: The New York press was very good to me when I first came to town. It was good press, because I was doing good things for the sport of boxing. With the scandal over the United States boxing championship, involving phony rankings and fight fixes, many of the reporters got afraid. I became the scapegoat of the situation because I was the captain of the ship. And I said I never had anything to do with any fixing of any fights or any type of preordained situations. And I kept fighting for that, and I vindicated myself.

They had the Armstrong investigation, and other investigations, but they found no wrongdoing on my part. I was completely exonerated.

Penthouse: Okay, let's talk about boxing itself. For all its popularity now, it seems to be under fire more than ever.

King: Boxing is the highest-paid sport, but it's at the bottom rung of the ladder image-wise. I've tried to bring a little excitement to the game. There's a resurgence of boxing throughout the nation now. More kids are going into community centers and gyms, with higher hopes and aspirations of becoming champions.

Penthouse: One criticism is that despite all the money Americans make in boxing, the sport is still controlled by the World Boxing Council and the World Boxing Association.

King: Boxing is controlled by a world body. We Americans fell short of the mark. At one time, we had all the champions, but when I came into boxing there was only one American champion, and that was Muhammad Ali.

Boxing had been stranded before TV came back in, and after the Wednesday- and Friday-night fights and the Gillette Cavalcade of Sports, boxing literally died here. But around the world it continued to climb.

> I've become so successful that it's becoming more of a burden than an achievement. But as bad as it gets, it's better than sitting on a stoop.

I think it's important that America play a major part in boxing, because we have the resources to do it. But my career was not founded in America. I had to go around the world to get my shows on, because I couldn't get them on here. They didn't like a white maverick and they wouldn't let a black in, either. So I had to take my shows to Africa, Asia, Malaysia, and Hawaii.

Penthouse: Do you think Ali was responsible for the renewed popularity of boxing in this country?

King: I think Ali has played a major part. He literally carried boxing on his shoulders for a decade. And he gave other kids—the ones that came along behind him—a chance to develop. And then I think the Olympics in 1976 gave it a great big boost—catapulted it right into prominence. But really the guy who did it was Muhammad Ali, and a guy named Don King, who was really taking it around the governments and making deals. But you have to recognize that I had something to sell in Muhammad.

Penthouse: There are a lot of rumors that Ali is in bad shape right now. . . .

King: That's ludicrous, that's poppycock. Muhammad Ali is slower now than before. But he's always been like lazy until the bright lights and the cameras got on him.

Ali was in boxing for twenty-two years, twenty-three years. And he was a promoter's dream. I think he stayed a little too long, but he was a three-time heavyweight world champion, and he was the greatest. He was a tremendous fighter and, more important, a wonderful human being. And everybody just rode on his coattails. And I don't think he's lazy . . . he's slurring. A lot of that he could correct; some of that may be from whatever damage he has had from taking so many blows in the ring. But I think he's thinking very acutely.

He's lost the applause of the crowd, which is the greatest hurt to any athlete or star performer, and he's got to be encouraged, and someone has to care about him. Because he doesn't know how to handle the transition. He played the Pied Piper so long, and now he's up against Father Time.

Penthouse: Okay, back to boxing. Is it true that you and Bob Arum *control* boxing promotion in the United States?

King: We put on the most promotions, but that's because we work hard at what we do. Boxing is the last vestige of the free-enterprise system. You have to deliver. I'll deliver, Bob Arum will deliver. And the rest of them will fall short.

Penthouse: What do you think of Sylvester Stallone becoming a boxing promoter?

King: He's falling in love with the script.

Penthouse: Have you ever been in a situation where you had to kick back or pay tributes to the WBC or WBA?

King: No. I go out and do my thing with the fighter, with the manager. And I go by the rules.

Penthouse: What about the WBA and Pepe Cordero? Are you satisfied with the job Cordero does?

King: I don't know that Cordero is doing a job. That's where the problem comes up. Cordero is out to hustle, like everybody else. He's a promoter, like me and Arum.

Penthouse: Do you think boxing would benefit from having somebody in charge—a Pete Rozelle?

King: I think we could use a good national organization.

Penthouse: Would you be in favor of a federal commission?

King: It wouldn't be the answer. I think the government has enough on its back right now. It would become a bureaucratic maze, because it would have to be by appointment. I think it's got to be somebody, like a Pete Rozelle or a Bowie Kuhn. The promoters, managers, fighters, and commissions could all have some input and get somebody whose leadership they would be willing to follow.

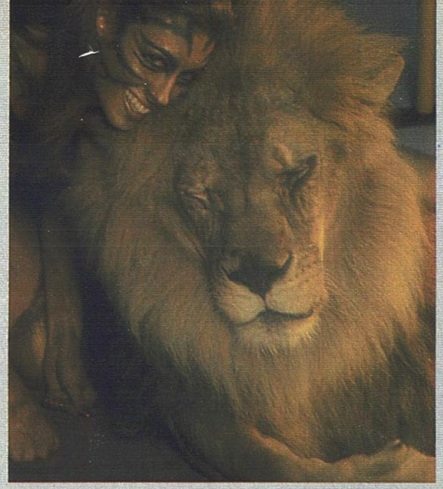
Penthouse: One of the problems for boxers who aren't Alis or Leonards is that they don't make big money. They don't have pension plans. Shouldn't the promoters and managers be in some way responsi-

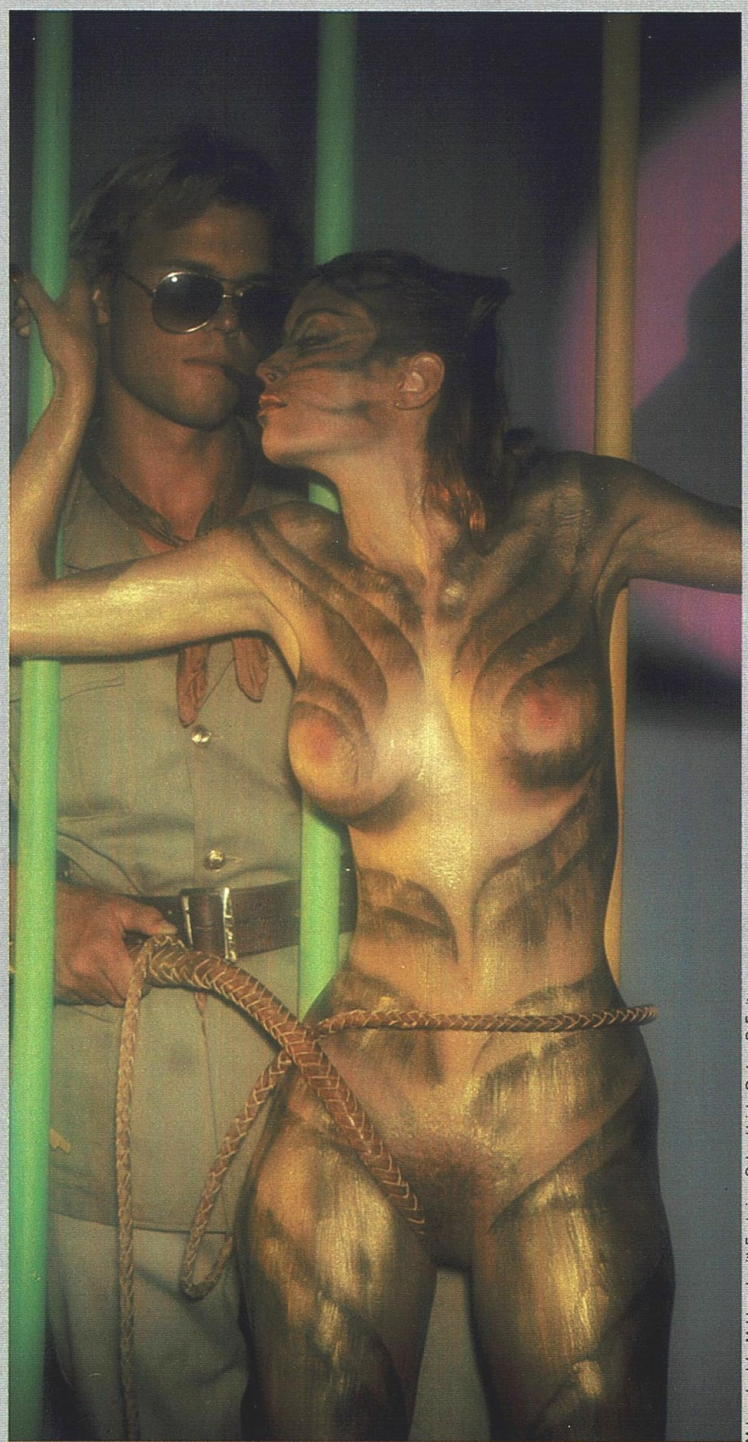
CONTINUED ON PAGE 183

Cats

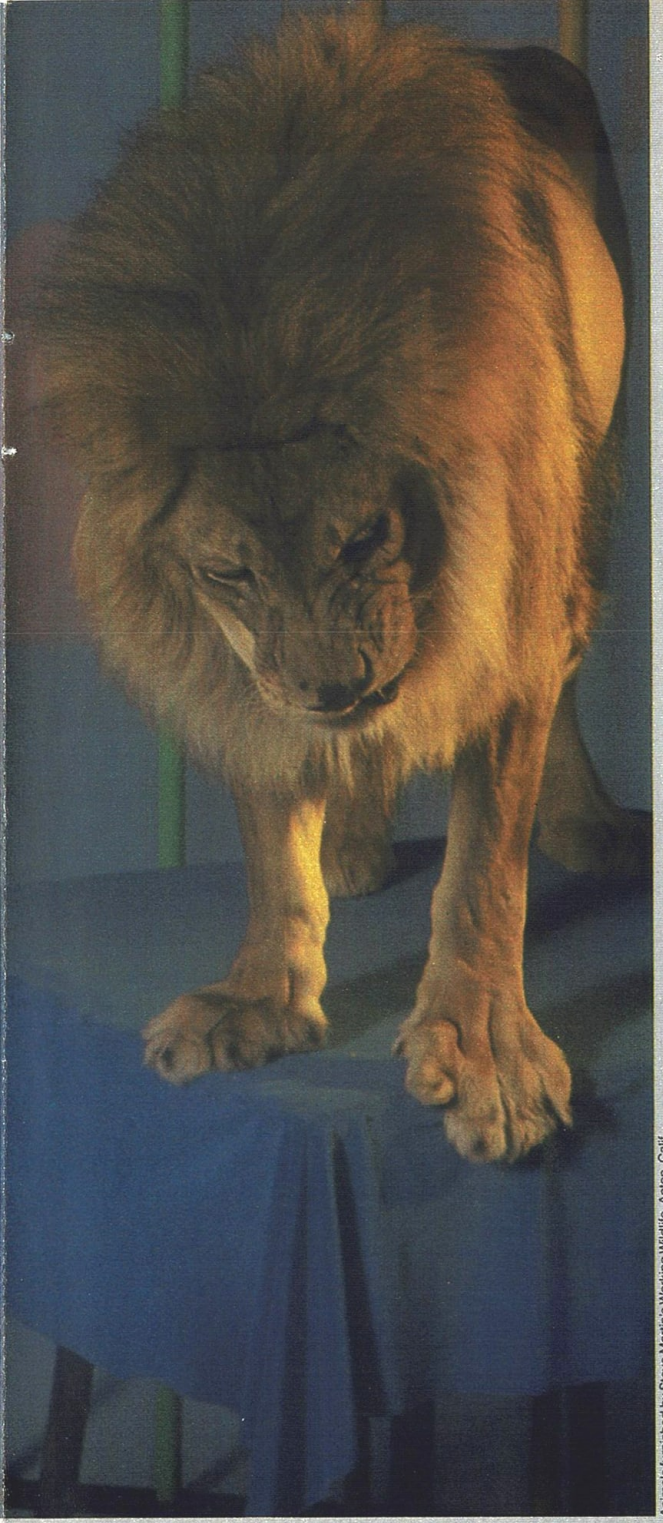
Both subject to their master's whim, the beauty and the beast share a common bondage. Yet, their desires differ wildly: The lion merely wants freedom; the female tiger craves dominance. To rule them both is their master's driving passion. With a flick of his awesome weapon, he whips the tiger into line....

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER





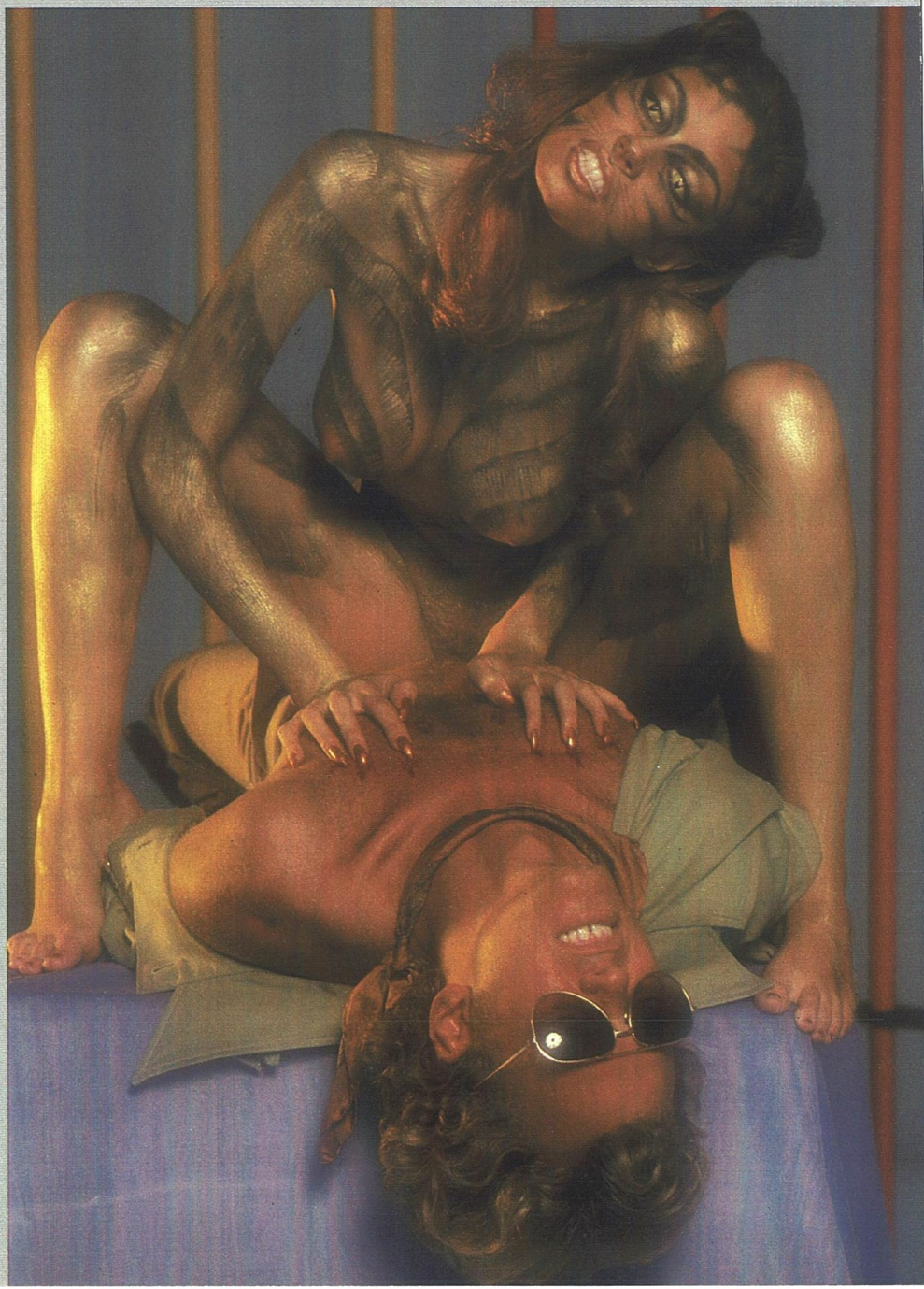
Makeup by John Moldonado with Frederique Galen; Hair by Darlene DeFreitas



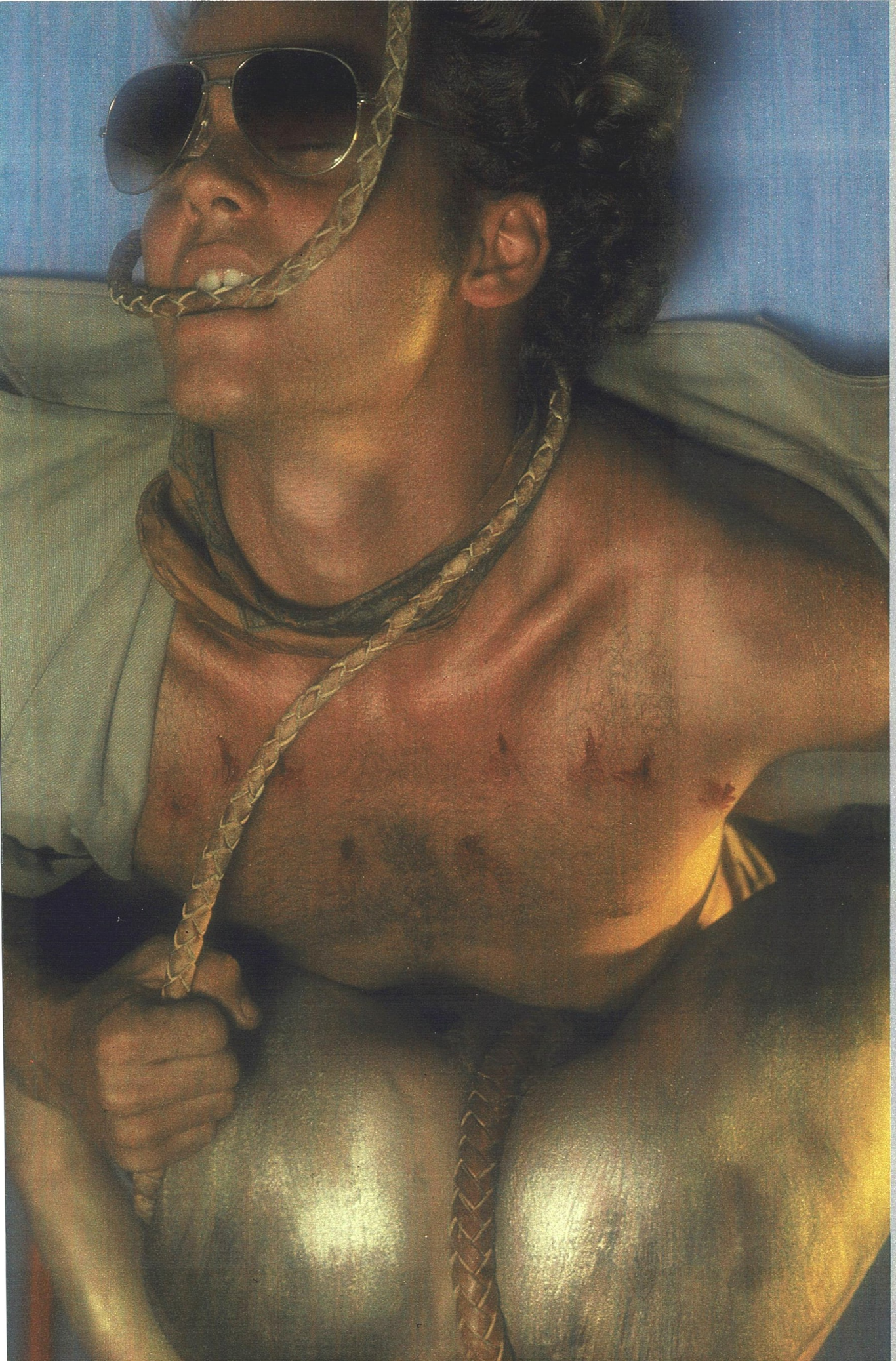
Animals furnished by Steve Martin's Working Wildlife, Acton, Calif.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright, through his rings of fiery light, as ruthlessly he runs his menagerie a trois, putting them through their paces.

Though his tyranny rules her body, it
does nothing to quell the savage splendor within
her. Finding strength in adversity, she
claws him with her sharpest weapon; growling
with satisfaction, she greedily sinks
her teeth into the king of her jungle.



Once the tamer is subdued, she marshals a softer source of strength, her tender seat of power. At last, she's firmly on top of the situation, as the cat-o'-nine-tails brings out the beast in both of them.



Her spirited insistence
on feline liberation only serves
to whet his desire;
from head to toe he lavishes
creature comforts on
his feisty mate. And his wildcat,
now purring like a kit-
ten, laps up his tender atten-
tions, eager to offer him
the lion's share of sensations.
He accepts with the gra-
cious satisfaction of a man who
has trained his woman well....

ROGER RESSMEYER

BY KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, center for the L.A. Lakers, is a fifteen-year veteran of professional basketball. This essay is excerpted from the forthcoming book *Giant Steps*, written by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Peter Knoebler, and to be published by Bantam.

SPORTS AND DRUGS

Drugs are an open secret in all strata of American society: Stockbrokers are smoking pot after hours, lawyers are snorting cocaine and wearing gold razor blades around their necks, and doctors are shooting heroin and hospital morphine. None of this is any big surprise. When an athlete gets caught doing drugs, however, all hell breaks loose.

Athletes are supposed to be America's heroes. Without ever having volunteered, we are all called upon to personify and uphold the country's honor. Kids look up to us; we are role models for future grandeur. This is nonsense. Athletes should be called upon to be equally as moral as every single individual in society, no more and no less. We are more visible but not more valuable than doctors, teachers, cabdrivers, and businessmen. If the society has decided to dump the burden of perfection on us alone, or on a higher percentage of us than of other segments, then it is in trouble, because we are no more able or willing to accept that burden than any random group of steelworkers or politicians. Morality is an individual concern. Celebrities should be celebrated for what they do best, not for some mythical persona that has been created for them.

The uproar over drugs in the NBA is less about morality than it is about commerce. The media makes tremendous money publicizing, analyzing, and criticizing professional sports, and if the product is tarnished so are the profits. Scandal is good to a degree—it sells newspapers—but there is the constant pressure to maintain the image of cleanliness and not upset the dollar figures. There is also the element of gambling—no doubt about it, millions of dollars are bet annually on pro sports—and an athlete on drugs is more difficult to gauge and make a successful cash determination on than a straight one.

I don't really care who's doing drugs in the NBA as long as the scene isn't adversely affecting my team and teammates. I've known enough drug users—going as far back as grade school and the streets of New York—not to view them as pariahs or lost souls. I've certainly smoked more than my quota of weed. For a while there at U.C.L.A., I didn't want to hang out with anyone who didn't smoke reefer, but that was as parochial a view of the world as any uptight anti-doper's, and I got over it pretty quickly.

Hard drugs are another story. I've seen friends have their lives destroyed, some die of OD's. Got to stay away from things that will kill you. Once, in college, I snorted some heroin. I threw up, and the next day I was sick. That was the end of that.

Serious drug use, whether it's pot, cocaine, amphetamines, or heroin, will wrestle with your conditioning. Pro basketball demands a physical discipline that is a lot greater than the casual "being in shape." The game itself is grueling, full-tilt exertion for two hours or more, back-and-forth nonstop action. Five minutes up and down the floor at a professional pace is enough to put away most weekend athletes. Then the travel schedule, constant time-zone changes, cramped airplane rides, interrupted sleep, and insistent social temptations all work against your getting any rest. Physical conditioning is an absolute necessity. Habitual drug users have a hard time in the NBA. Most burn out in a year or two.

What happens is that a body coming out of school, likely as not having been less than affluent most of his life, all of a sudden has all this new money to play with and a lifetime of back-

> The uproar over drugs in the NBA is less about morality than it is about commerce. Millions of dollars are bet annually on pro sports—and an athlete on drugs is more difficult to gauge than a straight one.

logged temptation to spend it on. Marijuana is something college kids can afford; cocaine is much more expensive and harder to find. Now, with the financial wherewithal and the easy connection, it's all available and hard to resist. The guys who have trouble are the ones who say, "I can handle it." Before, they were spending twenty bucks on some grass; now they're blowing thousands on coke. It's a seductive scene, and they are able to go as far as they want—and before they know it they're way past their ability to exercise some discipline.

Most of the NBA drug-taking is recreational. Players are under pressure to perform by management, the fans, their peers, and themselves. Relaxation is a necessity, and drugs help that right along. Most guys can take it, having developed the ability to withstand and even channel the pressure to their benefit, the same way they developed their inside moves. A truly complete ballplayer learns to play the NBA as well as to play the ball game. An extended career, free of injury or setbacks, is one long contest. You don't want to foul out.

You do learn to be careful.

Nobody wants to get caught with drugs. I saw one joint clear out an entire locker room. This big, tightly packed cigarette fell out of someone's pocket after a game one night and rolled to the center of the floor. Seemed like everybody saw it at once, because all of a sudden guys were grabbing their clothes, pulling at their overnight bags, bundling everything they had to have, and hightailing it out of there as if the room were on fire. Some of the guys were half-naked. In fifteen seconds the place was empty. Sooner or later somebody must have picked it up, but it wasn't a pro ballplayer.

Drugs were a problem long before the NBA started to do something about it. The league office used to send around some doctor from Johns Hopkins to warn us about possible effects, but they didn't really want to know about it. As long as no scandal hit the news, everybody was happy. Meanwhile, there was one player totally strung out, shooting heroin, drinking a bottle of Karo syrup a day, stealing jewelry from guys on his team to buy drugs. He's at this meeting, nodding, and the doctor is droning: "If any of you have some problems, I'm at University Hospital. . . . " The guy was a joke.

There have been cases made public involving NBA players and their problems with drugs. Bernard King and Eddie Johnson had the courage to deal with it out in the open, which I admire. I've seen, firsthand, out-of-control drug use involving my teammates, and it's never easy.

One teammate almost decimated our team. He was doing freebase (cocaine cooked with ether to refine it to its most potent elements, and then smoked), and he went down the squad from one man to another, trying to get a bunch of them to join him. Some were tempted, but other people pulled their coattails, and ultimately he was left alone. He started going through severe, crazy personality changes: wildness, paranoia. Kept talking about how nobody liked him, how the coach was a liar. Everybody knew something was up but nobody felt it was his place to say anything to him. He was freebasing all the time, and his conditioning went all to hell. Ultimately, he became an undeniable detriment to the team, and although he had once been an excellent player, they had to let him go. He was hurt and angry and outraged, the way dopers are when they can't deal with reality, but something must have registered. It took him several years, but he finally did straighten out.

I got involved with cocaine between college and the pros, but not for long. What turned me off was a minor brush with death. A friend and I went out driving, and were about to get on the Major Deegan Expressway in the Bronx. We had been snorting some stuff, and I was behind the wheel, whipping in and out of traffic, playing Mario Andretti, shouting at drivers, looking for a blood challenge on the road. I had been drag racing to the On Ramp when my steering column froze. Doing forty miles an hour, the car hopped the curb, just missed a lamp pillar, spun totally around twice in the grass, and came to a halt. Nobody was hurt; the worst thing that happened was that the tires got muddy, but I knew that this would never have happened if I hadn't been high, and I didn't want to blow my pro career, not to mention my life, on a drug that could get me so crazy—no matter how good it felt at the time.

I was approached about freebasing the year I got back to L.A. in the pros. There was a whole ritual involved: You not only got high, you got a floor show. A special guy would invite a select and extremely hip blend of celebrities, power brokers, and entourage to his house for their initiation. The cooking process was a secret—they'd whip that up in the kitchen—but first you'd give them money for a gram of cocaine. They'd disappear, then re-emerge with your smoke. There was something very wrong here, from the hushed hipness of the whole deal to the fact that they could be keeping half of your coke and you'd never know about it. I knew right away that this was not the way I wanted to be spending my time. There was a deferential silence: *This stuff has never failed; here's another fish on the line.* They were waiting for me to go for my wallet and put all this money on the table, but I grabbed my keys and left. And stayed gone. And have been very glad I did.

Freebasing is a whole culture. Richard Pryor can tell you about it. It will keep you inside for days. Big guys, seven-foot NBA centers, fall over in a heap after a couple of hours, and you need to call the AAA and a tow truck to cart them away.

Freebasing is developing its own terminology. One of my teammates was "Count Basie." Mostly it's called "baseball." Lots of jokes. One guy in the league is nicknamed Chico Esquela because "baseball been very, very good to him." They call one particularly heavy user Bowie Kuhn, because he was the "commissioner" of baseball.

It's a coed sport. I was on the road, and I saw this woman after the game. She was tall, gorgeous, with the right curves in the right places. We made some eye contact, exchanged a few words, nothing serious. She called me later at the hotel.

"What you playing tonight?" she asked me.

"I'm not playing."

"Want to go a few innings?"

"A few innings of what?" I said.

She purred, "I know you play basketball, but I hear you like . . . baseball."

"Sorry, baby, I'm not ready to play baseball."

She wouldn't believe me. "What's the matter, honey, afraid you're going to strike out?" Made it seem that I wasn't man enough to do some base with her. I let her slide. People who play "baseball" are losers. I play to win.

The country's finest skiers battle the stopwatch to win the first annual Penthouse Grand Prix.

THE RACER'S EDGE

BY ANDY STONE

Side by side, two skiers move to the starting gate. They set their ski poles firmly into the icy surface and crouch low, peering down the two parallel slalom courses that snake down the hill—twin mazes of poles and flags—and disappear over a knoll where the hill drops steeply toward the finish. A light snow is falling.

Coiled, ready to spring, the skiers grip their poles, take a few sharp breaths, and . . .

They lunge forward, pushing toward the first gate, snow spraying from the edges of

their skis. The crowd is cheering, the seconds—split into fleeting hundredths—fly on the electronic timers, and the National Finals of the 1983 Penthouse Grand Prix are under way.

It was late March, and the bars and restaurants, streets and ski runs of Vail, Colo., were filled with late-season tourists and college students on spring break.

But on the Gold Peak slalom hill, twenty of the country's hottest amateur racers were concentrating on serious business: finding out just who among all these hotshots was the hottest—who could hit the gates the hardest, hold the tightest line, and be fastest to the finish.

It had taken three months of competition at ski areas all across America to select the ten men and ten women who were racing at Gold Peak today. There had been ten Grand Prix Challenge Rounds at some of the country's best ski mountains. Two thousand racers had competed, and now the men and women who had won the Challenge Rounds were here in Vail to race for the National Championships.

To pick one at random, there was Traci Nelson, a veteran of both the U.S. Ski Team Talent Squad and the Women's Professional Ski Racing Tour. At Hunter Mountain, N.Y., where she qualified for her free trip to the Vail finals, she not only won the women's race but also damn near won the men's race.

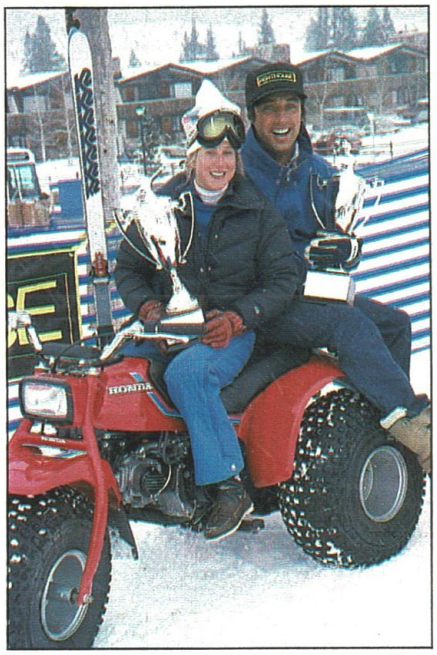
The field on Gold Peak had a number of other contenders for the U.S. Ski Team and a few who'd raced professionally. A solid majority made their living on skis, by coaching other racers. These folks were serious, dedicated racers, but they were also a little too experienced and a little too wise to ruin a good time by taking themselves *too* seriously.

Ask Jeff Nichols—who coaches racers at Stowe, Vt., and Zermatt, Switzerland—why he entered the competition and he laughs. "The girls," he says. "The Penthouse Pets. I've always wanted to meet them. How could I resist?"

Or talk to Scott Nichols (no relation to Jeff), who won the qualifying race at Aspen Highlands in Aspen, Colo. At a reception for the racers the night before the main event, Scott downs a series of drinks and says, "I always race better with a hangover. Good drinks and good sex, that's how I train." He smiles at the beautiful woman by his side.

And there's Susan Leonard, from Sugarloaf, Maine, who says she takes her racing seriously, by God. "I really train for a big race," she explains. "I stay home at night. I go to bed early. I don't go out and get drunk. I eat all the right foods. Of course," she adds, "that's only for one night—the night before the race."

Recognizing a good thing when they saw it, eleven ski areas signed on to hold races immediately after plans for the Grand Prix were announced. American Honda, Casio, Chivas Regal, Lucky Strikes, and Panasonic jumped in as sponsors of one or more of the Challenge Rounds—with the winners carrying their sponsors' colors into the finals at Vail.



The 1983 Penthouse Grand Prix winners, Sharon Foss and Luther Tatje, on the Honda ATC.

Then came some allure for the racers themselves—and that's "allure" spelled l-o-o-t. Porsche+Audi chipped in a $40,000 Audi Quattro, one of the hottest cars in the world, as a sweepstakes prize, with every racer from all the Challenge Rounds entered in the drawing. Honda put up a pair of their sporty ATC three-wheelers for the two National Champions. Challenge Round prizes came from Nordica boots, Gaechter-Haber skiwear, Lacroix skis, Look bindings, and Bollé sunglasses and goggles.

The final ingredients were the two resident pros, Richie Woodworth and Jim "Moose" Barrows, two of the finest ski racers the United States has ever produced. Richie and Moose took turns running pre-race clinics at each of the Grand Prix events and gave advice to racers of every ability. Novices got tips on making it down the course in one piece, and experts got hints on saving those vital hundredths of a second on the way to the finish.

At the first Lucky Strikes Again Challenge Round, at Sugarloaf, the race's limit of 200 entrants was reached almost immediately and a crowd of would-be racers had to be turned away. No one could believe it, particularly the professionals. "I remember," says Richie Woodworth, "when they told me at the beginning of the series that they were hoping for 200 people in each race. I figured, 'No way.' I've never seen races draw that many people. But they got 200 at Sugarloaf and they got them for every race after that. The field always filled up almost as soon as they opened registration."

Race after race, the tour rolled on and skiers turned out. After Sugarloaf, it was on to Indianhead, Mich., for another Lucky Strikes Again event. Then it was Hunter Mountain for a Honda Challenge Round, followed by Elk Mountain, Pa. (Lucky Strikes Again), where a determined racer named Mike McGlynn claimed victory. Mike had raced at Hunter and lost, but rather than accept defeat, he drove west to Elk Mountain, spent the night in the backseat of his car, and won the next day.

The tour headed to the Rocky Mountains for another Honda Challenge Round, this time at Aspen Highlands, where the field included a racer in a gorilla suit, racers in Hawaiian shirts and shorts, racers doing complicated turns on cross-country skis, racers who used to compete on the pro circuit, and racers like our friend Scott Nichols, who won the race on the strength of his special training regimen of strong drink and good sex.

The next race, sponsored by Panasonic at Steamboat Springs, was held at night under the lights on Howelson Hill. Winter Park, Colo., followed, with a Chivas Regal race that was blessed by warm sunshine and some of the hottest competition of the entire series. Then it was back east to Hunter for the Casio race, a replacement for the rained-out Snow Valley, Calif., race. Squaw Valley was next. There, the same set of storms threatened to "snow out" the scheduled Chivas Regal Challenge Round. But, despite avalanche warnings for the mountain on which the race was held, the event came off exactly as planned, and circled back to New England, to wind up at one of the granddaddies of American ski resorts, Stowe.

And then—two thousand skiers after it all began—it was time for twenty of the fastest amateur skiers in the country to head for Vail and the National Finals.

March 25, the day of the finals, dawned cold and gray. It had snowed the night before and was still snowing lightly that morning, but the racers—adrenaline flowing—were eager to get up on the mountain and find out, for once and for all, just who was fastest.

The rules were simple. Every racer got a run on each of the two parallel courses. The four fastest men and four fastest women went to the semifinals. Then, two men and two women moved into the finals, where the Men's and Women's National Champions would be decided.

The racing begins, and it's ladies first. Sharon Foss, racing for Chivas Regal, opens the day with a blistering run of 31.49 seconds. Racer after racer takes a crack at her time and no one can beat it until Toni Leuthold, another Chivas Regal racer, posts a 31.21. The women switch courses and run again. Ames Chandler, representing Panasonic, puts a 31.46 on the board and then Traci Nelson, winner of the Honda Challenge—who was well off the pace on her first run—blasts down the course with the fastest time of the opening round, 30.92.

The men are next, and they're at least

PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 146-147 BY LANCE JEFFREY/SPORTS PHOTO FILE

RED HOT

A Technical Knockout.
The minute you put your foot into the Trident you'll understand why Nordica is the hottest ski boot in the world.
The Secret? Innovative technology and fifty-seven years of experience in building ski boots that are comfortable.

The State of the Art.
The Trident is so advanced that no other boot today can duplicate its technology—or its comfort.
Its ***2 oz. on board air system*** and incredibly soft flex create a foot environment that makes skiing the whole mountain possible and pleasurable.

The Boot Fits.
With Nordica you don't have to settle for gimmicks to cover up for sizing limitations. The Trident comes in twenty-one different sizes for men and eleven for women.

Put our Technology to the Test.
To find the leading edge in technology go to your nearest Nordica Pro Shop and try on a pair of Tridents. The minute you do you'll know why we outsell the competition three to one.

© 1982 NORDICA U.S.A.

PUT US TO THE TEST.

NORDICA
#1 BY DESIGN.

as intense as the ladies. Mike Kerton, a Chivas Regal racer, and John Lafler, racing for Panasonic, are the first pair of racers, and they both hit the finish line in less than thirty seconds. John's time of 29.54 turns out to be just fast enough to qualify for the semifinals. Jeff Nichols, racing for Lucky Strikes Again, joins John in the semifinals by finishing with a 29.49. A few moments later, Honda racer Scott Nichols qualifies for the semis by posting the fastest run of the opening round, 29.21. Luther Tatje, racing for Chivas Regal, rounds out the group with a 29.29.

As the women enter the staging area for their second run, Sharon Foss and Toni Leuthold exchange a few tense words of encouragement. Then they're off. It's Sharon against Traci, and Sharon's first to the finish, in 30.80 seconds. Then, Ames Chandler beats Toni Leuthold, with a time of 30.88. That makes it Ames against Sharon in the final round: Panasonic against Chivas Regal.

In the men's semis, Luther Tatje flies through the course on his first run, posting the best time of the day so far: 29.13. No one else has even come close. Scott Nichols posts a 29.55 and joins Luther in the Chivas Regal–versus–Honda finals.

With the championships on the line, it's time to go all out. In the women's first run, Sharon beats Ames to the finish by almost a full second, 30.94 to 31.90. They switch courses and Ames is closer this time, but not nearly fast enough. Sharon Foss, a twenty-four-year-old Seattle native who coaches ski racing at Squaw Valley, is the Penthouse Grand Prix National Women's Champion.

The men's final follows nearly the same script. Luther Tatje, who admits later that he hasn't skied in two weeks—he had been fishing in Florida—beats Scott Nichols twice in the finals. He takes the first run by a narrow margin and then returns to blow Scott right off the course on their second run, flying through the gates, breaking the day's record, which he'd set, with a twenty-nine-second run. Sponsoring Foss and Tatje, Chivas Regal is the toast of the Penthouse Grand Prix.

In the finish area, a disappointed Scott Nichols stands with an arm around the same beautiful woman he'd been with the night before. "I don't know, I guess I didn't drink enough last night," he says, giving her a squeeze.

There's a barbecue and plenty of beer at the Grand Prix's final party. The drawing is held, and the unsuspecting James R. Davenport, twenty-five, of Blakeslee, Pa., wins the five-speed, turbocharged Audi Quattro. Sharon and Luther are awarded their Honda ATCs and, as it begins to snow even harder, everyone heads back to the lodges to get ready for a night on the town.

The Penthouse Grand Prix is over. But it certainly isn't forgotten. For those who won, there are the prizes. For those who lost, there are the memories.

For Richie Woodworth, the Series' pro, a man who's raced and won and made friends all around the world, one incident was particularly memorable. "There was this guy at Stowe," he says, "—one of the last racers on the course. It was raining and he was soaking wet and splattered with ice. The course was really rough by then and, to tell the truth, this guy really wasn't a very good skier. But he was out there and he was fighting his way down the course, through the rain and the ruts. And he had this look on his face, this look of total determination. I remember thinking we really ought to give him a prize for that, for just being out there and going for it. Because that's what it was all about. Really, that's the best part of it all."

1984 PENTHOUSE GRAND PRIX

The following is a tentative schedule for the 1984 Penthouse Grand Prix. This year's sponsors include Casio, Chivas Regal, Grölsch Holland Beer, Jōvan, Lucky Strike Filters, Norelco, and Panasonic. Two 1984 Toyota Tercels will be given away in this year's sweepstakes, open to all participants. Prizes will come from American Honda, Ellese skiwear, Head skis, Look bindings, and Nordica boots. For more information, call Woodworth Promotional Events at 802-228-5436.

LOCATION	*DATE*
Mount Snow, Vt.	January 8
Vernon Valley, N.J.	January 15
Waterville Valley, N.H	January 22
Killington, Vt.	January 29
Vail, Colo.	February 2
Aspen, Colo. (Buttermilk)	February 5
Steamboat, Colo.	February 9
Winter Park, Colo.	February 12
Breckenridge, Colo.	February 19
Hunter Mountain, N.Y.	February 26
Stowe, Vt.	March 4
Squaw Valley, Calif.	March 10
Snow Summit, Calif.	March 18
Mammoth Mountain, Calif.	March 24
Snowmass Village, Colo. (finals)	April 8

THE SKIN GAME

In winter, your skin is under constant assault. Freezing temperatures chap and dry out your hands and face. At home or in the office, heated air dehydrates the atmosphere to desertlike aridity.

During a ski weekend, the wind on the slopes may cause mild frostbite or serious chapping, while the sun reflecting off the snow can cause serious sunburn. Winter should be more fun than that. But with dry air around you all the time, there is no way to prevent moisture from evaporating from your skin. Dryness can cause anything from itching and flaking to the annoyance of recurring nosebleeds.

The first step in winterizing your skin is to use a quality moisturizing lotion for your hands, face, and body. Exposed areas—the face and hands—should receive regular, liberal applications of moisturizer throughout the winter, or when spending a lot of time outdoors. Unexposed skin should be treated with a good moisturizing lotion once or twice a week.

Skin should be clean and slightly damp before applying a moisturizer. The best time to put it on is after showering. Dry off slightly, and work the lotion into the skin, using the dampness as a thinning agent.

After you shave, rinse off the remaining soap or shaving cream and apply your after-shave, if you use one. Then rub the moisturizing lotion in lightly and quickly. Take off any residue by wiping lightly with a tissue or washcloth.

The water in the lotion can freeze on the skin when it hits cold air, so it's a good idea to apply it at least a half hour before going out. And lotion will be more effective if you wait till the skin warms up a bit after you come in from the cold to apply it .

Just about all lines of men's grooming products include moisturizers. Aramis 900, Clinique Skin Supplies, Club Cardin, and MEM offer good, pleasingly scented moisturizing lotions. You can even moisturize while you shave with Skin Control Systems' Vitalizing shave cream.

When looking for a moisture lotion you should be acquainted with certain terms. "Emollients," which are moisturizers, contain water and penetrate the skin and plump up the cells with nourishing moisture. "Collagen" is a fad ingredient that does nothing to moisturize or nourish the skin—it is protein that remains on the surface. Skin can obtain protein only through diet, not absorption. Aloe is currently in vogue and has a remarkable healing quality, which makes it useful for chapped skin, razor nicks, and sunburn.

Night creams are new to the men's-grooming world, and if your skin is extremely dry in winter, they are a good bet. These and eye creams are thicker than moisturizers and work while you sleep. In the morning, wash them off thoroughly with soap and water or use an astringent. Eye creams should be used because the area around the eyes doesn't secrete much natural protection.

Winter joggers unknowingly expend a

Whatever enhances the holiday spirit! Whether you mix Seagram's 7 with eggnog, or your favorite mixer, it'll get your holidays stirring. So mix in good cheer... and good sense. With the gift that's always in good taste—Seagram's 7.

Nothing was stirring but Seagram's Seven and...

GIFT-PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST.

© 1983. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

good deal of their bodies' moisture. The best way for them to replace water is to drink it. But the runner's feet should also receive special regular attention with a heavy-duty moisturizer to prevent leather-like skin patches, cracked skin, and cuticle buildup.

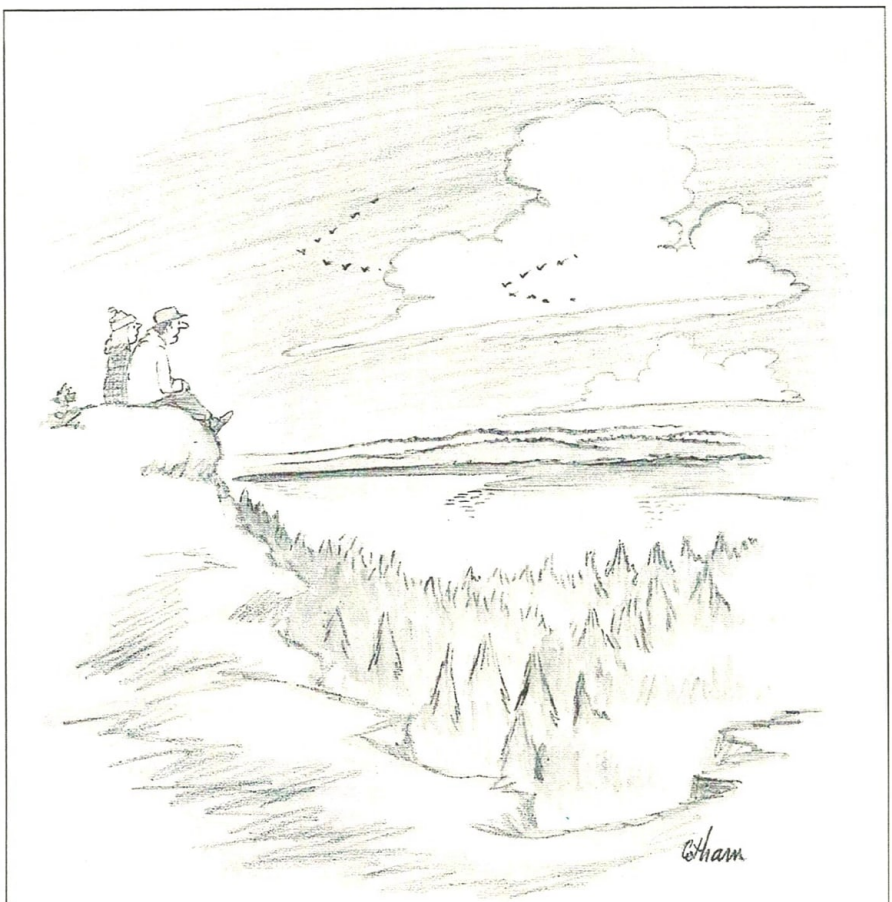
Skiers have special problems that can go way past simple dryness into actual permanent skin damage. Reflected sunlight can cause toughening of the skin, loss of resiliency, and cell dehydration. Always use a sun block. Even brief exposure to brilliant sunlight can cause skin damage. If you want to tan on the slopes, do it safely by using a sun block appropriate for the way your skin reacts to the sun.

Moisturizers protect the skin, but some dead skin cells will always be present and can leave your skin with a sallow, dull cast. Scruffing lotions and granular scrubs are a good way to remove these dead flakes gently, restoring a healthy luster to the skin. Granular scrubs should not be used on skin that is sunburned, windburned, chapped, or particularly sensitive to abrasion. Toners also remove dead cells, giving skin a better, more youthful appearance. They encourage blood circulation, which improves skin tone and tightens pores for a more even texture and better elasticity. Tightened pores will also resist clogging, which can lead to blackheads and whiteheads.

Diet and water consumption does have an effect on the skin and its ability to withstand the ravages of winter. The rule of thumb is to drink a quart of water a day.

Certain vitamins perform specific functions beneficial to your skin's health. Vitamins A and D are good for general skin condition. The B vitamins offset the effects of alcohol and tobacco and nourish the skin. Vitamin C and rutin (vitamin C2, found in rosehips and citric-acid pulp) strengthen skin-cell walls and reinforce the "glue" that binds cells together, thus improving the skin's resiliency and tone. Vitamin E taken internally helps the skin replenish itself. Protein aids the body in replacing cells as they die, but you receive none of its benefits from topical application. You have to eat the stuff to mine its benefits.

Most of skin care is simple common sense. If you take care of your skin when young, using moisturizers regularly and avoiding sun damage along the way, you'll be able to maintain a more youthful look when the years pile up behind you. In business as well as in social situations, even though age may be respected, a youthful look "for your age" is still the best playing card.—George Mazzei



"I guess that's the basic difference between us, Mary Ann. You come here because you love the outdoors, and I come here because I hate people."

GEARING UP FOR 1984

New technology in ski gear is making state-of-the-art equipment available to everyone—be they Olympic contenders or weekend fans. Everything is safer, faster, lighter, or warmer than ever.

To begin with, skis are now lighter and more flexible. Also, many of the new skis are designed to be appropriate as skill increases, eliminating the need to upgrade.

Head's 4.0 skis are great for quick learners eager to ski at intermediate speeds with maximum turning control. The 4.0 is very light and great on any terrain ($230). Another ski that is perfect for developing proficiency on the slopes is K2's 345RI. It has a light foam core with special side cut (the gradual tapering from tip to boot). The 345RI facilitates smoother, easier turning and better hold on ice ($198).

For those who are not concerned about growing into their equipment and simply want the best, Rossignol offers top-of-the-line exclusivity with the Carbon K. Only 1,000 are being made, and the most advanced materials are used to maximize their individual advantages. The Carbon K is designed for optimum performance in all conditions, terrains, and speeds ($500, including ski bag). Talking about specialized features is an understatement when it comes to Lacroix's "Le Premier Ski," which is custom-made by hand using techniques that are strictly confidential ($1,000).

A boot should be comfortable, but the way in which it transmits leg and foot movements to the ski is crucial. The more exact the fit, the quicker and more responsive the ski will be. On easier slopes, at slower speeds, a less-than-perfect fit may not be noticed and probably won't affect skiing. But on more advanced slopes, at faster speeds, the loss of a fraction of a second could mean disaster.

The rear-entry boot is one solution. This type of boot provides an allover snugness with fewer pressure points than the conventional front-entry boot. Nordica is introducing a rear-entry boot for intermediate and advanced skiers that features a dial-tensioned cable to hold the foot in place (NS 770, $235) and a racing boot that has an adjustable foot bed for varying ankle positions (NR 970, $300). For the weekend skier, Salomon offers an affordable rear-entry boot, the SX50 ($100).

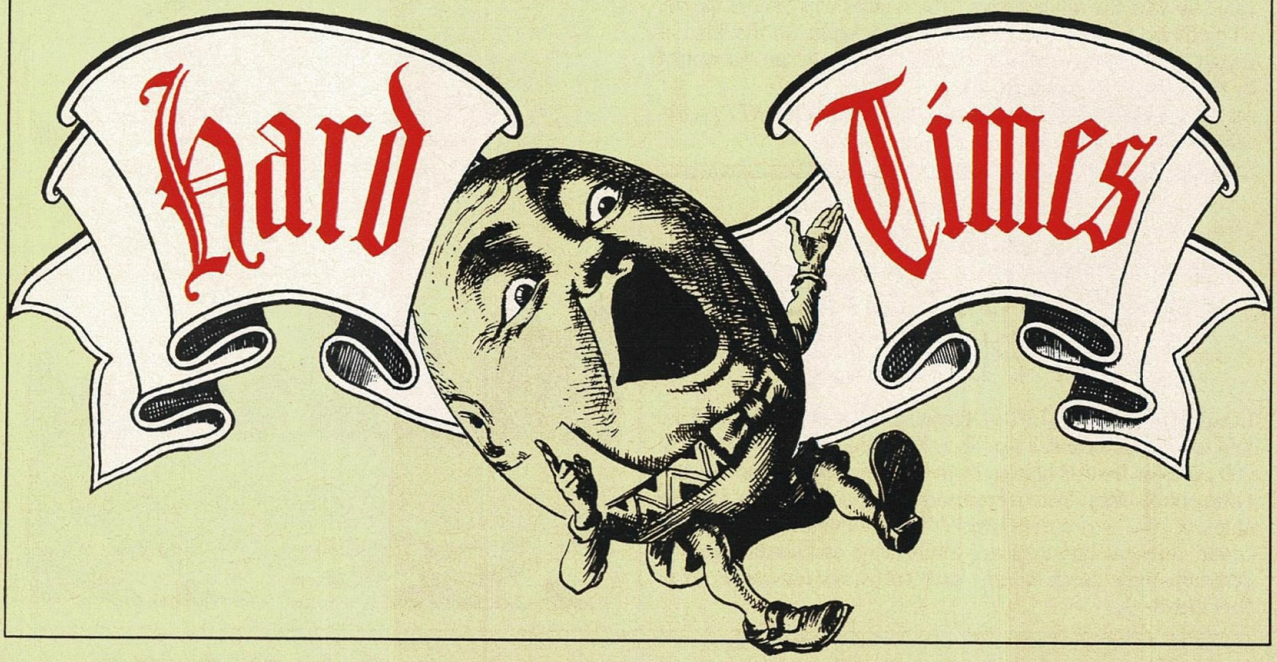
The rear-entry boot is not the only new development for this season. Lange is introducing the "Thermofit" system. When you're fitted for the boot, a built-in electrical heating element is activated, warming the boot's inner layers. The skier steps

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

EXTRA

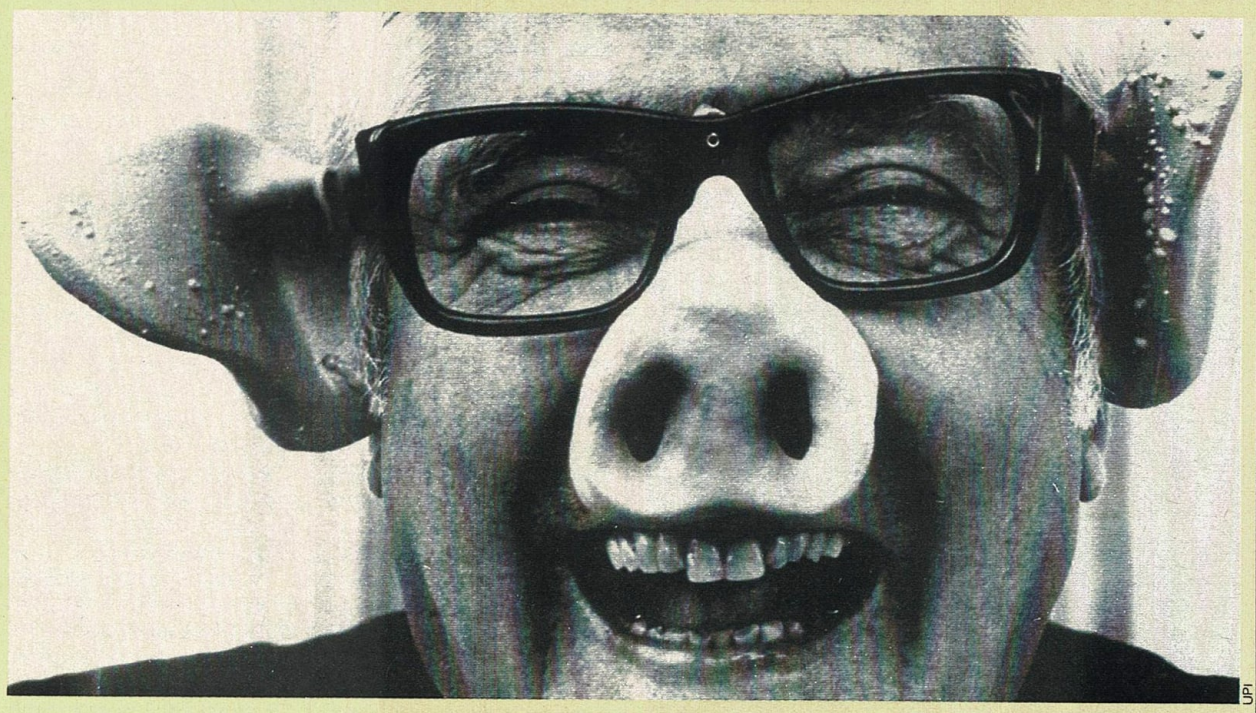
A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 2, NO. 12

WHAT A PORKER!



Rep. Silvio Conte (R-Mass.) sports a pink rubber pig mask in the House press gallery to indicate what he thinks of a $119-million spending bill for 43 new water-development projects. The House rejected his argument that the measure was an example of "pork-barrel" spending and passed it. (*Newsday*)
You can never really get Congress over a barrel.–Editor

SHE REALLY TAKES THE CAKE

When radio station KFI in California wanted to celebrate its 61st anniversary in a big way, it offered $10,000 to the person who came up with the wildest stunt. The winner was Sandra Doyle, who offered to parachute into a 300-pound cake for that kind of dough. Her landing was right on target. (*Paducah Sun*–submitted by Norine Nelson, Paducah, Ky.)

Ms. Doyle is now in training to land on a cupcake for KFI's sixty-second anniversary.–Editor

WIDE WORLD

GUN FIRES CHICKENS AT PLANES

Langley, Va., June 8 (UPI)–Officials at Langley Air Force Base said today that a cannon that hurls dead chickens at airplanes at 700 miles an hour is helping to reduce accidents caused by jets hitting birds. Maj. Dennis Funnenmark said the device, called a chicken gun, was a converted 20-foot cannon that shoots 4-pound chickens into engines, windshields and landing gear to determine how much damage such collisions can cause. (*New York Times*)

SHE SLEPT WITH 40 CORPSES

"I'm a morgue rat..." wrote pretty, 23-year-old Karen Greenlee shortly before it was discovered she had made love to as many as 40 corpses while working in a mortuary.

The slender brunette divorceé admitted to a shocked courtroom that she was a necrophiliac who slipped into the mortuary at night from her upstairs apartment, stripped off her clothes, and climbed into coffins to make love to the dead.

Karen's dark obsession came to light after she fell in love with the body of 33-year-old John Mercure. She was arrested when she stole the corpse from the Sacramento Memorial Lawn mortuary where she worked and drove in a hearse to the California mountains to make love to the body.

GARY GILLIS

A day later police found Karen naked in the back of the hearse with Mercure's coffin open. She told authorities she intended to stay with her dead lover "until the body got so ripe, she couldn't stand it."

Karen paid a $225 fine and spent 11 days in jail for interference with a burial. But her grim admissions came in the jury trial of a $1 million lawsuit filed against her and the funeral home by Mercure's mother, Marian Gonzales.

She sat drawn and tense on the witness stand, dressed in a conservative pinstriped jacket, and confessed that she was the author of a damning letter police found in the hearse.

In the shocking document Karen tells of her overpowering desires to make love with the dead.

"It was about 2 A.M. when I went down the squeaky stairs to [a man's corpse], she wrote. "Well, I checked out his stomach. He turned me on. I kissed him on the mouth and felt a big rush of emotion. Pain, loneliness, guilt, fear and discomfort.

"I cried a bit, and then I made love to his corpse," Karen continued. "About 5 A.M., I went back upstairs.

"Why do I do it?" she wrote. "Why? Why? Fear of love, relationships. Hurt in the past. No romance ever hurt like this. It's not much fun to look into the eyes of a young widow [after] making it with her loved one. It's the pits. I'm a morgue rat. This is my rat hole, perhaps my grave. You see, I died Oct. 30, 1979. I just haven't stopped moving yet. My spirit is dead."

Karen's macabre confession indicates that others at the mortuary knew of her love affairs with the dead.

"I believe some here know of my problems," she said. "It has been mentioned to a degree. In fact, one even knocks on the prep room door now. Says he doesn't want to catch me...I don't want to cover up." (*Weekly World News*)

We wish she would.–Editor

THE BREAKFAST CEREAL WITH SOMETHING EXTRA

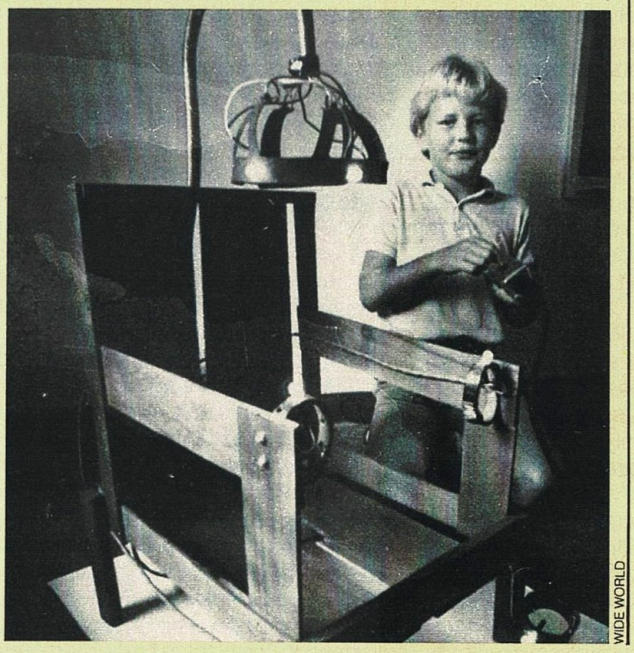
Ten-year-old Todd Harmeyer almost started his day with the breakfast of champions. According to police reports, he discovered marijuana seeds in his Kellogg's Frosted Mini-Wheats. "I thought they were mice poop," said Todd. "I'll stick with cornflakes." (*Parkersburg News*–submitted by Byron Day, Parkersburg, W. Va.)

Seems like they're having a high time on the assembly line at Battle Creek.–Editor

Progressive Education

Stan Cox of Valdosta, Georgia, won an award for most creative school project with his homemade electric chair. He claimed that he got the idea when a convicted murderer was electrocuted in Alabama. Although the model electric chair won't kill anybody, it does light up realistically. The 10-year-old used an old belt to make the leg and arm cuffs and fashioned the headpiece from a baseball cap. The lethal implication of his school project didn't bother Stan: he's a believer in capital punishment. (*Atlanta Constitution*–submitted by Lane Randall, Norcross, Ga.)

Next month: a class field trip to death row.–Editor



WIDE WORLD

UPI

CITY FATHER BECOMES CITY MOTHER

The former Robert Sylvester, onetime president of the St. Paul City Council and a financial analyst, felt that there was something missing in his life–or perhaps there was something extra that he didn't want. So Sylvester gave up power, a six-figure income and marriage to live quietly in a house with a pink bedroom and several cats–as the new Susan Kimberly. Susan had been taking female hormones, and plans to have surgery to become an anatomically correct woman. Friends, employees, his ex-wife and the mayor of St. Paul attended a ceremony to mark the arrival of Susan Kimberly, age 40. (*Sacramento Bee*–submitted by Raymond Osborne, Represa, Calif.)

Just in time for a mid-life crisis.–Editor

UPI

CORRECTION

In the "Hard Times" of our October 1983 issue, we incorrectly reported the plea entered by Mr. and Mrs. Benton, of Sacramento. They pleaded "nolo contendere" (no contest) to prostitution charges stemming from their operation of a "sex dungeon." –Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

BIG BROTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

recommendations have been almost completely ignored by both the government and the private sector. Existing federal laws—the Privacy Act of 1974, the Fair Credit Reporting Act of 1970, the Tax Reform Act of 1978, and others—provide only limited protection. Most of the larger questions of privacy are left open to flexible interpretation, especially by federal agencies.

The Privacy Act of 1974, introduced by Sen. Sam Ervin, Democrat of North Carolina, was passed amid a flurry of public concern about government abuses that came to light during the Watergate hearings. The act set limits on the sharing of data among federal agencies. But the bill is worded so as to make it extremely easy for agency directors to bypass these limits legally. Privacy experts regard the bill as "toothless."

"We don't have a good concept of privacy in America," says Professor David Linowes, chairman of the Privacy Protection Study Commission. "During the commission, we kept looking for a good definition and ended up with what Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart had said about obscenity: 'I can't define it, but I'll know it when I see it.' "

Linowes is concerned that rapid technological advances further complicate the privacy question.

"Technology is way ahead of social mores and values," he says. "We have no way to deal with these systems and their capacities. We haven't yet developed morals for the computer age."

Technology amplifies the power of large organizations to collect, store, and exchange information, but it is people who ultimately will misuse or abuse computer-stored data. Says Robert H. Courtney, a former director of data security and privacy at IBM, "Clerks and operational and administrative people who have access to terminals are those who are most likely to steal data, misuse it, or sell it. If you want the information in a fellow's bank account, all you need is access to a bank employee with authorization to use the bank's computers."

But abuses such as these are relatively minor compared with the vast possibilities for abuse when information collected for one purpose, like IRS tax data, can be obtained by an agency such as the Selective Service for an entirely different use. A request for information to locate unregistered men of draft age was made of the IRS by the Selective Service in the spring of 1982. Technically, an exchange like this is prohibited by the Privacy Act of 1974, and in this case the IRS refused to hand over the data. Instead, it mailed notices itself to the target group of young men in its files, warning them to register for the draft. But had the IRS wanted to do the opposite, only a strong congressional outcry or court action might have stopped them. In fact, the departments of motor vehicles of all states except Montana, Hawaii, and Kansas handed the same information over to the Selective Service without a squawk.

The Privacy Act applies only to federal agencies. It forbids secret personal-data-keeping systems, and it permits citizens to see and copy any information on them in any federal files. It allows them to correct errors. It limits the type of information an agency can collect and the methods it can use. It limits also the internal uses of information and the disclosures of this information to outside individuals or organizations. It requires "reasonable and proper" information-management policies by federal agencies, and makes all agencies accountable for their information policies.

In practice, this turns out to be an exercise in theory only. The act also contains provisions that permit federal agencies, especially law-enforcement agencies, to circumvent almost all the limits. The report

> An internal domestic passport is inherently repugnant to Americans, but it may well become a reality.

of the Privacy Protection Study Commission observes that "while the Act takes an important step in establishing a framework by which an individual may obtain and question the contents of his record, it does *not* purport to establish *ethical standards* or set limits to the collection and use of certain types of information. Without such standards, however, the principal threat of proliferating record systems is not addressed. Nowhere . . . does the Act address the question of who is to decide what and how information is to be collected, and how it may be used" (emphasis added).

In other words, the Privacy Act affords virtually no privacy at all. As John Shattuck, director of the Washington, D.C., office of the American Civil Liberties Union, says bluntly, "It is totally unenforceable."

This concern is shared by Rep. Glenn English, Democrat of Oklahoma, chairman of the House Information and Individual Rights Subcommittee. In June 1983, his subcommittee held hearings to assess the state of the Privacy Act. English, John Shattuck, Ronald L. Plesser, ex–general counsel to the Privacy Protection Study Commission, and other experts affirmed the act's near-uselessness. English called for the establishment of a permanent federal privacy-protection board.

Beyond the weak walls of the Privacy Act, federal agencies have almost unlimited access to records held by third parties. According to a 1976 Supreme Court decision, records held by someone else are not yours, and so are not covered by the Fourth Amendment. They belong to the individual or organization—your insurance company, hospital, employer, and bank—that keeps them, and you basically have no say over what is done with them. There are some very limited protections under laws such as the Tax Reform Act of 1976, which requires the IRS to get a summons if it wants to see your bank records, credit, employment, or other files, and to give you notice of this. The act also offers you a chance to contest the request in court. But these limits apply only to the IRS, not to the FBI or any other federal agency. In 1978, Congress passed a law requiring any federal agency seeking bank or credit-company records to notify the individual whose records it wants to examine. But this applies only to financial records, not to medical, insurance, employment, or other records. In sum, this means that any federal agency except the IRS can have any records about you, but your bank records, without notifying you. And the provisions protecting your bank records can be waived under extenuating circumstances.

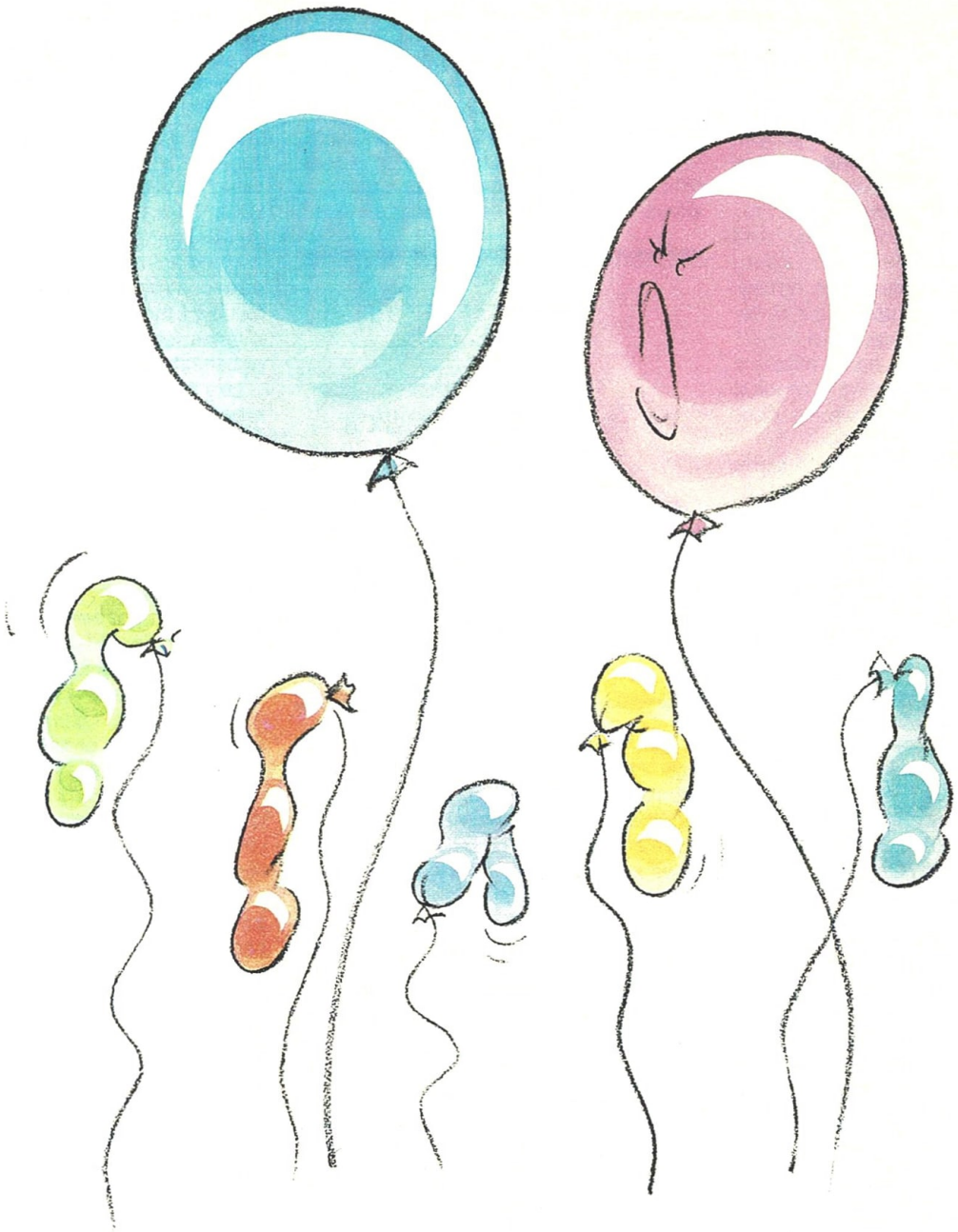
The prospects are even more disturbing when federal agencies and private data banks willingly share information. In September 1983, the IRS announced that it will begin using computerized data about the life-styles and spending habits of Americans to create income estimates, which will then be used to target those who have probably underreported their incomes. The information will come from the private marketing companies that sell it to direct-mail and mail-order firms.

There is no federal law protecting any third-party records from state or local agencies that may want them; so while the FBI cannot have your bank records without notifying you and giving you two weeks to challenge its request in court, your state or local police, or any other local agency, can simply demand your bank records, or any other records, with no notification to you, and no means for you to challenge the request. Several states have laws limiting this, but they vary in effectiveness from place to place.

Most banks create standards of confidentiality and then stick to them, but the Privacy Commission report noted that many informal relationships exist between financial institutions and law-enforcement agencies. Records may be perused without official acknowledgement. Medical, credit, insurance, employment, and other records may also be subject to company standards of confidentiality. There are no federal laws, however, against obtaining information from third-party medical records, or against giving it away. If a cop or

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Sam!–I wish you wouldn't break wind in front of the children."

an insurance investigator can bribe or sweet-talk the records clerk at a local hospital, or in the personnel department of the company where you work, into giving him the information in your records, there is no crime involved.

Along with this freewheeling transfer of personal data among federal agencies and the public and private sectors, there is also the FBI's National Crime Information Center (NCIC), a huge computerized bank of criminal information located in Washington, D.C. It has electronic links to over a hundred law-enforcement agencies across the country—state police, metropolitan police in all major cities, and many smaller police departments. The NCIC is an electronic crime billboard that holds descriptions of over 2 million pieces of stolen property (cars, boats, securities), descriptions of more than 150,000 people wanted by the police, and names of more than 20,000 missing persons. NCIC also contains well over a million criminal histories on individuals—both arrest and conviction records. All information is submitted by local and state police forces. They are responsible for updating it, or removing it when it's no longer valid or current. When the cop in a squad car calls in a computer check, he's putting a request through the NCIC, which handles over 300,000 such requests per year.

The NCIC files are full of errors. A study of the system conducted recently by Professor Kenneth C. Laudon, of the New York University Graduate School of Business, found that about 20 percent of the warrants in the NCIC were incorrect. The study indicated that state and local authorities who entered cases into the system were very lax about recording the disposition of those cases—there is often no indication of whether someone shown as arrested was later released or tried, acquitted or convicted. Names simply sit in the active list.

In a case a few years ago, a young man was stopped in California for making an illegal left turn. An NCIC check showed him to be wanted by the marines for going AWOL ten years before. The police took him to the marine prison at Camp Pendleton, where he languished without a trial for five months. The marine corps finally let him go when they found there had been an error in the NCIC files and that he had never gone AWOL but had been discharged.

Perhaps the most heated debate about government incursion on privacy is over what are known as computer-matching projects. There are more than 200 computer-matching projects going on at the federal and state levels. In a computer match, a tape (or disk) containing one set of data is run at high speed against another tape or disk with a different set of data. The computer zips through both sets of data looking for matches or "hits," that is, instances in which a piece of data in one pool—often a Social Security number—matches a piece of data in the other.

By April 1983, a matching program had been instituted all across the country to obtain the names of dead people who were still being sent Social Security checks. Officials estimate that over the past twenty years more than $300 million in such payments has gone out. In cases such as this, matching sounds like a great idea. The system affords tremendous potential for catching double-dippers—people on the welfare rolls of two different states, for instance, or federal employees collecting government salaries while their federal college loans remain unpaid.

But there is a darker side. John Shattuck, of the ACLU, sees computer matching as a significant threat to individual privacy.

"It basically has to do with whether or not the government can take action against you without giving you the right to a hearing to challenge them," he explains.

He draws attention to a case in Massachusetts in 1982—the state ran a match to locate welfare recipients whose bank accounts contained more money than welfare regulations permitted. The state submitted to 117 banks computer tapes with the Social Security numbers of all its welfare recipients. The banks then ran the tapes against the computerized contents of 7 million bank records. There were 1,600 "hits"—welfare recipients with cash assets greater than allowed. The state of Massachusetts simply terminated the welfare benefits of those 1,600 people—without checking with them to verify their identities or giving them the chance to protest the suspension at a hearing.

> An investigator can bribe or sweet-talk a records clerk into giving him information from your records, and there is no crime involved.

The Massachusetts Law Reform Institute challenged the match and obtained a federal-court injunction to have the process stopped. Shattuck explains: "It's not a question of whether the government can conduct a *specific match* without warrant. It's a question of whether or not it can conduct a *general search* without one—a search through the records of hundreds of thousands, or millions, of people." The point is that to turn up 1,600 welfare cheats, Massachusetts had to run the bank records of nearly 7 million people past the welfare tapes. There was no "probable cause" to suspect all those people, and they certainly weren't warned of the intrusion or given a chance to protest it. As far as Shattuck is concerned, it was a broad-based general search and ought to require a warrant issued by due legal process.

Sen. William Cohen, Republican of Maine, chairman of the Oversight Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Governmental Affairs, acknowledged during hearings on matching, in December 1982, that the practice offered "an excellent opportunity for the government to crack down on waste and fraud." But he expressed grave concern about the fact that there are absolutely no laws, standards, guidelines, or means of oversight to assure that matching projects do not entail "unwarranted invasions of privacy." When a New York State Social Services official testified that he thought it might be in the best interests of administering public funds if welfare recipients would "relinquish some of their rights to confidentiality," the senator interrupted him and asked if this attitude also extended to contractors, farmers, and other segments of the population that do business with the federal government or get loans or benefits from it.

Like the Massachusetts welfare match, many other matches use Social Security numbers as the point of contact between files, the link that enables the two tapes to talk to each other. In fact, the Privacy Protection Study Commission devoted an entire chapter of its report to the uses and potential abuses of the Social Security number (SSN) in data transfer. "There is more public concern about the SSN than about any other identifier," it said.

We are asked for our Social Security number in many instances where the transaction has nothing to do with Social Security benefits or taxes. In some states, the SSN becomes your driver's-license number. It sometimes becomes your medical-insurance account number. Every serviceman in the armed forces is identified by his SSN. Many private-sector institutions press for SSNs—when we apply for college, get a library card, get a telephone, register to vote, cash a check, or take out a bank loan. Although the Social Security card is almost never used for personal identification—it's too easy to acquire a duplicate and the face of every card states that it is not to be used as ID—it is used by many government agencies and private-sector organizations for *records* identification. In fact, the SSN has evolved into what is known as an SUI—a standard universal identifier, a number held by every citizen, and which is used by government and private organizations to index records. This was never intended when the SSN was introduced.

The implications of this are particularly disturbing. Any combination of government agencies and private-sector institutions that use the SSN as their record tag can easily use it to link themselves together. The SSN can be used not only to cre-

ate monolithic information-sharing networks within the government and within the private sector, but also to cross-connect these two sets of data pools at any point. It's been pointed out that an SUI is the most essential feature of a central national data bank, and the SSN has been developing into such an identifier since it was introduced.

This is not happening according to a plan—it has evolved. In 1971, Elliot Richardson, the secretary of health, education and welfare, created the Advisory Committee on Automated Personnel Data Systems to look into the possible risks of using the newly matured computer to keep records on citizens. The committee's report stated: "If the use of SSN as an identifier continues to expand, the incentives to link records and broaden access to them is likely to increase."

Three years later, the Privacy Act made it illegal for any federal, state, or local government to deny an individual benefits or privileges for refusing to divulge his SSN, unless the divulgence was required by federal law. But this rule did not apply to any government institution that had begun using the SSN as an identifier before January 1, 1975. Since almost all federal, state, and local governments could invoke this, the SSN limits of the Privacy Act had virtually no effect. It surely had no effect on private-sector organizations that pressed people to give their SSNs; so the evolution of the SSN into a standard universal identifier continued without letup.

An internal, domestic passport, or "papers" in the traditional European sense, is inherently repugnant to Americans, but it may well become a reality. With the ever increasing problem of illegal immigrants, there has been strong support in Congress for some form of federal legislation to solve the problem. The Senate version of this immigration-reform bill, which was passed in May 1983, discourages the illegal immigration of job-seeking aliens by penalizing employers who hire them. This means the employers have to have some way of distinguishing citizens from illegal aliens, and because drivers' licenses, Social Security cards, and other traditional IDs are so easily forged, the bill requires that within three years of its passage the president must establish a new, "secure," and tamperproof means of identifying workers.

The bill died in the House for reasons other than a concern for privacy. It will be introduced again, if not in 1984, then in 1985. Critics of the bill point out that under its terms all workers would have to carry an ID card. Thus, passage of the bill effectively mandates the creation of a national identity card. It doesn't take much to realize that such a card would necessitate the formation of a central national data bank for records purposes, and that the entire system would be state of the art—computerized. The odds are that such a tamperproof card would be not a rectangle of paper but rather a plastic "smart card," like a credit card, with data electronically coded into it.

Supporters of the bill insist it would limit the use of the card to employment purposes. But all one has to do is look at the Social Security number's progress from a state benefit tag to a SUI to realize that it would be only a matter of time before use of the new card would be expanded or broadened by congressional fiat—perhaps to help deal with some national emergency, or to control welfare fraud, or to support a national health-insurance plan. The point is that once data systems are in place, their use tends to expand—whether quickly or slowly depends on social and political currents. It's easy to see how an ironclad ID card like this one would become the preferred means of identification for credit functions, insurance uses, and other financial activities. The prospect is frightening.

Since September 1982, the U.S. Army has been testing a new plastic dog tag with a microchip inside it. The chip holds copious amounts of information about its wearer—all his records, in fact—and disgorges the information when inserted into a portable computer terminal. The data in the chip can be erased and reprogrammed. Test results have been excellent, and the tags may soon replace the metal tags traditionally used by all the armed services.

> If the use of Social Security numbers as an identifier continues to expand, the incentive to link records is likely to increase.

If a version of the new immigration bill passes and we see the adoption of a national identity card and a central data bank, the card might easily be one with a programmable microprocessor like that of the experimental dog tags. Such a card could hold more than just age, address, and SSN. It could hold a criminal record, tax status, a log of traffic violations—limitless information. If it were ever to be used as a backup ID for credit transactions, it could hold one's credit record as well.

This, of course, is speculation, but all the technology necessary for the card exists and can only improve over time. Willis Ware, who wrote the section of the Privacy Commission's report dealing with the SSN as standard identifier, sees a real and present danger: "Even if an identifier starts out as only Federal, it will spread quickly. Federal tax authorities exchange information with state tax authorities. Employers need to use such an identifier to interlock with both tax systems, and pretty soon, everyone begins using it."

The prospect is even more disturbing because in the private sector information gathering, recording, and exchange is almost completely without limits. The confidentiality of private-sector records is protected only by a haphazard patchwork of local and state laws, and by the goodwill and voluntary policies of whatever organization holds the records. Personnel records, credit-reporting bureaus, consumer-investigation agencies, and banks are protected by federal laws only in limited and easily surmountable ways. Medical and hospital records are completely unprotected. The progressive computerization of this data—at a much faster and more efficient pace than federal systems—rapidly increases the way they may be linked together. If the SSN became a standard universal identifier, adopted by the private sector, it could be used not only to interlock information between government agencies but also to create dossiers between private-sector record storers, and to transmit data across the often flimsy barrier between private-sector record pools and federal data banks.

Highly interactive new systems that are coming into play, such as Electronic Funds Transfer (EFT), two-way-interactive-cable-television systems, and electronic mail, only increase the richness of data trails the individual leaves behind and the number of aspects of his life that are monitored, recorded, and stored. Again, there are slight limits imposed by existing laws on how these systems may use data, but these limits are thin indeed, and are hopelessly insufficient for coping with the next generation of information technology.

Dr. Willis Ware thinks that it's time for another national commission like the Privacy Protection Commission to look into these issues.

"We need informed public debate about this," he says. "And we need a forum for it to take place in."

Almost without exception, privacy experts and advocates, along with the top people in the fields of computerized-information technology, individual rights, and lawmaking policy, agree that there is an urgent need for this kind of informed public dialogue. Congress already has held its first round of hearings on related matters. It's been suggested that the greatest danger we face is not some massive privacy disaster that will awaken us—like Three Mile Island did—to imminent dangers, but rather that an outcry for effective privacy protections will never come, with the result that our legal protection will continue to erode as high-tech-data-handling techniques advance. Until one day we all wake up to find ourselves in a predicament similar to that of George Orwell's poor, innocent, doomed Winston Smith.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU IN A TIME WARP?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Time goes rolling along, but we humans perceive it in a variety of ways. For one person, it slips by too quickly; for another, it drags on interminably. One man sees time as a resource, overflowing with opportunities just waiting to be seized; another sees it as an implacable enemy that's always gaining on him. For every person who wishes he could relive the past, there's another who can't wait to embrace the future.

Our attitudes toward time say a lot about our various personalities. This psychograph, which investigates your feelings about time, can give you an idea of whether you're living in the past, the present, or the future. It may also tell how your time perceptions tie in with other aspects of your personality.

Psychologists have uncovered a large body of data relating to time and personality. Harvard psychologist David McClelland, for instance, found that men with a need for achievement seem instinctively more interested in the future than other men. Even when they're telling a story unrelated to their need to succeed, they will use the future tense significantly more often than other people.

Thomas Cottle, a psychologist and sociologist who has taught at Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says men and women tend to have distinctly different time orientations. In his book *Perceiving Time* (one of the best summaries on this topic), Cottle says that "women seem to experience the sense of a growing deficit of time less than men. They seem able to take each moment as it comes along without wondering how many moments are left." Men, on the other hand, tend to be more aware of the passage of time. In some men, as was the case with philosopher John Dewey, this awareness can be extreme. Dewey was haunted by the passage of time; he called time "the tooth that gnaws. It is the destroyer. We are born only to die and every day brings us one day nearer death." The pressure exerted by such an outlook may explain why men more than women encounter mid-life crises and die of heart attacks at an early age.

Now, for just a few minutes stop worrying about how time is passing you by and take this psychograph. Answer the questions honestly and you may find out not only how you relate to time but also how your time perceptions may be affecting other areas of your life.

1. Do you still have any toys left from when you were a child?
   (a) Yes, I've saved quite a few.
   (b) I have one or two things.
   (c) no

2. How long do you expect to live?
   (a) longer than average
   (b) the average number of years
   (c) fewer years than average

3. How do you feel about this statement: "Within my lifetime, science will find a cure for most diseases."
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree somewhat
   (c) basically disagree

4. If you could buy one day of time, would it be:
   (a) a day in your past life
   (b) a day in the historical past, before you were born
   (c) a day in your future life
   (d) a day in the distant future, beyond your normal life span
   (e) None of the above. I wouldn't be interested in doing anything like that.

5. If you were to inherit $20,000 that you didn't need to live on, would you be more likely to:
   (a) spend it on things you'd like to have or on activities you've always wanted to do
   (b) invest it in a speculative way that offered a large potential payoff down the line
   (c) invest it in something conservative, like a certificate of deposit

6. If you had to live in one of the following three cities, which would you choose?
   (a) Dallas
   (b) Boston
   (c) Las Vegas

7. With which of the following statements do you agree?
   (a) In the past, the quality of life was better than it is today.
   (b) Life today is better than it was in the past, and in the future things will probably not improve much over what they are today.
   (c) In the future, life will be better than it has ever been.

8. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
   (a) It's harder to become successful today than it was in the past.
   (b) Today is the best time ever for becoming successful.
   (c) Future generations will have more opportunities for success than we've ever imagined.

9. Do you think time is passing too quickly?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you think the most important events in your life:
    (a) are still to come
    (b) have already happened
    (c) are in the process of occurring

11. How much control do you feel you have over your own future?
    (a) a lot—almost total
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) some, but not a great deal
    (d) very little
    (e) virtually none

12. Would you say that life is:
    (a) relatively orderly
    (b) relatively confusing

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VANTAGE. THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

Great Taste with Low Tar. That's Success!

©1983 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

"Men are more aware of the passage of time. This may be why men more than women encounter mid-life crises."

PSYCHOGRAPH

(c) a relatively equal blend of order and confusion

13. Do you think the future is going to be a dangerous time?
(a) yes
(b) no
(c) It may be, but it probably won't be any *more* dangerous.

14. How comfortable are you in dealing with new people and situations?
(a) very comfortable
(b) relatively comfortable
(c) quite uncomfortable
(d) very uncomfortable

15. Do you own a personal computer?
(a) yes
(b) no
(c) I had one but got rid of it because it didn't do much for me.

16. If you could own any house you wanted, would it be:
(a) a house in the latest architectural style
(b) a house that's new but designed in a traditional, conservative style
(c) the house you grew up in
(d) a carefully restored Colonial or Victorian house

17. If you could own any car you wanted, would it be:
(a) a new sports car
(b) a new luxury sedan
(c) an old classic

18. How were your grades in school?
(a) far above average
(b) somewhat above average
(c) average
(d) somewhat below average
(e) far below average

19. Which of the following well-known sayings comes closest to reflecting your view of life?
(a) "Today is the first day of the rest of my life."
(b) "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."
(c) "He who forgets the past will be condemned to repeat it."

20. Is your wristwatch:
(a) usually set a little bit fast
(b) usually set to the exact time
(c) usually a few minutes behind
(d) sometimes fast, sometimes slow, sometimes on time, because you don't pay much attention to it
(e) I don't wear a watch.

21. Do you feel isolated from others?
(a) yes, quite a bit
(b) somewhat
(c) not really

22. When you get up in the morning, do you know what your schedule will be throughout the day?
(a) Yes, I always keep to a schedule.
(b) I have a general schedule, but it's flexible.
(c) I don't have a schedule; I play it by ear.
(d) I don't need a schedule; each day is like the day before.

23. When you go to bed with a new woman, do you always make sure one of you is taking birth-control precautions?
(a) yes
(b) No, I'm too horny (or maybe too romantic) to think of such practical matters in the heat of passion.
(c) I'm not one to have affairs, so the question doesn't really apply to me. It may sound corny, but I'm usually faithful to one woman.

24. When you daydream, are you more likely to:
(a) think about things you've done in the past
(b) think about how you can handle your life now
(c) imagine what your life will be like at least a year or more from now

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 120 points; the lowest, 24.

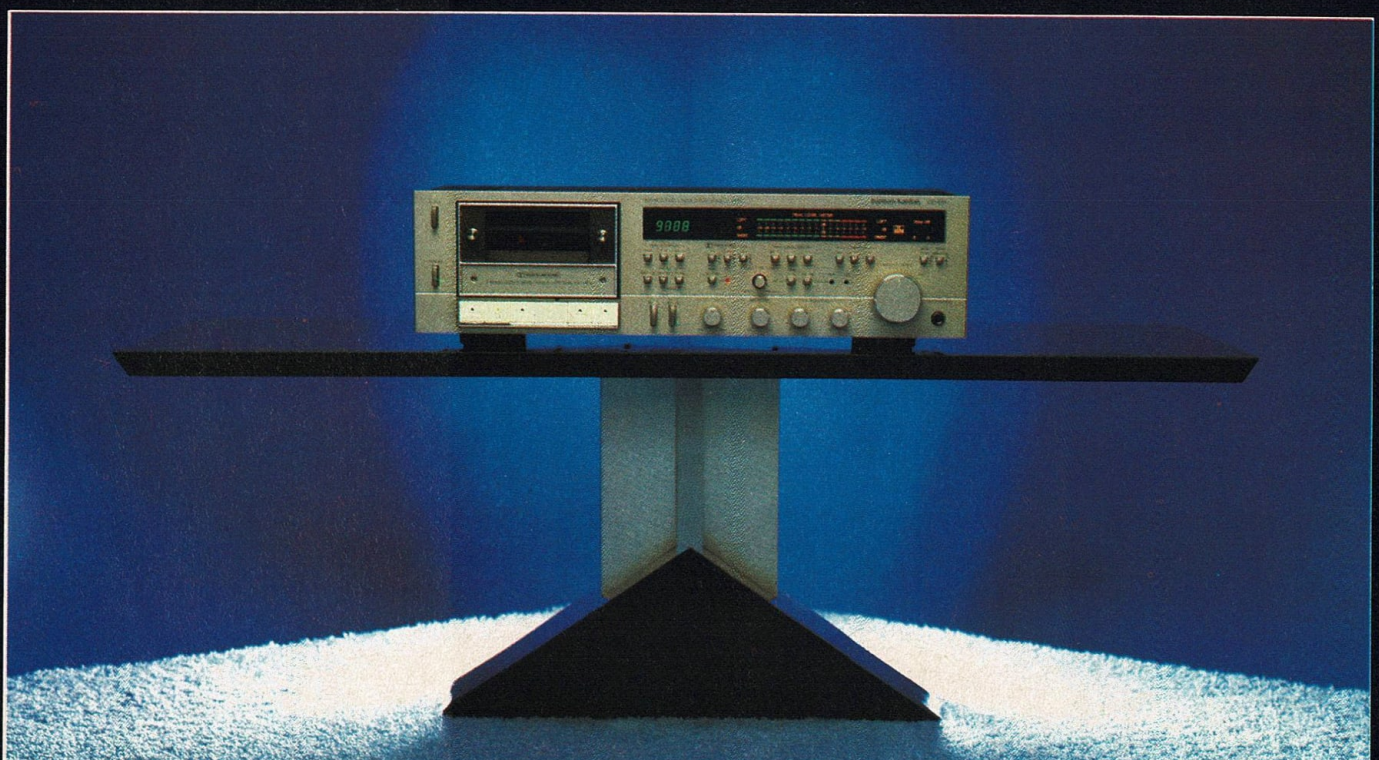
1. a-1, b-3, c-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-5, b-3, c-1
4. a-2, b-1, c-4, d-5, e-1
5. a-3, b-5, c-1
6. a-5, b-1, c-3
7. a-1, b-3, c-5
8. a-1, b-4, c-5
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-5, b-1, c-3
11. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
12. a-5, b-1, c-3
13. a-1, b-5, c-3
14. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
15. a-5, b-1, c-3
16. a-4, b-5, c-1, d-2
17. a-3, b-5, c-1
18. a-5, b-3, c-3, d-3, e-1
19. a-5, b-3, c-1
20. a-5, b-5, c-1, d-3, e-3
21. a-1, b-3, c-5
22. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
23. a-5, b-3, c-1
24. a-1, b-3, c-5

If you scored 91 to 124 points:
You appear to be highly oriented toward the future. You have little interest in the past, and even the present has value for you only as a time of preparation for better things to come. You're the type who can postpone gratification. You don't mind being miserable today as long as you feel it will get you what you really want tomorrow. At work, you're the type who will come in earlier than anyone else and stay later, provided that you feel you'll eventually be rewarded. Success is likely to be extremely important for you, and you appear to have the psychological makeup to achieve it. However, if your career path should become blocked and the golden future you envision begin to crumble, you might have more difficulty than most men in accepting it.

58 to 90 points:
You seem to exhibit a blend of future-oriented and past-oriented characteristics. A person in this category tends to live for the moment. He figures that the past is over and done with and that the future will take care of itself. This type of person may not have an easy time succeeding in the corporate world, but he can do well in fields that require a certain trendiness or a devil-may-care attitude. Researchers have found strong concern for the present to be quite pronounced among women. Researchers have also found that androgynous men (those with an above-average number of so-called feminine traits) are often extremely attractive to women and can be among the most sexually active heterosexuals.

24 to 57 points:
You appear to be living in the past. You are most comfortable in situations and among people that are familiar. Deep down, you probably wish that things would never change. The future doesn't intrigue you; in fact, you may be positively frightened of the changes it is likely to bring. And you probably have trouble enjoying the present, because you see it merely as the gateway to an uncertain future. If a man in this category finds a nonthreatening job he may be quite content, but in a more stressful position he may be anxious and unhappy.

READ THIS AD AND YOU'LL BUY A HARMAN KARDON CASSETTE DECK



That's a bold statement, but Harman Kardon has been making bold audio statements for over thirty years, introducing the world's first high fidelity receiver, the first stereo receiver and ultrawideband frequency response. Harman Kardon was also the first company to use Dolby[1] in a cassette deck.

Today, Harman Kardon products continue to be so technologically advanced that "state-of-the-art" falls short of describing them. They have become "state-of-the-mind," the highest level at which the mind can create.

The CD491 is Harman Kardon's most sophisticated state-of-the-mind cassette deck and one of the few in the world that can equal the full range of human hearing. The CD491 has a remarkable 20Hz to 24kHz frequency response using any tape formulation, not just expensive metal tape. An audiophile would settle for nothing less. Even more remarkable is that in a national challenge,[2] Harman Kardon measured frequency response and beat 98% of the competition, including units costing twice as much.

The CD491 incorporates a dual capstan transport with twin flywheels to insure perfect movement of the tape across its 3 high performance heads. The dual capstan serves to isolate the tape from the cassette shell while the dynamically balanced flywheels help generate a consistently accurate tape speed. Together they enable the CD491 to reduce wow-and-flutter to an inaudible .025%. The only "wow" you'll ever hear is the reaction of people listening to your Harman Kardon cassette deck.

The CD491 incorporates Dolby HX Pro' for extended frequency response, plus Dolby B and C' for maximum noise reduction. Three precision heads offer improved performance and the convenience of monitoring while recording. Included is a Sendust head to withstand high record levels without overload and a ferrite playback head for extended high frequency response.

The combined benefits of the CD491's performance features allow for the accurate recording of more dynamic audio signals than previously possible. In fact, the large signal response (frequency response at 0Vu) of the CD491 is a virtually unrivaled 20Hz-20kHz ±3dB. This is especially significant as more demanding forms of software, such as digital audio, become available.

So, while other manufacturers continue to pile on unnecessary features and gimmicks, Harman Kardon continues to develop only fundamentally advanced audio equipment.

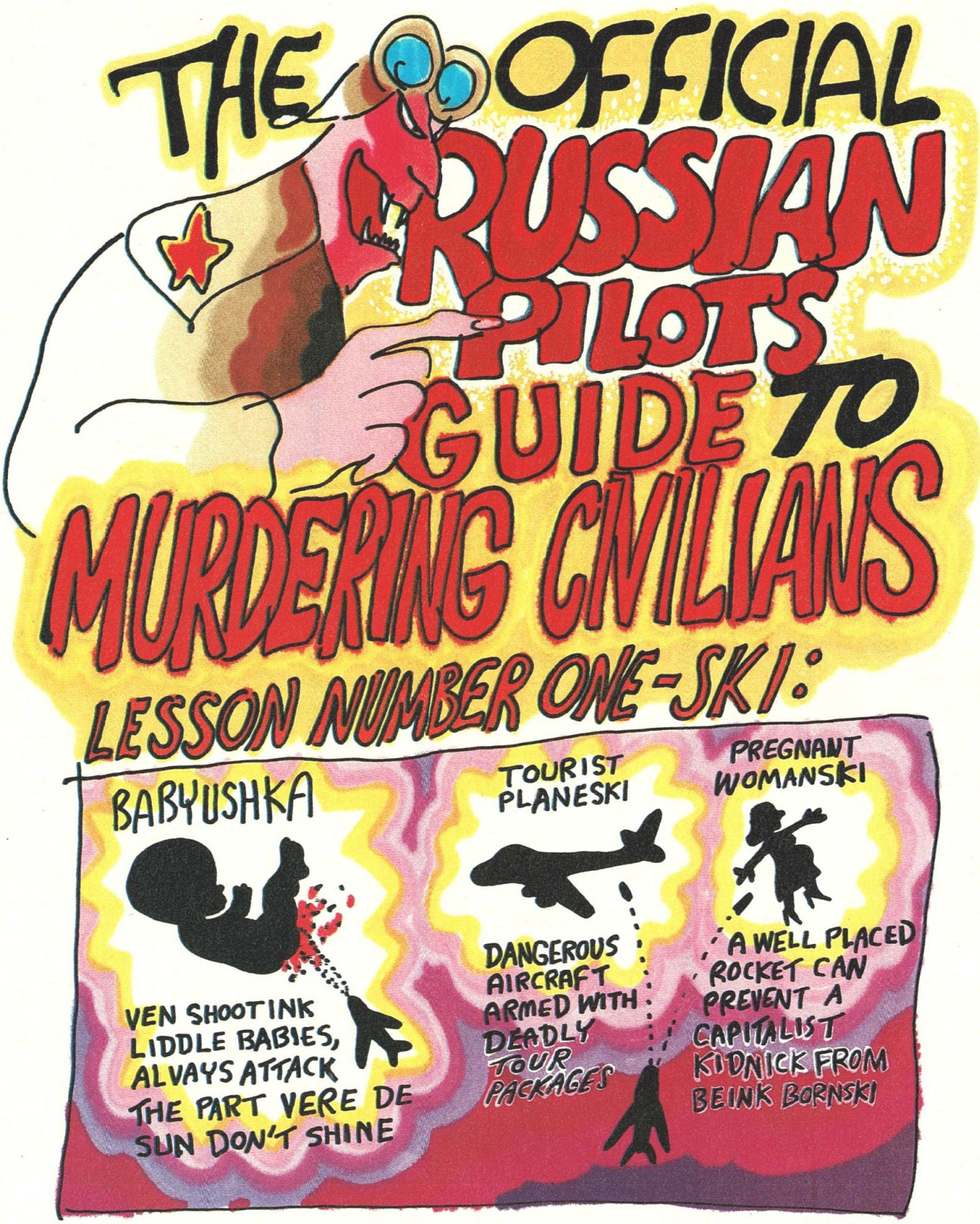
(1) Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.
(2) In 1982, Harman Kardon challenged individuals to bring in their cassette decks to a local HK dealer. All units were cleaned and demagnetized in order to insure fair test results. The Harman Kardon unit was factory packed.

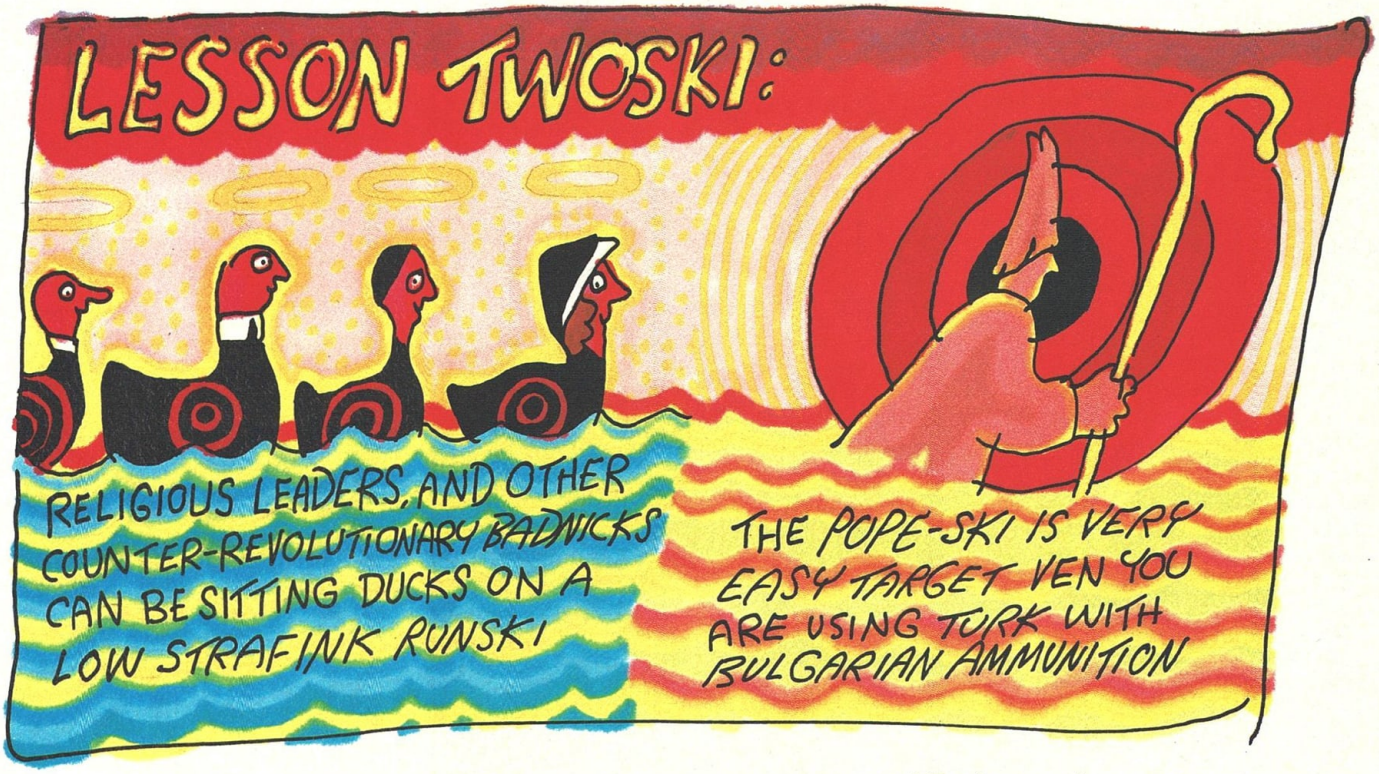
harman/kardon

Our state-of-the-mind is tomorrow's state-of-the-art.

240 Crossways Park West, Woodbury, NY 11797 In Canada, Gould Marketing, Quebec. For more information call toll-free 1-(800) 528-6050 ext. 870

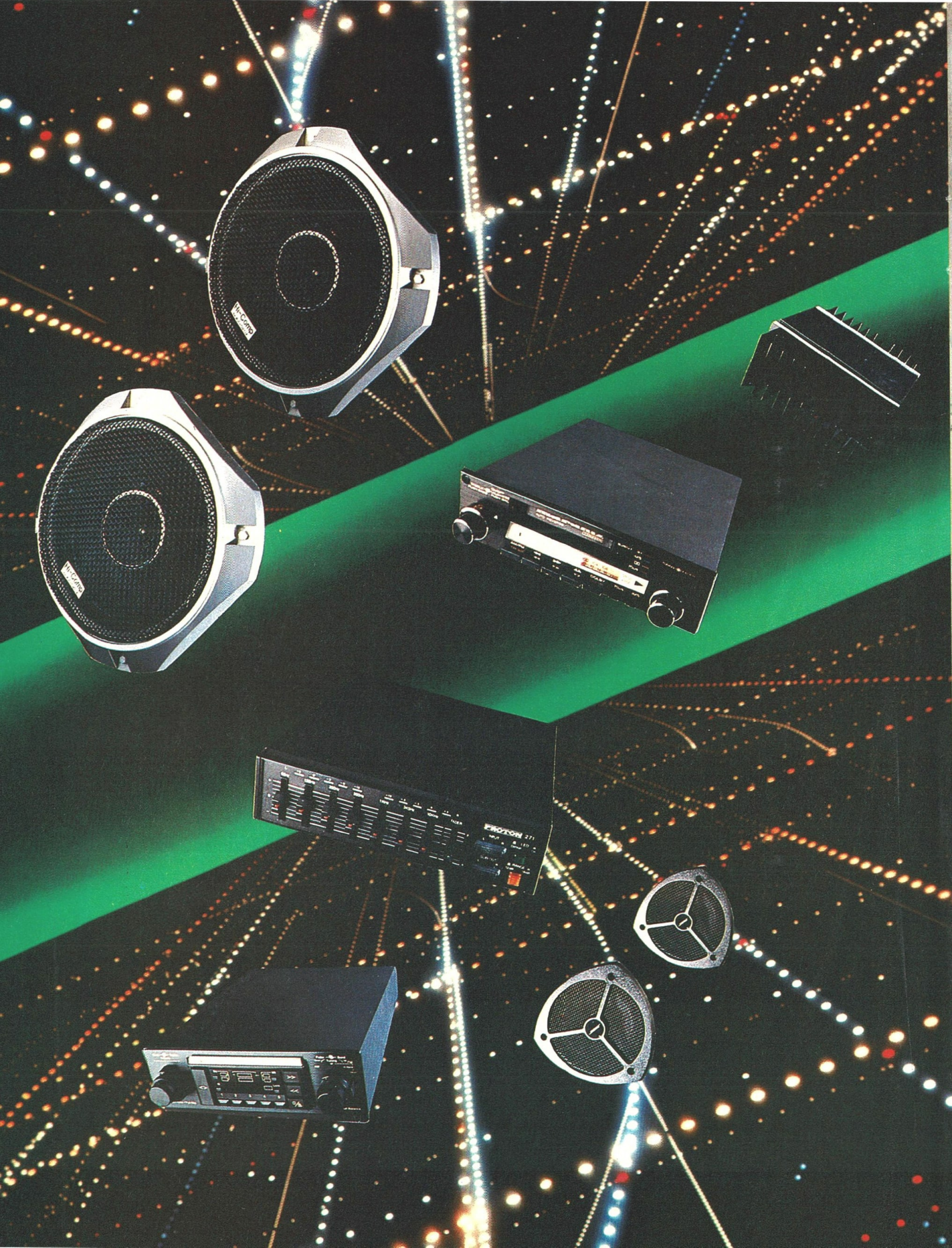
© HK 1983


THE OFFICIAL RUSSIAN PILOT'S GUIDE TO MURDERING CIVILIANS
LESSON NUMBER ONE-SKI:
BABYUSHKA
VEN SHOOTINK LIDDLE BABIES, ALVAYS ATTACK THE PART VERE DE SUN DON'T SHINE
TOURIST PLANESKI
DANGEROUS AIRCRAFT ARMED WITH DEADLY TOUR PACKAGES
PREGNANT WOMANSKI
A WELL PLACED ROCKET CAN PREVENT A CAPITALIST KIDNICK FROM BEINK BORNSKI

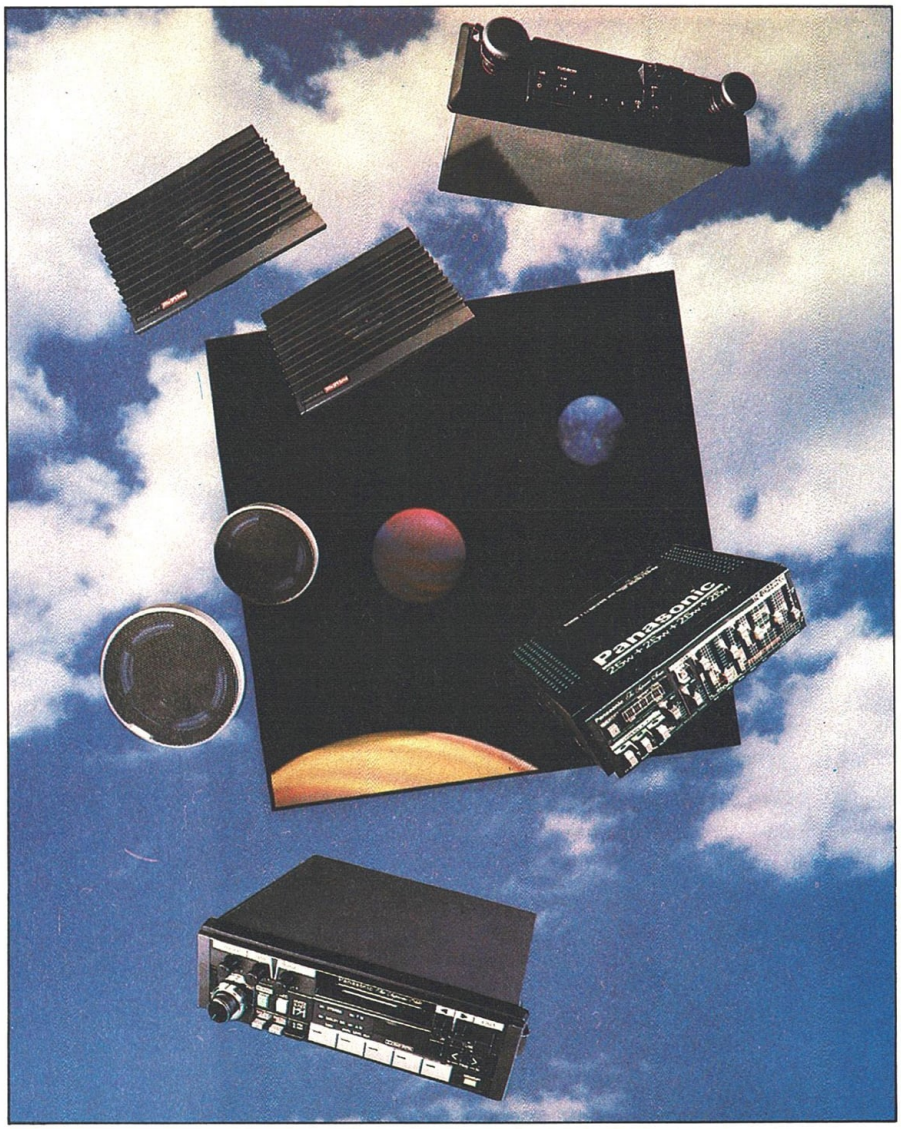

LESSON TWOSKI:
RELIGIOUS LEADERS, AND OTHER COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY BADNICKS CAN BE SITTING DUCKS ON A LOW STRAFINK RUNSKI
THE POPE-SKI IS VERY EASY TARGET VEN YOU ARE USING TURK WITH BULGARIAN AMMUNITION

LESSON THREESKI:
VEN BOMBINK SCHOOL CHILDREN, ALVAY'S ATTACK DURINK RECESS VEN DEY SMOKE DOSE FUNNY LITTLE CIGARRETTES.

FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS AND
HERO
ORDER OF THE SWINE
Gillee


McCauley
McCauley
EMOTION 271

Take to the road with
the latest technology in car stereos.



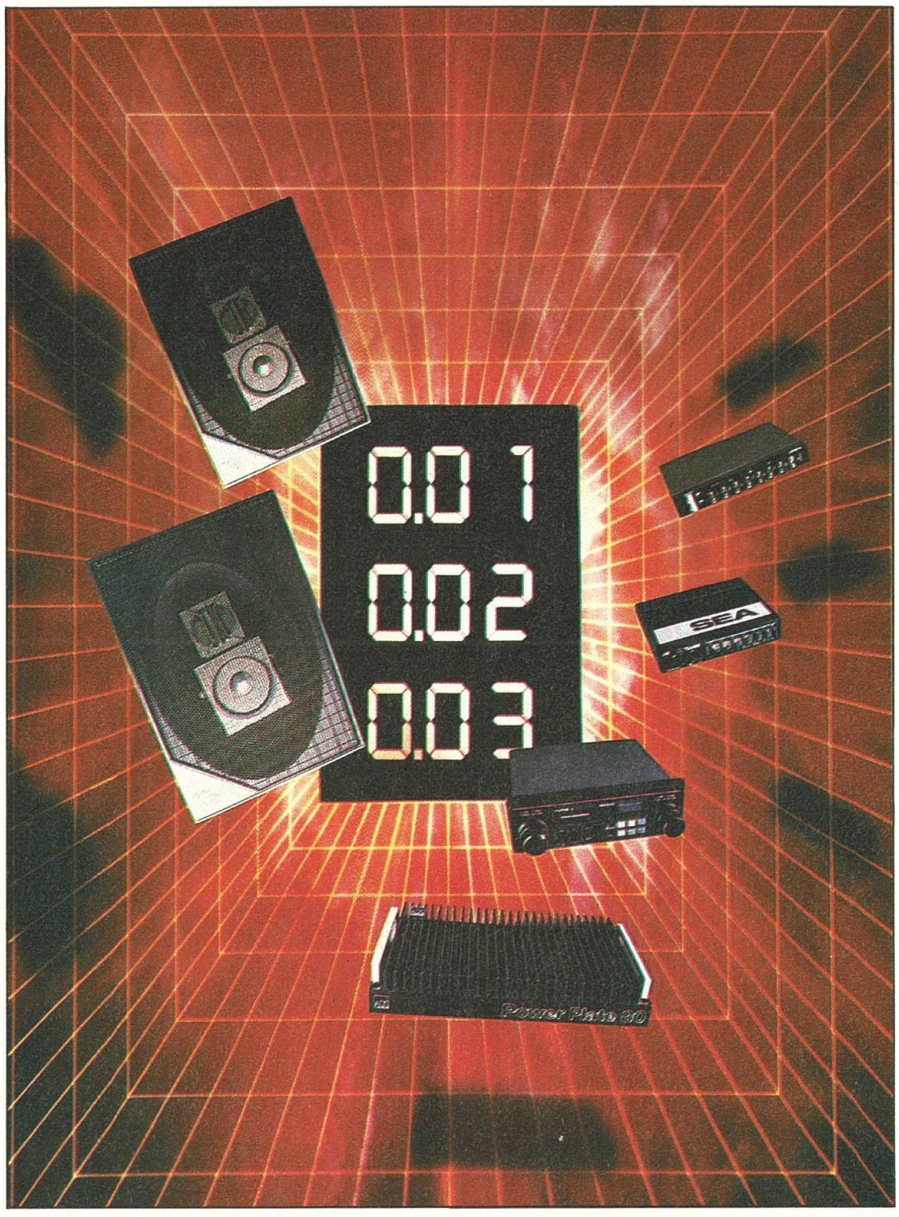
SOUND IN MOTION

BY MIKE KNEPPER

More than $2 billion. That's what U.S. motorists will spend this year to turn their automobiles into mobile listening chambers.

(Above, top right, clockwise) BLAUPUNKT's Tucson cassette deck has auto-reverse; PANASONIC's Commander is a four-channel amp with seven-band graphic equalizer; the CQ-S958 is at the top of the Panasonic Supreme Elite series of tuners/cassette decks; SPARKOMATIC's SK 400 speakers are rated at 40 watts; and JENSEN says its J3023 (6½") speaker is the thinnest three-way speaker on the market. (Opposite page, top right, diagonally to bottom left) AUDIOVOX's HCB-860 130-watt amp; the 322 is part of the MARANTZ GOLD series of tuners/cassette decks; the PROTON 271 seven-band graphic equalizer has an active crossover system; and the NAKAMICHI TD-1200 tuner/cassette deck is generally accorded top-of-the-line status. (Upper left) AUDIOVOX Hi-Comp HCS-55 speakers. (Bottom right) The four-speaker BOSE 1401 Series II direct/reflecting system includes a 100-watt booster/equalizer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF



(Top, clockwise) ALPINE 3316 graphic equalizer has seven bands and a preamp; from JVC, the KSE7 seven-band graphic equalizer has a special built-in time-delay feature; the ALPINE 7347 tuner/cassette deck has integrated dbx noise elimination and precise tuning; from ADS, the P-80 high-performance automatic amp; and the three-way CS 6930 speakers from JVC for rear-deck mounting are rated at 90 watts. (Opposite page, clockwise, beginning at top) SANSUI's SBF 703, rated at 60 watts, has a swivel-mounted tweeter for precise directional control; JBL's T420 two-way speakers are suitable for door and rear-deck mounting; the PROTON 250 amp generates 250 watts; the SPARKOMATIC SR-35 tuner cassette has locking fast-forward control and 9 watts of power; the Super-Tuner III cassette deck is the latest in a series of top signal receivers from PIONEER; KENWOOD's KGC-7400 graphic equalizer has digital-type push switches; and the four-way SPARKOMATIC SK-6950 deck-mount speakers can easily handle 100 watts.

TEAC
Sansui
PIONEER

Auto stereo is big business. But more important than its contribution to the gross national product is its contribution to your psychic well-being. A sound system for your car is one of the nicest things you can do for yourself. If you do it right.

Just a few years ago, the best you could get was a crude AM/FM radio that played through a small speaker buried in the instrument panel. It hissed, it popped, it crackled, but so what? There wasn't much to listen to anyway. For that living stereo sound and the music you wanted to hear, you cranked up the watts on the component system in your living room. Driving meant leaving your tunes and the good sound behind.

But then somebody, probably several somebodies, started thinking. A car is a natural sound chamber. It's small, fully enclosed, and quite likely better suited for sound reproduction than a living room. Next thought: build living-room-quality sound equipment for a car and there just might be a market for it. After all, millions had discovered that music could sound very good. If they could enjoy that in their cars . . .

The industry started slowly, helped along by giant improvements in the quality of tape recordings and a proliferation of FM stations broadcasting in stereo. More and more manufacturers recognized that a good thing was about to happen and started cranking out more and better equipment. And more and better and more and better. So now we have hundreds of manufacturers busy satisfying an insatiable market. And hundreds of manufacturers means thousands of products. There's the rub. What, out of all that wonderfulness, to choose?

We've selected some outstanding examples for your consideration, from basic to mind-blowing. But before you start warming up your charge card, arm yourself with some fundamentals. It can save you a lot of grief. And dollars.

FRONT-END UNITS. Nobody calls them radios anymore. A front end is what you're looking for. It's actually a combination tuner that brings in AM and FM radio signals, and a cassette deck for tapes. (You can still buy a simple AM or AM/FM radio, and separate tape decks are available. But why bother when you can get everything in one slick package?) As with most things in life, to get more you pay more. At the bottom of the front-end spectrum are good units, but they lack some of the amenities: You turn a knob or push a button to move the familiar pointer up or down the dial. As you go up the price scale, however, tuners start sprouting electronically actuated buttons, digital station readouts, memory capability, station search, and such; and tape decks get noise-suppression circuitry, automatic reverse, settings for various kinds of tape, and more. The hot tip in tuners is electronic tuning called "ETR" for electronic-tuning receiver. ETR automatically and precisely locks onto a station for the best possible reception. A digital readout does not mean a tuner has ETR. If you want it, ask the dealer or check the box to be sure it's included. Digital displays are nice but they alone don't improve performance.

AMPLIFIERS. Some front-end units have built-in amplifiers, some don't. Again, it's a matter of money. Lower-priced units typically have an amplifier built in. They produce something like four watts of power, which is just enough to drive a pair of basic speakers. Higher-priced units, on the other hand, have a preamplifier, which sends the signal on to the rest of the system at very low wattage. These units require an outside or auxiliary amplifier to boost the signal to the power needed to drive the speakers.

Don't get caught up in the amplifier race—they are too frequently used to establish bragging rights. The reality is, watts means watts, rather than music quality, which is your goal. If you don't carefully match speakers with power output, you can end up with poor sound reproduction and/or ruined speakers. More on that in a moment.

> Today, the quality of the sound that you can wire into your car is awesome, and acquiring this sound doesn't have to cost a fortune.

SPEAKERS. Probably the single most important part of your sound system. The greatest front end in the world and all the watts from the biggest amplifier you can afford are wasted if you screw up speaker selection.

Speakers are arranged in three basic categories: woofers, midrange, and tweeters. Woofers handle the low, bass notes. Midrange speakers—you won't be surprised to discover—handle midrange frequencies. A tweeter's business is the high notes.

Bass reproduction isn't directional, so a woofer can be located just about anywhere. Midrange speakers are a bit more directional, but don't require placement directly facing the driver. Tweeters are the problem. They should be located to fire (that's an insider's term) at the driver. To handle that problem, several manufacturers offer tweeters on surface-mount brackets that allow the speaker to be aimed right at your head. Clever.

Although woofers, midrange, and tweeters are often purchased and installed separately, they are most frequently sold in combination. A two-way speaker will be a combination of a midrange and a tweeter; a three-way adds a woofer. Super-thumping, seat-buzzing bass is very popular these days and to get it you will need a sub-woofer. As the name implies, a sub-woofer reproduces the very lowest bass notes. It requires its own separate amplifier for power.

Important point: Match speakers and power output. Pull a box of speakers off the shelf—they come in matched pairs—and on the box will be the speaker's rating in watts. A low-watt speaker needs only low watts to make it sound as good as it can. High-watt speakers need power to get them cooking. Hook a low-power front end with built-in amplifier to high-rated speakers and you won't be supplying enough power to make the speakers work properly. Conversely, if you spend the big bucks for a huge amplifier only to hook it to low-watt speakers you will never benefit from all those expensive watts, and you may well see your speakers go up in smoke. So remember: always match components.

EQUALIZERS. Equalizers are like designer jeans: nobody needs them but everybody wants them. An equalizer is an electronic device that is a fancy version of the bass and treble control on a tuner. It takes the signal from the tuner or tape deck and separates the sound into separate bands or frequencies—the number depends on the complexity and cost of the unit. Each frequency has its own level control. An equalizer can compensate for some of the shortcomings in the overall system, and help tailor the sound reproduction to the acoustics of your specific car. They're also lots of fun to play with. But they're difficult to install attractively and are popular targets for a rip-off. Some pros suggest installing it in the glove compartment for anti-theft and esthetic reasons. Some front-end units, by the way, have an equalizer built in, which solves the installation problem.

ANTI-CROOK. A short chapter on protecting your sound system. The more expensive the equipment, the more desirable it becomes to that segment of society that makes its living lifting our stuff. Take appropriate protective measures. If you elect to invest just a couple of hundred in a system, why worry? But if you sink a grand or so into equipment, give some serious thought to a burglar alarm. It's a lot like fire insurance. Despite lots of proof to the contrary, you're not convinced you'll ever really need it. But you might. And you might not think someone's going to rip off your sound system, but they'll try.

INSTALLATION. Enough about bits and pieces. What about getting it all in place once you've made the perfect purchase decisions?

If you're really good with tools, have a lot of time on your hands, and have decided to go with a simple front end and a cou-

ple of speakers, you can try to install it all yourself. However, if you're smart, you'll pay someone to do it for you. Not a neighbor who's a little bit better with tools, but a professional who understands what it's all about. Improper installation is the single most frequent cause of complaints about a new sound system. Proper installation is tricky. An automobile is a mass of potential electrical interference. Professional installers know the problems and how to avoid them.

Most manufacturers have a full line of equipment, so you can go to an Alpine or Panasonic or Sparkomatic dealer and buy everything you want. The dealer will install it for you at, usually, a very reasonable rate. If, however, you want to buy a front end from one dealer, an amplifier from another, and so on, then walk into an installer's shop with an armload of boxes—he'll likely charge more for the work.

Whichever way you elect to go, check out the retailer-installer ahead of time. You've probably found a good one if he doesn't try to oversell, warns against mismatching components, and talks frankly about the installation in your particular car and his experience with sound reproduction therein.

A system will sound one way in one car, entirely different in another, so don't let an in-car demonstration sway your decision unless the car is exactly like your own and the components exactly the ones you want. A good installer-retailer will be able to make specific recommendations about speakers and speaker arrangement to optimize the acoustic characteristics of your particular set of wheels.

DOLLARS AND CENTS. What will work best, of course, is automatically modified by what you are willing to pay. You can get some pretty good sound going for around $300. That will get you a front end that will be better than most basic factory-installed equipment, and a pair of speakers that will be a considerable improvement. The other end of the cost spectrum reaches out there toward infinity.

At the $500 level, you're starting to deal with high-quality components. At the $1,000 level, you'll be into separate amplifiers, sub-woofers, tricky speaker combinations, and more complicated installation. And very good sound. But you can spend much, much more. There are boutiques all over Southern California that regularly do $5,000 and $10,000 jobs. And on up. At those prices, the sound is undoubtedly phenomenal. But at some point it all becomes academic. You can't hear the improvements you're spending megabucks on. Know when to stop.

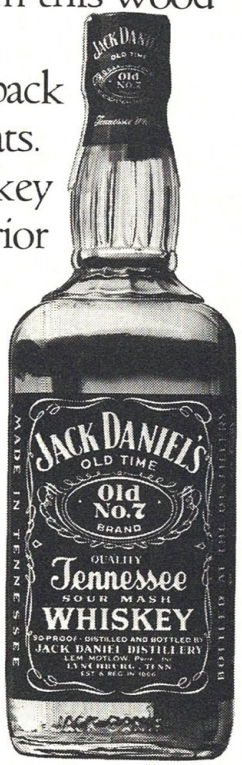
CONCLUSIONS. The explosion in car stereos in the past few years has resulted in two significant things: The quality of the sound you can wire into your car is awesome, and acquiring this sound doesn't have to cost a fortune. Be a smart shopper. Look around, ask questions, and, most important, match components properly. Then enjoy.

Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we use hard maple logs to help make the world's smoothest whiskey.

We burn it to get charcoal.

What we do is burn this wood to get a very special charcoal. Then we pack the charcoal into vats. And seep our whiskey down through it prior to aging. Other distillers have abandoned this whiskey-smoothing method as too costly. Or too slow. But after your first sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll recognize its value.



London 1914 · Liége 1905 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Amsterdam 1981 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

TRAGEDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

chael Donovan, Jean's brother.

There is no anger in Michael's voice as he describes what has happened since December 1980. "Rage is not a permanently sustainable emotion," he explains.

There is only a detached sense of incredulity. "It isn't the fact that the soldiers who murdered my sister and the others have not been punished, have not even been tried, and most probably never will be," he says. "It's not even that the higher-ups—the colonels and generals who ordered the killings or who have been involved in the cover-up—haven't been touched and never will be. The thing that's so hard to accept," Michael Donovan emphasizes, "is that our own government should support these murderers and help them get away with it."

At a home in an inner suburb of Cleveland, the sense of incredulity is the same.

"She was our sunshine," Mrs. Kazel says of her murdered daughter, Dorothy. "If the Salvadoran government didn't want those girls there, why didn't they just put them on an airplane and send them home?"

The role of the U.S. government comes up, and Joseph Kazel, Dorothy's seventy-two-year-old father, says, "If you saw *Missing*, you know it all. It's the same story."

"I was raised as a Middle American. I was taught to love this country," adds Martha Owen, a close friend of Dorothy's who worked in El Salvador for five years and is, as Dorothy was, an Ursuline nun. "It's very disturbing to see us violating our principles in order to cover up a crime,"

James Kazel, forty-seven, speaks of his dead sister in the same quiet way that Michael Donovan speaks of his dead sister, Jean. Even when his judgments are harsh, in his voice there is no rage, only sad wonder: "I guess our government thinks it's doing something constructive in El Salvador," he says. "But they're just letting those murderers make a fool out of our government and our country."

In Sarasota, Fla., at the Meadows Country Club, Patricia Donovan, fifty-nine, and Ray Donovan, sixty-five, are a popular couple. It happens to be Flag Day when I visit them, and here and there among the neighboring houses American flags are flying over the neatly clipped lawns. No flag flies in front of the Donovan house, but Ray Donovan, like all the family and friends of the slain women, speaks calmly, with no evidence of anger.

"I voted for Reagan, my wife voted for Reagan," he says. "And after three years I really have only one question: Why is President Reagan rewarding the murderers of our daughters?"

Over the last three years, the attempt to investigate the murders and bring those responsible to justice has degenerated, in Ambassador White's words, into "a joke." The triggermen have not been tried or punished. Far more important, those who ordered the triggers pulled have been assiduously protected, as the highest-ranking authorities in the U.S.-backed Salvadoran government have engaged in a massive campaign to obstruct the course of justice. This cover-up has involved the intimidation of witnesses and juridical authorities. It has included, on the part of the Salvadoran authorities, a policy of adamantly blocking pursuit of the case.

But that is not the whole truth, or even the most important part of it. The truth is much worse than that.

Key Salvadoran figures in the case have been provided sanctuary from justice *inside* the United States, with the acquiescence, and possibly the support, of the U.S. government. Most astonishing of all, a fifth U.S. citizen was murdered—after he appeared at the U.S. embassy in San Salvador and offered to provide evidence identifying those responsible for the murders of the four women. U.S. officials refused to accept the offer. Following the death of this American citizen, there was no U.S. official protest, no demand for an investigation, no follow-up effort to obtain the evidence the murdered American citizen said he had.

> Schindler remembers Ambassador White saying over and over again: "The bastards won't get away with it." Three years later, everyone agrees: "They've gotten away with it."

And while one cover-up has proceeded in El Salvador, a second cover-up also has unfolded. This second cover-up has involved the withholding, either deliberately or through incompetence, of crucial evidence, including documents believed to bear the fingerprints of Salvadoran officials involved in the murders. It also has involved the censorship of official U.S.-government reports and the deliberate misrepresentation to Congress and to the American public of the status of the murder investigation. It also has included defamation of the murdered women and attempts to extract more than $30,000 in payments from the women's families.

This second cover-up has been mounted by the U.S. government itself. In fact, over the last three years the U.S. government, once the main source of pressure on the Salvadoran government to investigate the murders and bring those responsible to justice, has become the chief accomplice in the Salvadoran effort to assure that justice never will be done.

"The cover-up began immediately in El Salvador," recalls Ambassador White. Even before it was clear the women were dead, he began to sense that the only real interest the Salvadoran military had in the case was to protect its own. White's alarm bells began to ring on the afternoon of December 3, nearly a full day before the bodies were finally recovered, when U.S. Consul Patricia Lasbury informed him of a telephone conversation she had with Col. Lopez Nuila, chief of the Salvadoran National Police.

The American consul, on White's instructions, had gotten in touch with the police chief and informed him that a group of American religious women were missing. "Were they wearing habits?" Nuila had asked.

"I could see them building a case from the beginning," says White. "The implication was that if they weren't wearing habits, they weren't real nuns." (In fact, U.S. missionaries in Latin America very seldom wear religious dress.)

Two telephone conversations with Defense Minister Garcia also left White apprehensive. Both Nuila and Garcia had promised a full military alert and a nationwide search for the women. But over the next twenty-four hours, at least one thing became clear: The Salvadoran military was doing nothing. When Father Schindler visited military headquarters in La Libertad to seek information about the missing women, the officer in charge asked, "What women?"

After the bodies were recovered, Ambassador White got in touch with Col. Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez, a senior member of the ruling junta, and asked that he ensure that autopsies be performed. Gutiérrez, like Garcia and Nuila, pledged his full cooperation. But no autopsies were performed. The reason? "[A]lthough the forensic surgeons arrived within an hour, they refused to perform the autopsy," a special report to the White House later stated. "The reason given was that no surgical masks were available."

"The Salvadorans never performed any ballistics tests, either," says Michael Posner, head of the legal committee representing the families of the women. "When you ask about it, it would seem there is no one in the entire country capable even of doing that."

These initial events established a pattern that has continued to this day. The appearance of an investigation would be kept ticking to satisfy the State Department, which in turn had to satisfy the Congress that the government of El Salvador was making a concerted effort to comply with internationally recognized human rights and to achieve substantial control over all elements of its own armed forces if U.S. military aid was to continue. And beneath this facade of an investigation would

be only a void—as Father Schindler discovered soon after the bodies were exhumed.

For those Americans who had so suddenly arrived at the grave site quickly dispersed. The journalists and photographers dashed back to San Salvador to transmit their stories and pictures. Ambassador White and the other American officials hurried back to the embassy to report to Washington. Soon the only Americans left there, besides Schindler, were Sister Elizabeth Kochik and another American priest named John Spain.

Salvadoran funeral workers were supposed to come from the capital to get the bodies and take them to the morgue. But as the hours passed, and the afternoon shadows lengthened, it gradually became clear to Father Schindler that the funeral workers would never arrive. The three were sitting alone, except for the curious Salvadoran onlookers, in a remote Salvadoran forest clearing with four decomposing bodies for company. Something else was apparent: Salvadoran troops had begun staking out the place, and from a distance of about 150 yards they were watching and waiting. All the soldiers had guns. Some had begun to drink. In another hour or so it would be dark.

Schindler and the others made their decision. They wrapped the bodies in sheets, put them into the back of Schindler's Toyota pickup truck, and drove, past the soldiers, to San Salvador.

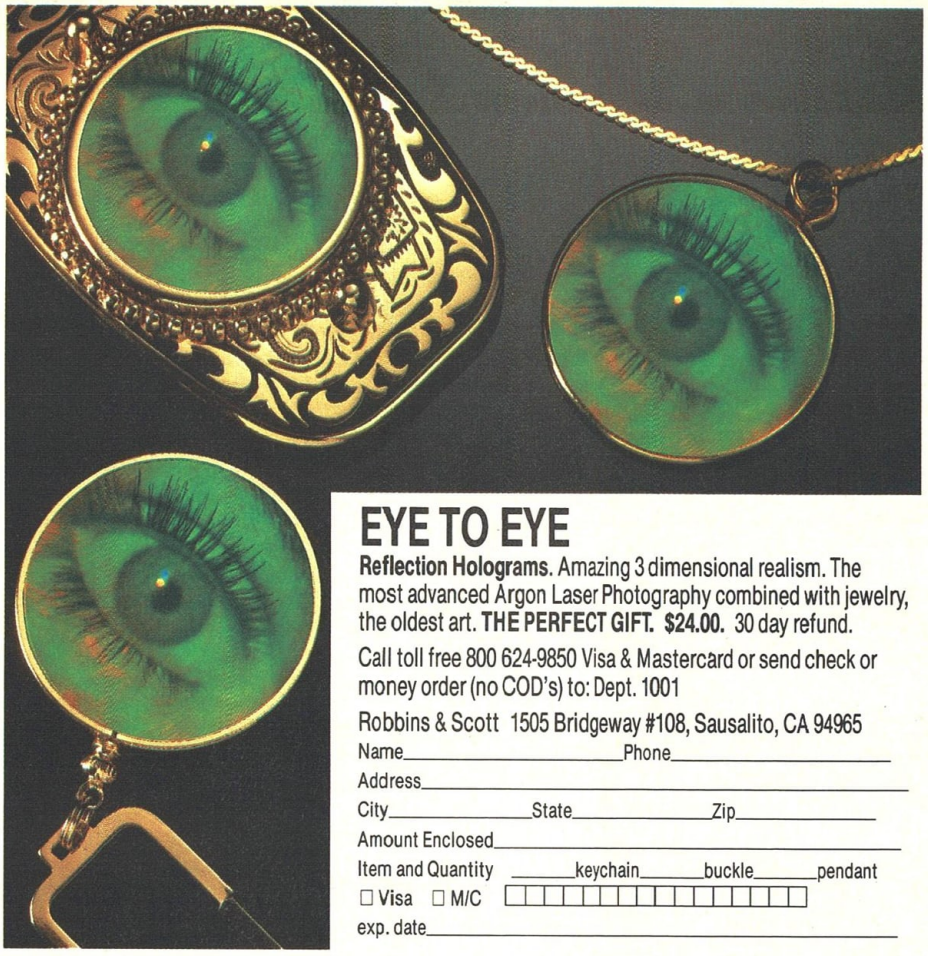
It was a metaphor for everything that would happen over the next three years. While the Salvadorans and the press and U.S. officials dashed about creating the impression something was happening, the friends and families of the dead women would be left standing, so to speak, with the bodies in a darkening forest.

Meanwhile, not far away, Colindres Aleman—the National Guard sergeant who was accused of the murders—was on a spending spree. Guardsmen stationed at the airport later testified that in early December Colindres had suddenly come into about $5,000 in cash.

What was the source of this good fortune? It certainly had not come from the possessions the murdered women had carried in the van. "On the basis of careful research," the Lawyers Committee later reported, "the Maryknoll Order has established that the two Sisters arriving in El Salvador were carrying only $175 in cash." Dorothy and Jean (whose monthly stipend for her work in El Salvador was a mere $200) had been carrying only pocket money.

The problem, initially at least, was that there were too many leads in the case, not too few.

In La Libertad, Father Schindler recalled, even the most completely nonpolitical, church-related activities incurred official ire. This included the training of Salvadoran lay workers to perform pastoral duties in villages where priests and



EYE TO EYE

Reflection Holograms. Amazing 3 dimensional realism. The most advanced Argon Laser Photography combined with jewelry, the oldest art. **THE PERFECT GIFT. $24.00.** 30 day refund.

Call toll free 800 624-9850 Visa & Mastercard or send check or money order (no COD's) to: Dept. 1001

Robbins & Scott 1505 Bridgeway #108, Sausalito, CA 94965

Name_____ Phone_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Amount Enclosed_____

Item and Quantity _____keychain_____buckle_____pendant

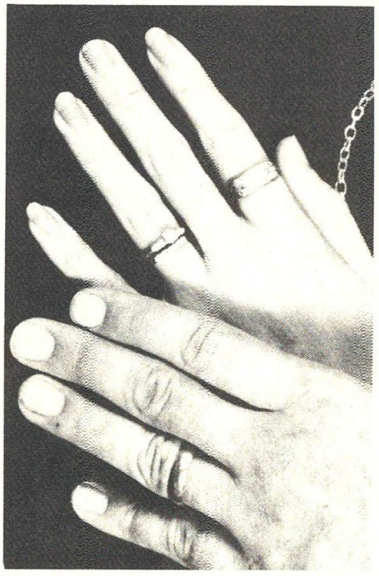
☐ Visa ☐ M/C ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

exp. date_____

NEW **Buffy's** for Jewelry FUN

Buffy

FOR THAT SPECIAL TOUCH



Limited Time offer - 1 Free Pocket Buffy for every Buffy ordered. Offer ends March 1, 1984.

Shine Rings - Chains - Bracelets - and more the **FAST - FUN - EASY - BUFFY WAY.** Don't neglect that precious **diamond ring** any longer - give it the care it deserves. It was **Bright** and **Shiny** when you bought it (that's why you bought it!) - So keep it looking that way.

Buffy is: A specially treated **dry** polisher• **Nothing to add• Just rub & shine • No mess • No odor • No cleanup.**

For all types of jewelry: Gold, Silver, Brass, Copper, Gems, Crystal.

Won't harm finish • Non-toxic • Non Allergenic. **Keep the things that are closest to you looking like new!**

ORDER NOW! CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-237-3274

ORDER FORM

Rich Glo Products
P.O. Box 790
Roswell, New Mexico 88201

Enclosed $_____ for_____ Buffy's

$4.00 ea. postage paid.

NM Residents add 3½% Sales Tax

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ST____ ZIP_____

ORDER FORM

nuns seldom appeared. The local commander in La Libertad had told Schindler: "The reality is that you train leaders. The Communists will come in and take over your leaders, and we can't allow that."

And so the missionaries' telephones were tapped, and a little after the commander made his statement, two of the missionaries' Salvadoran co-workers were murdered.

"They clearly were trying to scare us into leaving," Schindler said.

In Chalatenango, where Ita Ford and Maura Clarke worked, a sign was posted on their house a month before they were murdered.

"Anyone who enters this house," it read, "will die." Threatening letters were also sent in the mail. Then, on the night of December 2—the night the women were killed—a member of the Chalatenango church was approached by a man in a local movie house. He told Father Efrain Lopez of the parish that the man showed him a piece of paper and said, "Here is a list of the people we are going to kill—and today, this very night, we will begin."

The names of Ita Ford and Maura Clarke were on the list, along with Lopez's own name and several others. The next day, still unaware the women had been killed, Father Lopez went to visit the Chalatenango commander, Col. Ricardo Arbaiza. "He harangued me for an hour," the priest later told Pacific New Service, "accusing me . . . and the nuns. He said we were inciting the popular movement. . . . I thought they could kill me at any moment."

So far as Maura Clarke and Ita Ford were concerned, the hostility toward them was surprising. Ita had worked in Chalatenango only since the previous April. Maura had been there only about three months. Why would the local authorities think that these newcomers, with so little experience in the area, were part of some deep-seated conspiracy of subversion?

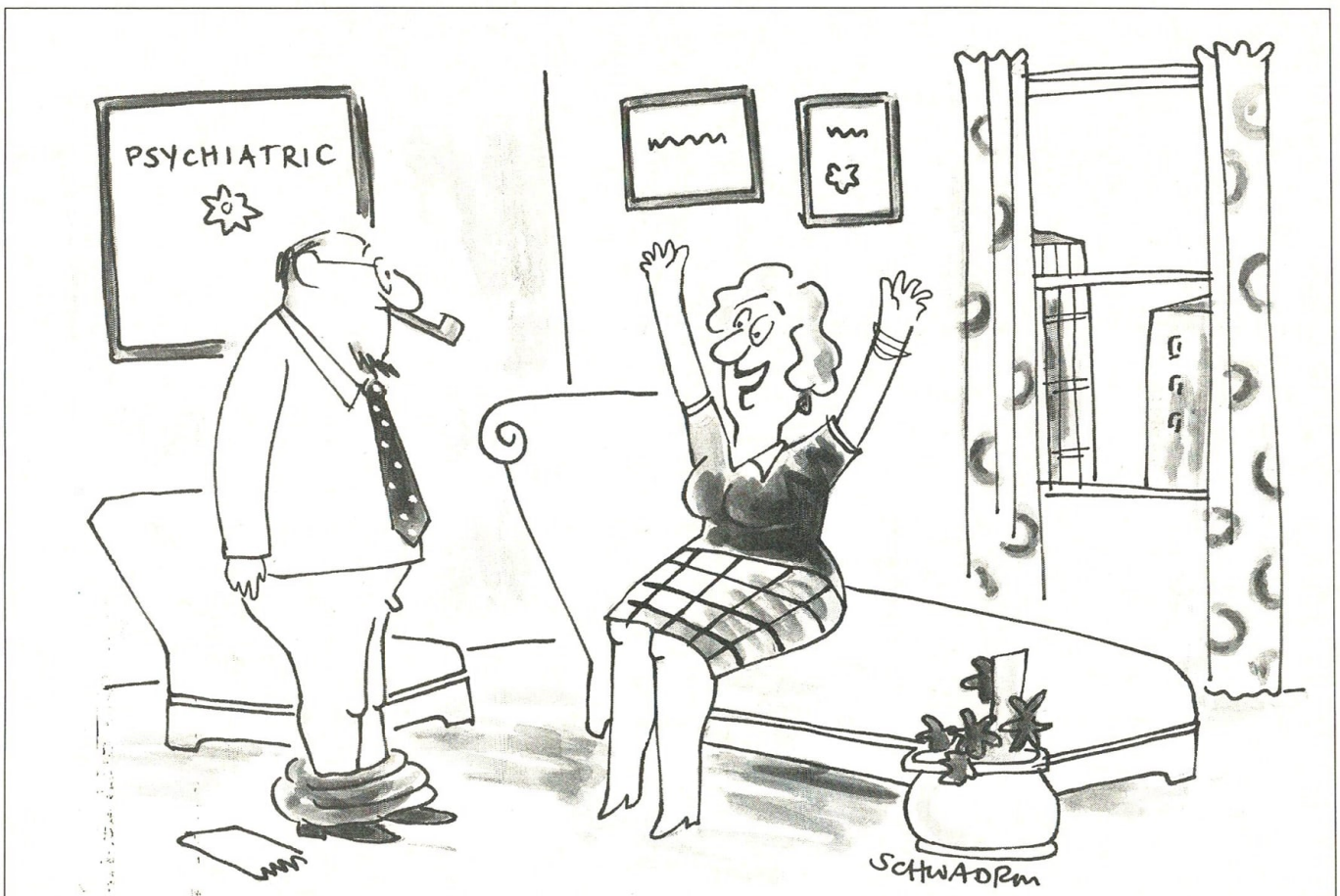
One explanation is that the highest-ranking military authorities in El Salvador had decided the work of the missionaries must be stopped. Two weeks before the killings, in the presidential palace in San Salvador, in a speech to high-ranking civilian and military officials, Defense Minister Garcia accused the Chalatenango missionaries of supporting the antigovernment guerrillas and inciting people to join them. By then, the Salvadoran high command needed some explanation for its failure to control that province. A full-scale peasant insurrection was erupting following months of government massacres. What could explain this popular resistance? Garcia said he had proof the missionaries were behind it.

Then, to the astonishment of many of those present, a weeping young boy, about ten years old, was led into the room. The defense minister of El Salvador asked the child a question. Yes, the child answered, the priests and nuns were responsible for it all. Then the little boy, still crying, was led away.

This dialogue between the defense minister and the child was not, in the Salvadoran hierarchy of death, as bizarre as it might seem to outsiders. Just as those who order the killings do not kill, so those who decide who is to be killed seldom explicitly give the order. Instead, they make the identities of their intended victims indirectly known, and—in the world of the Salvadoran death squads—the hint is quickly taken. The message was clear: The work of the Chalatenango missionaries was to be terminated. Garcia might as well have signed their death warrant that day.

Did the Chalatenango authorities engage assassins to kill Ita and Maura? Did the La Libertad authorities, themselves eager to close down the mission in their province, hire them to murder Jean and Dorothy? Was it decided, perhaps, to kill four birds with one stone? Or did some entirely different sequence of events explain the actions leading up to their murders?

Three years later, only one thing is completely clear: None of these leads, or any others that existed at the time, were ever seriously investigated. And for a reason that is hardly inscrutable. Even without a thorough official enquiry, it was evident from the beginning that there was not one level in the entire Salvadoran military chain of command—from the soldiers



"You cured my penis envy, Doctor. How could anyone be envious of that?"

who pulled the triggers to the defense minister himself—that did not seem, on a *prima facie* basis, to be implicated, directly or indirectly, in the crime. In fact, in the weeks following the murders it became very clear, as Ambassador White discovered, that "what we had had was a cover-up, not an investigation."

Of all the actions taken to obstruct the investigation, only two of the most dramatic need be recounted here:

- In investigating any conspiracy case, especially one involving murder, the crucial task is to prove linkage. What was true of the Watergate burglary was true of the murders of Jean, Dorothy, Ita, and Maura. Any threat to the higher-ups could be contained so long as no link could be established connecting them to those who committed the crime. It was thus of potentially crucial importance from the beginning to ascertain the chain of command. Only by doing that could the guilt—or innocence—of higher authorities be conclusively established.

Who, for example, was Colindres's immediate superior at the airport on December 2, 1980? Much later, after Colindres and the others finally had been arrested, it was discovered that the link in the chain of command directly *above* Colindres Aleman was missing. Colindres's immediate superior at the time the murders were committed had disappeared. In July 1982, the Lawyers Committee for International Human Rights reported that Colindres's "commanding officer, a sergeant whose name is being withheld by the State Department, has subsequently retired and is living in the United States."

By early 1983, more details had become known. The officer in question was named Sgt. Dagoberto Martinez Martinez. Less than a month following the murders, he resigned from the Salvadoran National Guard. He had been provided a U.S. entry visa and an air ticket, and he had emigrated to Los Angeles—where he lives today, apparently under an assumed identity and with no known means of support.

But this was only the beginning. Martinez was finally interviewed by the FBI in Los Angeles in February 1982, more than two years following the murders. He had an extraordinary story to tell: He implicated Colindres Aleman in the murders. He claimed that at a special meeting of National Guard commanders held shortly after the women had been killed, Colindres had walked up to him and said: "Sergeant, the problem with the nuns is me." Martinez had advised Colindres to inform the director general of the National Guard, Carlos Eugenio Vidés Casanova, of what he had done but not to disclose the crime publicly and damage the reputation of the National Guard.

Did Colindres, who was not arrested until nearly five months later, follow Martinez's advice? Did Director General Vides Casanova then protect Colindres for more than four months—until intense political pressure in the United States and the threat of a possible cutoff of military aid by Congress forced the Salvadoran government to announce at least some arrests? Above all, why did Martinez resign? How did he get his U.S. visa? Who paid his way to Los Angeles? Who pays his expenses there now? Why was Martinez's crucial evidence never entered into the official record of the investigation? And why, even when the Lawyers Committee presented the Martinez evidence to Salvadoran government prosecutors, did they "profess ignorance of it, and . . . express no interest in examining Martinez or seeking his extradition to El Salvador"?

Martinez's statement, the Lawyers Committee concluded, strongly suggests that he, and possibly also Director General Vidés Casanova, are part of a cover-up. And that possibility is of importance not only in relationship to the murder of the four American women. In the spring of 1983—long after the U.S. government was aware of Vidés Casanova's alleged role in the Martinez affair—General Garcia resigned as minister of defense, and Vidés Casanova himself, with strong U.S. support, was named to succeed him as Salvadoran officer in command of the entire U.S.-supported military effort in that country. Today, after repeated certifications by the Reagan administration that the Salvadoran military is making steady and significant progress in human rights, those same armed forces are under the command of an officer who may have been aware of crucial evidence about the murders of U.S. citizens.

> In El Salvador, there is a hierarchy of death: those who give the orders do not do the killing; those who do the killing do not bury the victims.

Martinez's disappearance from El Salvador—and eventual reappearance in the United States—also brings into question the role of the State Department and of the U.S. embassy in El Salvador. Why was Sergeant Martinez issued a U.S. visa? If it was a tourist visa, and he overstayed it, why was Martinez not deported or detained? If Sergeant Martinez was issued a residence visa—which usually is granted only following a personal investigation—who made the decision, and on what grounds?

To all these questions, and to the many others the Martinez affair poses, the State Department has a ready answer.

"When we asked," recounts Posner, "we were told all consular files are routinely destroyed after eighteen months. We were told all the files on Martinez had been burned."

- But the questions raised by the Martinez incident are dwarfed by those raised by the Thomas Bracken affair. Bracken, then forty-six, was a U.S. citizen—an ex-police officer and private detective from Nevada who, in December 1980, had been living off and on in El Salvador for more than three years. A violent anti-Communist, Bracken had played a role in local politics back home; in El Salvador he was a paid consultant to the Salvadoran National Police, the most indiscriminately "anti-Communist"—and murderous—of all that country's many armed forces. Bracken originally had come to El Salvador hoping to sell customized armored cars. When his business venture failed, he found work with the National Police, whose chief, Col. Lopez Nuila, had aroused Ambassador White's suspicions with his queries about whether the missing American women were wearing nun's habits.

Less than two weeks after the four women were murdered, Bracken walked into the U.S. embassy in San Salvador with an offer.

Bracken "explained that he had important evidence relating to the death of the missionaries," Ambassador White later testified to Congress—evidence about the Salvadoran military's involvement in the killings. Bracken wanted something in return. In March 1980, a U.S. warrant had been issued against him for smuggling arms from the United States to Mexico. The gunrunning charges interfered with his work for the Salvadoran National Police. He needed to be able to move freely into and out of the United States. Bracken accordingly offered the U.S. embassy a deal: If it would arrange for the gunrunning charges to be dropped, he would provide important evidence on the murders of Jean Donovan and the nuns.

Bracken visited the U.S. embassy twice. And things might have turned out differently had White, Lasbury, or any of the other professional foreign-service officers in the embassy met with him. Instead, he was referred to U.S. military officers and FBI officials, who had been sent to El Salvador to assist in investigating the murder of the four women. They decided, following Bracken's second visit on December 16, that Bracken's evidence was inconsequential, and rejected his offer.

It was a judgment no one might have questioned, except for one fact: The next day, Bracken was murdered by Salvadoran troops.

The Salvadorans offered two contradictory—and unconvincing—accounts of how Bracken met his end. According to the first account, Bracken died on the afternoon of December 17, while searching with a police patrol for a kidnapped Salva-

doran businessman. The patrol entered a house, and Bracken was killed by a "wounded subversive." According to this version, no one was apprehended (not even the "wounded subversive") and no one else was killed.

The second account was even less convincing. It purported that the same afternoon Bracken and others were driving a station wagon in one direction, while a jeep carrying José Morales Ehrlich, a civilian member of the ruling junta, approached from the opposite direction. A grenade went off and Morales's bodyguards opened fire—killing Bracken, and Bracken alone.

More than two years after Bracken's death, Pat Williams, a correspondent with the *National Catholic Reporter*, pieced together the story and asked why the U.S. government had sought no investigation.

"In times of military conflict," State Department spokesman John Caulfield told Williams, "it is not unusual for someone to be caught in a cross fire."

What did Bracken know? The families of the slain women have demanded that their attorneys be provided records on Bracken's two visits to the embassy. The U.S. government has refused, and the matter is now before the courts. And the mysteries surrounding Bracken's death go further. Bracken's personal possessions were never recovered, in spite of requests from his family in the United States that they be returned. And Bracken's body disappeared, too.

"I believe at that time he was an employee of the National Police and he was buried by them," Patricia Lasbury later told Pat Williams. No friend or relation of Bracken's ever identified the corpse the National Police said was his. In fact, it was never ascertained where Bracken was buried, and the location of his body today is unknown, and perhaps unknowable.

U.S. government assurances notwithstanding, claims of progress in human rights in El Salvador are rebutted by facts. At least 30,000 people have been murdered there, and to date not one single government soldier has been tried and convicted of murdering innocent civilians, even though thousands of such murders have been documented. Why should the Salvadorans make an exception in the case of four slain American women—and conduct an investigation that, as White put it, "would crack the military wide open [and] even cause the government to fall"?

In truth, the question never has been whether the government of El Salvador would make sure "they're not going to get away with it"; the question—as Reagan took over from Carter—was whether the U.S. government would face up to the fact that the forces it supported in El Salvador were murdering U.S. citizens. Would the U.S. adjust policy accordingly?

By January 1981, this was no abstract question. The "anti-Communist" forces in El Salvador, between early December 1980 and early January 1981, went on the rampage against Americans in that country. In addition to Jean, Dorothy, Ita, Maura, and Bracken, John Sullivan, a free-lance journalist, was abducted and murdered. Then, on the third of January, two more outrageous murders occurred. Two U.S. land-reform advisers, Michael Hammer and Mark Pearlman, were gunned down in the coffee shop of the Sheraton Hotel.

Even before President Reagan took office, the State Department announced a resumption of U.S. military aid to the Salvadoran armed forces. (Aid had been suspended two days after the bodies were discovered.) The Salvadoran authorities, the State Department declared, had taken "positive steps" in the investigation of the killings. Ambassador White strongly protested, and on January 21, 1981, he went public with his opposition to the misrepresentation of the facts of the investigation. In an interview with the *New York Times*, he stated: "As far as I am concerned, there is no reason to believe that the government of El Salvador is conducting a serious investigation. I am not going to be involved in a cover-up."

> Key Salvadoran figures in the case have been provided sanctuary from justice *inside* the United States, with the acquiescence, and possibly the support, of the U.S. government.

A short time later, the new secretary of state, Alexander M. Haig, Jr., dismissed White as ambassador. Then White, along with a number of other key diplomats known to be committed to an impartial investigation, was purged from the State Department.

Within weeks, White would be transformed from the chief administrator of U.S. policy in El Salvador to its most prominent, and credible, critic. White believed that, rather than trying to turn El Salvador into a military confrontation between "free world" Salvadorans like Garcia and Nuila and "Communist subversives" like the guerrillas, the United States should strongly support political moderates like José Napoleón Duarte—and not hesitate to reach an agreement with the opposition Democratic Revolutionary Front as well, if that could help stop the bloodbath and bring into power a government committed to real reform. The majority in the State Department, even while Carter was still president, but overwhelmingly so after Reagan assumed office, had an entirely different view. For them, the murders were, in effect, an unfortunate complication, which might impede congressional funding for a successful counterinsurgency war against Communist aggression in Central America. From this perspective, all that mattered was that the threat posed to U.S. policy by the murders be "contained." Congress and public opinion had to be sufficiently satisfied that something was being done about the murders so that continued funding for the El Salvador intervention would not be imperiled.

Within this majority view were, in turn, two separate tendencies. The first was that justice—for tactical, if not legal or moral reasons—must appear to be done. The ideal "solution" was to conduct a long but carefully limited investigation that would ultimately lead to a trial and, if possible, the conviction of the triggermen. In essence, this approach allowed the State Department to have its cake and eat it too. It could appear to be exercising "human rights" in El Salvador while retaining the substance of a military crusade.

The second tendency, which ultimately prevailed, was personified by Jeane Kirkpatrick, Reagan's choice as U.N. ambassador, who since has come to play a powerful role in shaping U.S. policy toward the whole of Central America. This was a much harsher approach than the approach of officials like Thomas O. Enders, who was dismissed in mid-1983 as assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs following complaints by Kirkpatrick and others close to the president that he was not sufficiently anti-Communist.

From Kirkpatrick's standpoint, Jean and the nuns had no business riling up the *campesinos* in El Salvador. Their actions, intentional or not, had served the guerrillas—and hence Cuba and the Soviet Union. Ambassador Kirkpatrick made her stance explicit even before she and the Reagan administration took office.

On Christmas Day 1980, the *Tampa Tribune*, a newspaper with a wide circulation in the area where Jean Donovan's parents live, published an interview with the U.N. ambassador-designate. Kirkpatrick had this to say: "I think it's meaningful to ask: Do you think the government [of El Salvador] was responsible or brought about the murders? The answer is unequivocal. No. I don't think the government was responsible." Kirkpatrick then turned to an assessment of the activities of Jean, Dorothy, Ita, and Maura in El Salvador: "The nuns were not just nuns. The nuns were also political activists. We ought to be a little more clear about this than we actually are.

"They were political activists on behalf of the Frente [or guerrillas] and somebody who is using violence to oppose the Frente killed these nuns. I don't have any doubt about that and I don't think those people are in control of the government.

I suppose they were people like those in the Hernandez-Marquin so-called death squads.

"The death squads are not agents of the Salvadoran government," Kirkpatrick emphasized.

It was a classic example of a high official totally misrepresenting the facts when the facts happen to contradict policy. The truth is that a presidential fact-finding mission already had looked into "the question of possible security-force involvement in the murders or their aftermath," and had reported to the White House that there was indeed "[circumstantial] evidence suggesting security force complicity in the murder or afterwards. . . ." The State Department also had looked into the four women's activities, and explicitly dismissed "unconfirmed suspicions that Catholic missionaries are assisting leftist groups."

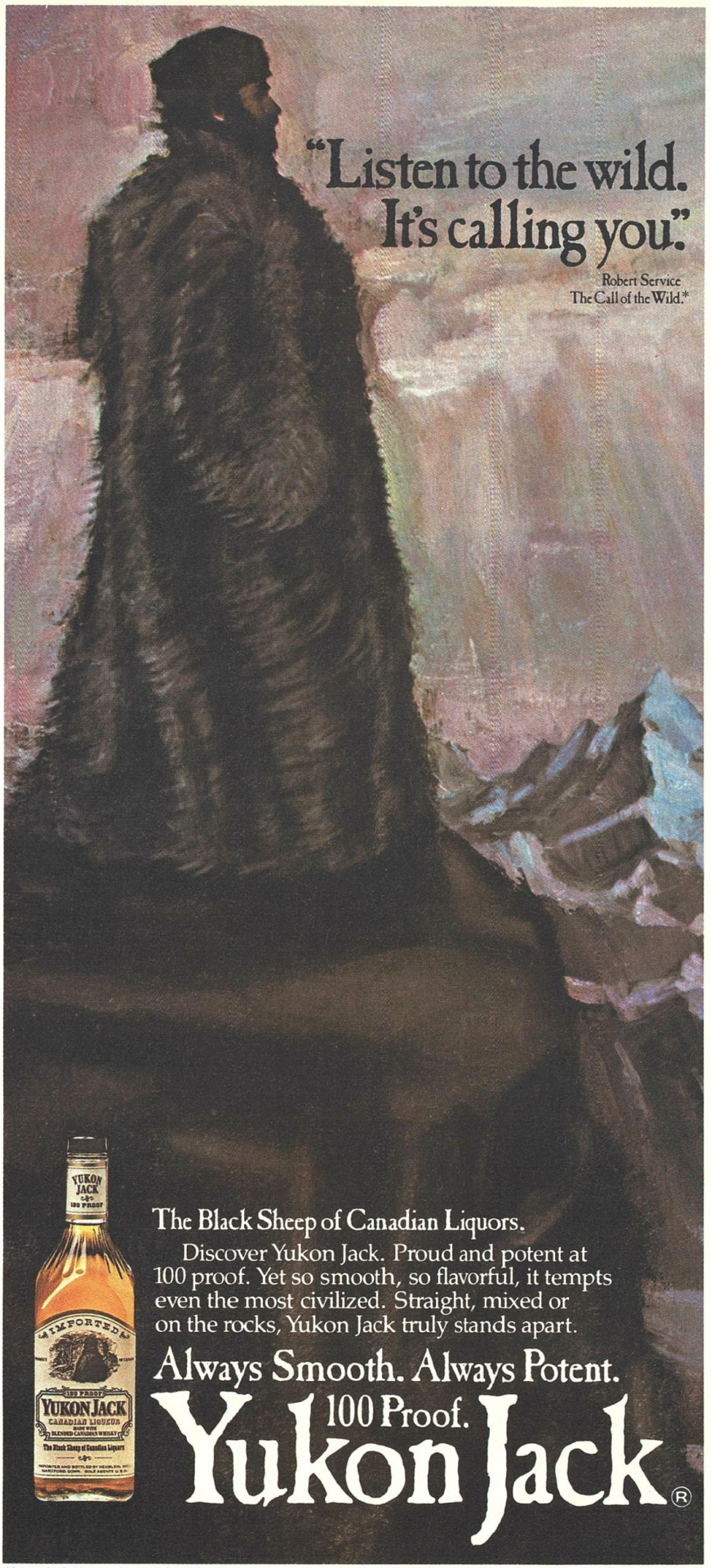
Ambassador Kirkpatrick's Christmas defamation of the four women, which was reprinted all over the country, could not have hurt the families more had it been deliberately calculated to be published that way. (In fact, Kirkpatrick had given the interview on December 16, the same day U.S. officials in San Salvador were turning down Bracken's offer of evidence. It was the Tampa paper's decision to publish it at Christmas.) Had her allegation, as Father Schindler later put it, not been such "an incendiary lie," it would have been funny. All four women came from backgrounds that were not only unradical but positively conservative. All four women had gone to great lengths to avoid involvement in politics. "It was the first rule in everything we did," Schindler recalls.

Jean Donovan herself, like the rest of her family, was a political conservative. Her friend Deborah Miller recalls her defending Nixon during the Watergate crisis. In the summer of 1980, while visiting Cleveland, Jean again had taken a conservative line on the Iranian hostage situation. "She thought Carter was being too weak with the ayatollah," recalls Deborah. "We had quite a fight about that."

For Sister Martha Owen, the suggestion that Dorothy Kazel had been some sort of leftist subversive provoked incredulity. When she learned what Kirkpatrick had said, Martha Owen remembered one incident in particular that seemed to put her dead friend's politics in perspective.

"It was back in 1976, during the Bicentennial," she later recalled. "Dorothy and I were so proud of our country's two-hundredth birthday that we climbed the tallest mountain in El Salvador and hoisted a big American flag there. Dorothy," she added, "was a flag-waver. She was terribly proud to be an American."

At first, the families reacted mostly with puzzlement. Surely Ambassador Kirkpatrick had not meant what she said. Yet the Kirkpatrick incident turned out not to be isolated. A week or so earlier, Michael Donovan says, the telephone had rung at his house in Connecticut. Michael picked



Yukon Jack Liqueur. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *© 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

it up, and a voice said, "Will you people please get the hell off our backs?" The person on the other end of the line then identified herself as a State Department official who had been handling details concerning the transport of Jean's and Dorothy's bodies to the United States. (Ita and Maura were buried in El Salvador.)

The State Department not only wanted the Donovans off its back, it wanted $3,500 from the family. Michael Donovan was mystified by this demand, since the Catholic church was paying to transport the bodies back to the United States.

"That's our charge for cutting the red tape in El Salvador," the official explained when Donovan asked.

Over the months and years, these incidents coalesced into a pattern. Gradually it occurred to the families that the U.S. government itself was one of the principal obstacles to justice—that so far as most U.S. officials were concerned, the whole affair of the slain women was at best an irritating nuisance, and at worst a "threat" to the conduct of U.S. policy.

The first documents the Reagan administration moved to suppress were Ambassador White's reports from San Salvador. When White began testifying to Congress that the investigation was going nowhere, State Department officials professed mystification. White's testimony, a high-ranking administration official declared, "baffles the imagination." Lest any of the bafflement be resolved, the State Department quickly classified White's own cable traffic to the department.

More documents were soon consigned to secrecy. In the aftermath of the murders, FBI investigators had been sent to El Salvador. Although the FBI is not empowered to investigate crimes committed in foreign countries, the FBI had gathered much evidence on the case—ostensibly in order to assist the Salvadoran prosecutors. As months passed and the Reagan administration clung to the position that the murders had been committed by low-level Salvadoran troops acting alone, the question of what the FBI had discovered assumed more and more importance.

Beginning in June 1981, the families commenced efforts to obtain, under the Freedom of Information Act, access to the FBI's findings and to State Department, CIA, and Defense Intelligence Agency files on the murder case. At the end of June 1982, after ninety-one members of Congress joined in the families' appeal, FBI Director William H. Webster finally responded to the request for information. In a letter to a member of Congress, Webster refused to release any documents of any kind relating to the murders. In support of his refusal, Webster argued that FBI findings could be withheld because they were "classified in the interest of national defense or foreign policy." His second reason for refusing to make the documents public was that "to release information would impede the ability of law-enforcement personnel to conduct a thorough examination and an effective prosecution, and might well preclude a fair and impartial trial."

It was not likely that releasing the information would impede the investigation, since the FBI personnel concerned were not empowered to enforce the law in El Salvador in the first place. "A fair and impartial trial" also had been unlikely in El Salvador from the beginning. Certainly, releasing information to the families was quite unlikely to influence what happened or did not happen after more than a year and a half of failures. The only reason to keep the information secret was that it had been classified in the interests of foreign policy. Over the last three years, in fact, the interest of foreign policy—that is, the policy of providing support to the Salvadoran military—is the only consistent thread in a tapestry of U.S. government misrepresentations, evasions, and outright lies.

"From the beginning," says James Kazel, "they tried to make us believe justice was proceeding when nothing was being done." Early in the case, for example, State Department officials assured the families that autopsies had been performed in El Salvador—even though White himself had informed the State Department of the refusal by Salvadoran forensic surgeons to perform autopsies, and this had been recounted in the State Department report to the White House. On another occasion, the families were assured that the white Toyota van in which the four women were riding when they were abducted "was in the custody of the FBI," but this, as Michael Posner discovered inadvertently more than two years later, was simply not true.

> "There is no reason to believe that the government of El Salvador is conducting a serious investigation," Ambassador White said. "I am not going to be involved in a cover-up."

"I was in San Salvador," recalls Posner, "and I happened to mention the van, because it remains an important piece of evidence. I was informed it had been sitting in an open parking lot in El Salvador for more than two years."

So far, attempts to gain access to records of the FBI's investigation have not produced any new evidence on who ordered the killings of the four women. But they do reveal a pattern in the FBI investigation that must be described as incompetence—if one is to be charitable—and which in fact seems to amount to a deliberate refusal to pursue leads.

Among the Lawyers Committee findings: The FBI "neglected to analyze the fingerprints of area security forces, thereby leaving unidentified 12 of the 13 prints found on the churchwomen's Toyota van." In FBI-assisted polygraph examinations of the six arrested guardsmen, only one, Sergeant Colindres, was questioned regarding the involvement of higher officials. Neither U.S. nor Salvadoran investigators have ever interrogated the commander of the airport military district on the case. "The FBI failed to question rigorously the sergeant who was Colindres Aleman's commanding officer."

While these are only a few examples of what the FBI has failed to investigate, earlier this year an even more extraordinary failure to pursue the investigation came to light. A death threat against Ita Clarke and Maura Ford, it was discovered, had been in the FBI's files for more than two years. Yet this document had never been compared for fingerprints. Moreover, the Salvadoran prosecutors had not even been informed of its existence.

In May 1981, some six months after the murders, the State Department—in pursuit of its own agenda—got the Salvadorans to arrest the triggermen. But over the last two and a half years, beneath all the headlines and maneuvers, nothing else has really happened. The Salvadorans have refused to try the arrested men, let alone investigate who might have ordered them to murder the four women. The families have been stonewalled in their efforts to obtain more information, and to revive the investigation. The administration and the State Department, while steadily escalating U.S. intervention in Central America, have continued to purport that the Salvadorans are making "steady progress" in human rights.

In the spring of 1982, the families and their attorneys were ushered into an office in the State Department and introduced to an anonymous Salvadoran. Informing the family members that the Salvadoran's identity could not be revealed, State Department officials asked the families to pay him $30,000. The State Department officials said he was a competent attorney who had consented—if he were paid that amount of money—to act as *acusador particular*, or private prosecutor, in the case.

The State Department officials impressed on the families that hiring such an attorney could be "the deciding element in a successful prosecution." (In truth, under the Salvadoran legal system the *acusador particular* does not play a decisive role at all.) Family members began to question the anonymous Salvadoran who, to his credit, made no effort to deceive them. Could he guarantee, in return for the $30,000 retainer, that the trial would be held? Not at all, the Salvadoran replied;

least of all could he assure a conviction. If he was retained as *acusador particular*, would he pursue the investigation and find out who ordered the murders?

"I wouldn't investigate," the Salvadoran replied. "That would be too dangerous. The people who ordered them killed would have me killed too."

Says Michael Donovan: "The only thing this guy could do was maybe, just maybe, get Colindres Aleman and the others put on trial. We were being asked to pay $30,000 up front to help the State Department sustain the illusion of progress."

Instead, as Donovan puts it, "we decided not to give this anonymous Salvadoran $30,000 and we made a counterproposal." The families requested the State Department to provide them with a list of Salvadoran attorneys willing to consider taking the case.

More than a year and a half later, they are still waiting for a State Department response.

Beginning in late December 1980, friends and relatives of the slain women made repeated attempts to get in touch with Ambassador Kirkpatrick and seek a clarification of her statements. Sister Sheila Marie Tobbe, for example, in January 1981 wrote to Ambassador Kirkpatrick, Secretary of State Haig, and President Reagan. She had visited El Salvador and seen at work all four of the women who were later slain.

In her letter to President Reagan, she wrote: "From first-hand information I know that all four of these women were performing works of mercy for poor refugees: feeding, clothing, finding shelters and medical supplies for them; in short, trying to provide some modicum of decency of life in a situation of turmoil, inhumanity and fear. Is this political activity? Is it political to take the Gospel seriously and live by its values?"

She asked President Reagan to "reconsider" Kirkpatrick's appointment to the United Nations.

Sister Tobbe is not the kind of woman to go behind someone's back with criticism. Accordingly, after writing to the president she also wrote to Kirkpatrick, enclosing a copy of her letter to the White House.

"I hope in the future that you will exert more care in discerning the sources of your information before you make statements about others," she wrote.

President Reagan and Ambassador Kirkpatrick never replied personally to any of the scores of sincere letters they received, letters that attempted to explain to them the real significance of the four women's deaths. Occasionally, some secretary would return a form letter. Sister Tobbe got one. And when Michael Donovan and Ita Ford's brother, William, a Wall Street lawyer, wrote a detailed letter to Kirkpatrick, they, too, got back a form letter, which ended: "Again, thank you for sharing your thoughts with me on this vital issue."

A few months later, Ambassador Kirkpatrick did grant Michael Donovan an appointment. But when he arrived, from Connecticut, at the U.S. mission to the United Nations, in New York, accompanied by two other persons, he was informed that Ambassador Kirkpatrick would not be seeing him after all. A receptionist led Donovan and his friends into a room on the first floor of the U.S. mission and told them to tell him what it was they wanted to say to Ambassador Kirkpatrick.

After some time, Michael Donovan noted the receptionist was not taking notes and mentioned the fact. "There's no need," the low-level official replied. "We're being taped. Everything said in this room is recorded. Ambassador Kirkpatrick will hear everything exactly as you said it."

Down in Florida, Ray Donovan was beginning to wonder why no responses came from the White House, not even form letters. "Some kid wins a spelling bee," he later said, "and the White House sends a letter. We must be the only people in the United States to write to President Reagan and not get an answer."

This, too, was explained in time. "All your letters to the White House are intercepted," a State Department official sympathetic to the families told them. "The president never sees them."

In the spring of 1981, in response to congressional enquiries, Ambassador Kirkpatrick did make a statement—not to retract what she had said but to misrepresent it. In a letter to the two ranking members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Ambassador Kirkpatrick claimed her statements had been taken out of context. She wrote: "My point was that order had broken down in El Salvador, that murders were being committed . . . and that more and more people . . . were polarized and drawn into the civil war. Under these circumstances any kind of identification or perceived identification with one of the contending sides involves one in the conflict. . . . Thus the nuns, two of whom I said were reported to have just returned from Nicaragua and to have ties in the Santanista [*sic*] junta, were perceived not just as nuns teaching school children but as political activists on behalf of the Frente."

Ambassador Kirkpatrick's explanation was notable for several reasons, the most important of which was that what she now claimed she said was completely different from what she actually had said. She had not said, the previous December, that the nuns were "perceived . . . as political activists on behalf of the Frente." She had asserted as a fact that they were activists on behalf of the Frente. Yet now Ambassador Kirkpatrick added an entirely new allegation—that the nuns "were reported to have ties in the Santanista [*sic*] junta," by which she presumably meant the Sandinista junta ruling Nicaragua.

This was an allegation that never had been made, let alone "reported," before.

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE®
38 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S
FIELD TESTER SHIRTS

These are just like the shirts old Wallace Beery used to wear. Of course, my shirts have the added feature of a "Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Field Tester" on the chest. Made of 50% cotton-50% polyester they wash easy and keep their shape. Colors: Natural with brown lettering, red or black with white lettering. Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL. **$15.00** delivered.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Diners Club, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6¾% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184

J&R MUSIC WORLD
FREE
CATALOG
300 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO,
COMPUTER, ELECTRONICS CATALOG

- **MOST COMPLETE, MOST UP TO DATE** product information available.
- **OVER 10,000 PRODUCTS.**
- **10 MILLION DOLLAR INVENTORY.**
- **ALL MAJOR BRAND NAMES.** Factory fresh, totally guaranteed. Hard-to-find and specialty items. Video Games, Computers & Accessories, Portables, Car Stereos, Blank Audio & Video Tapes.
- **EVERYTHING IN HOME ENTERTAINMENT!** Worldwide! Dealers and customers agree: Much more than a catalog, this is one of the most comprehensive and authoritative product source books in the industry.

BEFORE YOU SHOP, CALL US TOLL-FREE FOR THIS FREE CATALOG

(800) 221-8180

IN NEW YORK, ALASKA, HAWAII and CANADA CALL (212) 732-8600

J&R MUSIC WORLD
23 PARK ROW
NEW YORK CITY,
NEW YORK 10038

Ambassador Kirkpatrick concluded: "I think I have some sense of Mr. Donovan's anguish at the death of his sister, and I am happy to take this opportunity to assure him and you that my words, spoken as a political analyst attempting to describe dispassionately a tragically violent scene, were in no sense intended as a smear."

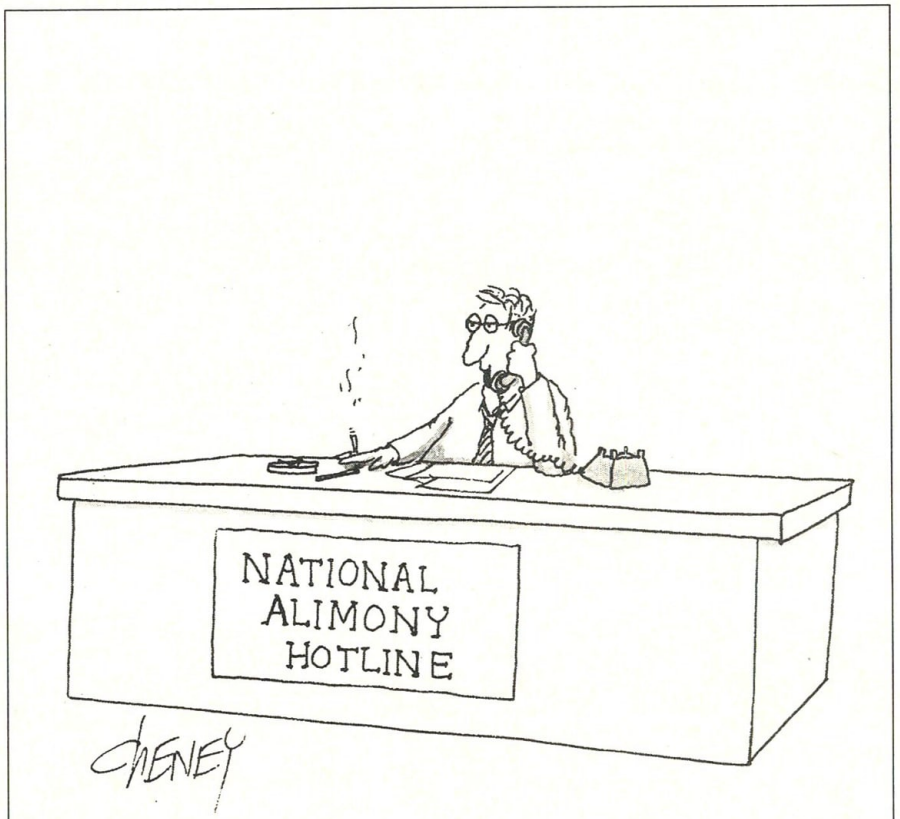
To this conclusion, the U.N. ambassador appended a request: "Since I do not know Mr. Donovan's address, could you please ask someone in your office to forward the enclosed copy of this letter to him?"

It was a strange act of discourtesy, considering that the Donovan family had contacted Ambassador Kirkpatrick's office on numerous occasions, that their addresses no doubt were in her files, and that Michael Donovan's address in any event easily could have been ascertained with a few telephone calls.

On March 18, 1981, Secretary of State Alexander Haig discussed the question of Ray Donovan's daughter's death with Dante Fascell, a Florida congressman. When Fascell asked Haig about progress in the murder investigation during hearings before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Haig replied: "I would like to suggest to you that some of the investigations would lead one to believe that perhaps the vehicle the nuns were riding in may have tried to run a roadblock . . . and there may have been an exchange of gunfire. And perhaps those who inflicted the casualties sought to cover it up."

Haig's allegations created a sensation on Capitol Hill and in the press. But the consternation inside the State Department was, if anything, even greater. By chance, a meeting already had been scheduled with the families for the following morning. After being challenged by family members either to substantiate its "slander [of] the memory of our sisters" or make a public apology, Assistant Secretary of State James Cheek conceded that "the State Department has no documents, either classified or unclassified, which state or in any way suggest that the four women ran a government roadblock . . . had weapons of any kind, or . . . had ever engaged in any activity inconsistent with being peaceful religious missionaries."

Unlike Ambassador Kirkpatrick, Secretary Haig did retract his allegations. Indeed, in subsequent testimony he treated it all as a kind of joke. When asked during Senate hearings what evidence he had to prove that "the nuns were firing at the people," the secretary of state replied: "I haven't met any pistol-packing nuns in my day, Senator. What I meant was that if one fellow starts shooting, the next thing you know they all panic."



"Now, now, pal . . . just calm down. If you've already sold your clothes, then I can give you the number of a place that buys blood."

For many, the significance of these women's deaths goes beyond the merely political. The work the four women did in El Salvador was not particularly dramatic. They taught catechism classes to illiterate peasants who had never before been treated with dignity and respect. They counseled young people and they consoled the old. And when the terror descended on El Salvador, they tried as best they could to save lives, not just souls. They picked up wounded women and orphaned children in their white van and took them to church-supported refugee camps, where they could find food, medicine, and refuge. In a nation drunk on blood and violence, they were a tiny counterforce of sanity and peace.

As the details of these women's lives, not just their deaths, have become more and more widely known, a curious and powerful phenomenon has occurred. The families first began to sense that the stories of Jean, Dorothy, Ita, and Maura were only beginning at the funerals. "People were reaching out and touching us," remembers Marietta Kelly, whose husband, Don, is one of the Donovans' Cleveland cousins. "I am a convert to Catholicism and until then I had never understood all the saint stuff. Then, when I saw the reaction of people, I understood. Human beings have a strong need to know ordinary people are capable of heroic goodness in the face of extraordinary evil."

No doubt precisely because she was not a nun—because in her case any thought of vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience would have been an absurdity—Jean Donovan in particular has become, in death, a living presence to millions of people. A widely acclaimed documentary on Jean's life—"Roses in December," by Ana Carrigan and Bernard Stone—has been broadcast several times on public television. In this and other accounts Jean was portrayed as a fun-loving, wealthy young woman with a taste for fast motorbikes, hard liquor, and handsome men—who finally found in working among the terrorized Salvadoran *campesinos* a kind of inner fulfillment money and pleasure could not provide. But two weeks before she was murdered, Jean Donovan wrote to a friend in Connecticut. "Several times I have decided to leave El Salvador. I almost could except for the children. The poor bruised victims of this insanity. Who would care for them? Whose heart would be so staunch to favor the reasonable thing in a sea of their tears and helplessness? Not mine, dear friend, not mine."

Perhaps that letter documents a sort of miracle, but whatever the case, over the following three years the families and friends of the four women would discover that though their loved ones had been taken from them, much else was being given in return.

Nothing can replace a vanished daughter, but that has not made the compassion of thousands of others any less moving. Friends of the families inevitably talk about how these women's parents, brothers, sisters, nieces, and nephews have "grown" since the deaths.

"It has been an astonishing transformation," said a friend of Ita Ford's family, who has come to know the other families as well. "You sense they want to be equal to the legacy that has been left to them. They haven't buckled or broken, or had time for self-pity. They recognize that these terrible events have presented them, too, with a big challenge."

Challenge was not limited to them—but for the authorities in El Salvador, and increasingly for the U.S. government, the nature of the challenge was different: Not to learn from what happened but somehow to sustain the pretense that the lives of these women, like their deaths, meant nothing. It is easy enough to kill four unarmed women, and not much more difficult to protect their killers. But how does one counter the challenge posed to a whole war, to a whole United States foreign policy, by four martyrs?

Toward the end of July 1983, the latest "progress" in the "investigation" was announced. It was that the trials of Colindres Aleman and the others were being delayed at least another six months—that is, until early 1984. Last October, the Senate Appropriations Committee moved to block 30 percent of all United States aid to El Salvador for 1983 until a verdict was rendered in the case.

Earlier last year, I went to Florida to talk to Jean's father, Ray Donovan. This was on Flag Day, as I mentioned earlier, and Ray Donovan took the Oldsmobile out of the garage and drove me over to see Jean's grave. A simple headstone, near a tree, read:

A ROSE IN DECEMBER
Jean Marie Donovan
April 10, 1953–December 2, 1980

The traffic was heavy on the nearby boulevard. Across the way were some typical Florida drive-in franchises.

"Don't feel sorry for Jean," Ray Donovan said somewhat later as we drove back to the house. "She's where we're all trying to get."

By that Mr. Donovan clearly did not mean the grave opposite the franchise stores. He meant heaven. I asked him if his faith is as literal as that.

"Yes, it is," he answered, "and I'm not ashamed of it."

We returned to a discussion of this life, and I asked Ray Donovan what, for the families, would be a satisfactory outcome of the "investigation."

"Oh, hell," he replied, "it doesn't matter whether something happens or does not happen someday in some Salvador courtroom. What matters is that what was done to Jeanie and the others gave us Americans a chance to really examine what we are doing in the world."

Something stuck in my mind as we drove through the neat Sarasota subdivisions, through this world of green grass and blue swimming pools where it seemed, all around you, that the American dream had come true. I was reminded of Father Schindler talking about that terrible search of three years ago in El Salvador—and how for him, as for others whose lives the four women touched, the legacy, in spite of the horror, was a legacy of joy.

"It was the day after we recovered the bodies," he said. "There was an all-night wake, and then the next morning it was time to move the bodies.

"When we took them outside, thousands of Salvadorans were lining the road. They all started applauding. Men were struggling among themselves for the privilege of carrying the coffins. The road was lined with applauding people."

The bodies, being carried down the road, moved slowly past the applauding people.

Jean, Dorothy, Ita, and Maura were passing through the "valley of the shadow of death," bound—no matter how you define it—to a certain resurrection.

For two decades, more Trojan-Enz® Lubricated condoms have been sold by drug stores than any other condom—because more consumers trust them and prefer them.

For feeling in love, Trojan-Enz Lubricated offer you and your partner the best. Each condom has a natural jelly lubricant—a Trojan exclusive—for greater sensitivity.

Thin and safe, Trojan-Enz Lubricated condoms are individually packaged in tamper-resistant foil for ease of use. They're available in boxes of three, 12 or the economical 36-pack.

Rely on the best-selling condom. Look for Trojan-Enz Lubricated in the Trojan display at your local pharmacy. No other condom has been proven more effective.

YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, N.J. 08854 © Y.D.P.C. 1983
While no contraceptive is 100% effective, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease.

ARUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

man of the WBA championship committee, who had agreed that the damage was caused by a punch.

I got all the footage from CBS and went down to a WBA executive committee meeting and said, "This is nonsense, I'll show you the film." "You can't show it," they said, and the executive committee voted that there had to be a rematch, because the cut was caused by a punch. And I asked, "Has anybody seen the goddamned film?" Nobody had seen it. Meanwhile, CBS is yelling and screaming, because they want a Mancini fight. So I went to Puerto Rico and I met with Pepe Cordero, and he lays it all out. "I got España. He'll step aside for *x* amount of dollars." Also, I have to pay a tremendous amount to have España fight Mancini. It's all documented. And I have to pay Cordero a fee for that fight plus for every championship fight that Mancini has.

Penthouse: Are you still paying?

Arum: I paid them up to the Kim fight. I'm not going to pay them anymore.

Penthouse: Why are the WBC and WBA so important to the fighters?

Arum: There's a perception that if you fight without their sanction, then maybe you're not really the champion. I mean, who's to say you're the champion? Fighters and their managers tend to become very skittish about the whole situation, except when we get a big champion like Marvin Hagler, who says, "Let them go screw themselves. Who's going to believe that anybody other than me is the champion?"

Penthouse: Whose rankings are taken more seriously, those of the WBA, the WBC, or *Ring* magazine?

Arum: WBA and WBC rankings have a utilitarian purpose. I don't follow *Ring*'s rating, and I really don't care very much about them. On the other hand, I care very much about whether a fighter is in the WBA or WBC ratings, because then it means that he's eligible for a title fight.

Penthouse: Do you think professional boxing needs its own Pete Rozelle?

Arum: Impossible. In boxing there's no regulation. Anybody can become a promoter just by having a telephone installed. It's not like football, where you have to have a team, a franchise, a big capital investment. A federal commission is the only answer, and I've been advocating one for years.

Penthouse: How much control does television have over boxing?

Arum: Television is by far the greatest source of revenue in professional boxing. It supports and pays for most of the boxing that the American public sees. And as the people who are paying, they have a lot to say about what's shown. The one thing we have going for us is that the people who represent the three networks are good people. Many times my matchmakers and I disagree with their judgments, but they base their decisions on the marquee value of the particular fighters or fights, and it all translates down to ratings. So because the three networks have a tremendous influence on boxing, they foot the bill.

Penthouse: But are their decisions in the best interest of boxing?

Arum: No. They don't profess that their actions are in the best interest of a particular sport. ABC's actions will be in the best interest of ABC. As will CBS's and NBC's. The sport really takes a backseat.

Penthouse: A backseat to, say, Cosell? Do you think Howard Cosell was a bit hysterical when he announced that he wasn't going to broadcast any more fights?

Arum: In my opinion, Howard got out of boxing for a valid reason. At that time, as he well knew, ABC was supposedly going to do one of the most unconscionable deals imaginable with Don King. Somebody sold this new division of ABC, called RSVP, a bill of goods. The deal has since been aborted, but had it gone through, it would have given King a complete monopoly on boxing. Essentially, what they were going to do on their RSVP network was give King over $400,000 a month to put on a cable show that would have championship fights. The idea was to control virtually everything in boxing, and therefore the only paid television shows that could go on were shows that King promoted for RSVP. Cosell, who is a very, very smart man, realized that he was going to be involved with this situation just by being perceived as the spokesman for ABC boxing. That's when he made his swan song.

> "Law was very satisfying, but the glamour, the good times, the excitement of a heavyweight championship is almost like a narcotic."

Penthouse: You were widely criticized for calling a moratorium on boxing after the Kim-Mancini fight. Why did you call for it?

Arum: I promoted the fight, and I was really stunned and shocked when Kim died. In a television interview, I said there should be a moratorium on boxing in order to get some answers. Are the gloves proper? What are the real dangers in this sport? I knew that unless something dramatic happened, nothing was going to change. And the reason the moratorium had value—and still may—is that if you suspend the sport for two months, then everyone involved can't wait to testify and do something about the situation so they can get back into business. Now, people like Dick Young, a columnist with the *New York Post*, accused me of calling for the moratorium because King was doing a big show. The truth is I wasn't thinking in those terms.

Penthouse: What could be done to cut down on injuries and ring deaths?

Arum: Any death is a terrible tragedy, but I don't think there are a particularly large number of deaths in boxing. They could be cut down even further if periodic brain testing was required. If a fighter has been knocked out or has taken a bad beating in a bout, he should be required to take a test before he is allowed to fight again.

I'm also dissatisfied with the gloves they use. They have horsehair padding, and it's very easy for the padding to separate. If there were some type of foam rubber used, and some protective headgear experimented with, I think a lot of problems could be avoided.

Penthouse: You promote fights in South Africa. Why do you do that?

Arum: When I started doing fights in South Africa, Don King would use his Jesse Jackson card to have Jesse call the networks to say he would demonstrate against the networks and boycott the products and so forth. But whatever one may think of South African society, the boxing community is the leader of anti-apartheid there. The facilities are completely integrated, which wasn't the case before we started going to South Africa. The black fighters who go there are treated like royalty. They make big purses, because the fans really come out and buy tickets to the live gate. They're business people also.

Penthouse: Okay, so since you've brought up King, and since you and he are such great friends—ha, ha—do the two of you really control boxing in the United States?

Arum: We probably do more promotions than anyone else; that's why we are always linked together. Our methods and operations are really different. It's unfortunate that we're linked. A lot of the reasons why King and I do the major promotions is that we work harder than other promoters.

Penthouse: How come you're enemies?

Arum: Under normal circumstances, I don't think we would be, but our styles are so different we just clash.

Penthouse: Then racism has nothing to do with it?

Arum: I don't perceive it as that. From time to time, King has referred to me as a Jewish promoter, but that's more street ignorance than anything else. And certainly, as far as I'm concerned, the fact that he's black is really sort of irrelevant.

Penthouse: What elements would you like to see removed from boxing?

Arum: I'd like to see strict licensing for managers, for trainers, and for cornermen. You saw what happened in Madison Square Garden on June 16, with the doc-

toring of Louis Resto's gloves. I question whether a good screening process would have allowed those people to work his corner in the first place. Unless there are strict standards and strict regulations, there are always going to be bad elements in boxing.

Penthouse: Are people still paying fighters off to take dives?

Arum: I don't think you get that occurring anywhere near the top levels of the sport. But there are those fighters, known as "the opponents," who travel around the country, the faceless guys who fight with different names in different shows. I believe that still goes on.

Penthouse: Do you know of any?

Arum: Sure I know, but I'm not going to tell you, because if I do you and I are both up for six suits of libel. Obviously, it can't be proved.

Penthouse: Let's talk about specific fighters. What are the special ingredients that made Ali and Leonard stand out?

Arum: They both had tremendous charisma. There's one fighter who doesn't get mentioned as much, but for Latins and Hispanics Roberto Duran has as much charisma as Leonard and Ali. Duran is a character of characters. He's the most generous guy you'd ever want to meet. I love him. He's a real man's man.

Penthouse: What about Marvin Hagler?

Arum: Hagler is super-great fighter, but he doesn't have a dynamic personality. You have to sell Hagler as a blue-collar type of fighter.

Penthouse: Is Holmes a great champion?

Arum: He's a respectable champion. He's fought everyone. It's not his fault that this is a weak time for the heavyweight division. I wouldn't call him great, he's good.

Penthouse: If Holmes had fought Muhammed Ali at any time in Ali's prime, could he have beaten him?

Arum: Not a chance. Holmes wouldn't have beaten Joe Frazier, prime against prime; he wouldn't have beaten Jerry Quarry, prime against prime.

Penthouse: Is Ali responsible for the big boom in boxing?

Arum: Ali was responsible for the big boom in Ali. The 1976 Montreal Olympics, when five American kids won the gold medals—ABC covered it so beautifully—was responsible for the big boom.

Penthouse: Who is the next superstar boxer on the horizon? Ray Mancini?

Arum: I think Mancini is very attractive, but to be a real superstar you have to have tremendous ability. I think Ray has great charisma, but I don't know whether his skills are as outstanding as Ali's and Leonard's.

Penthouse: You've mentioned that you wouldn't promote another Aaron Pryor fight. Why not?

Arum: Because he's not a nice person. He's irresponsible. He screws up a promotion because of the way he acts.

Penthouse: Anyone else you wouldn't promote?

Arum: Leon Spinks. I promoted a fight for Leon against Coetzee in Monte Carlo, and my wife told me after that if I ever promoted Spinks again, she'd divorce me. He was just bizarre. He wrecked the bar in one of the nicest hotels in Italy.

Penthouse: Are you disappointed in Gerry Cooney?

Arum: No. On one level, his managers did an excellent job. They got him a lot of money, without taking many risks. One problem, though: They never really gave him the opportunity to test his skills. I believe Cooney may still have the potential to be one of history's greatest heavyweights.

Penthouse: Did you ever promote a fight where you really wanted somebody to lose?

Arum: Lots of times. I had promoted a lot of the late Victor Galindez's fights, and he had become a really bad guy business-wise. There was a promoter I'd worked with in Argentina who he'd given a terrible time to, and when Marvin Johnson knocked Galindez out, it was as though I was throwing the punches.

Penthouse: Hypothetically, as a promoter, tell us your idea of a dream bout.

Arum: Dream bouts from history—I think Ali against Rocky Marciano. Marvin Hagler against Carlo Monzone—that would be a really big fight. Sugar Ray Leonard against Sugar Ray Robinson. Sensational.

KING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

ble for protecting a fighter's future?

King: Yes, I think a pension plan is long overdue. That's why I'm so proud of Jose Sulaiman, the WBC president. He's a guy whose intentions many people misconstrue. He's running a world organization, and they call him a bandit, a dictator. But he's established safety plans for the fighters. He put in the standing eight count. He has insurance for every fighter who goes in the ring under the aegis of the WBC. He established the anti-dope test to make certain a fighter isn't on drugs. And he pushed hard to have ambulance paramedics at the fights.

Penthouse: So you don't think criticism is justified?

King: All the writers take their shots at him. They can't give you an alternative that would be nearly as good.

Penthouse: Let's talk about your concern for fighters. Bob Arum says he called for a boxing moratorium after the Kim death because he felt something should be done.

King: Ah . . . that's a noble thing for Bob to say. [Laughs.] It was fortuitous that he had nothing coming up. If he was truly altruistic and wanted a moratorium immediately after Kim's death, he should have said

"Chilly? We'll both feel much better once you get something hot inside you."

something before the big fight he had in November—the Kim fight was in October. When he gets all his fights in first and *then* says something about a moratorium, when there's nothing but *my* fights on the horizon, then it's very hard to believe.

Penthouse: Do you think it hurt boxing when Howard Cosell decided, after the Holmes-Cobb mismatch, that he was not going to broadcast fights anymore?

King: I always had great admiration for Howard. He took off on me a little bit after Holmes fought Cobb. He blames me for that, because he doesn't like to attack athletes. I said, "Hey, I'm not Larry Holmes's keeper. I'm having enough difficulty with Larry Holmes myself. Now you're going to blame me for *his* actions? Blame me for *my* actions." We were supposed to have a meeting, which we haven't had as of yet, but Howard has always spoken up for black athletes, so I like Howard.

Penthouse: Do you believe the reason he gave for not broadcasting any more fights on ABC?

King: When he criticized the sport to such an extensive degree, he painted himself into a corner. And, proud man that he is, he had to give up the sport that he loved. He was its greatest advocate, and now he has become its greatest adversary.

Penthouse: Are there any fighters in the ranks today that you wouldn't want to promote under any circumstances?

King: I gained my fame and acclaim by taking on those fighters that nobody else would promote. The incorrigibles.

Penthouse: Would you promote another Aaron Pryor fight?

King: I'd promote him. Pryor is crazy, and I understand that. I could have given him $100,000 and continued with him and would have had him for three more years. I could have probably made my money back four or five times. But he's mixed up.

Penthouse: What's his problem?

King: He's just confused. One day he'll come back, and when he does maybe we'll do something better together. But it's very difficult for us to do business, because Aaron is his own worst enemy. He's on a self-destruct course.

Penthouse: Who will be the next superstars in boxing?

King: I think Hector "Macho" Comacho, who's twenty years old, has every opportunity of becoming a super-superstar in boxing.

Penthouse: Do you think Marvin Hagler will ever be a superstar?

King: I think there's a definite excitement about a person who has that kind of charisma. It's infecticus. Many men have the talent and the ability, but they don't make people break out in a sweat when they walk into the room.

"Congratulations, young lady. You've just passed your orals."

Penthouse: If Cooney had beaten Holmes, would he have been a superstar?

King: Cooney was a superstar without beating Holmes. Holmes didn't get the commercials, Cooney did. We weren't selling an ordinary prizefighter, because Cooney hadn't really fought anybody of any caliber to get the ranking he had. He was big, he was white, he was Irish and Catholic, and he had a devastating punch. And the timing was such that people were hoping for a white champion. As soon as we made the match, it just exploded. The hype and the excitement.

Penthouse: Do you think that it's possible that Cooney's people mishandled him and pushed him into this fight before he was ready?

King: They did a fantastic job of handling Cooney. As a promoter, I can't find any fault with what they did, because they did a real P. T. Barnum act, and they hyped him up and got a $10 million payday.

Penthouse: Would he have been a great fighter, though?

King: I bet he could still be a great fighter if he would get out and work.

Penthouse: Will the Coetzee-Holmes fight become a big event because of the South African situation?

King: That will be a big, big, big fight, because it has all the ingredients and the magic and the excitement.

Penthouse: Would you have the fight in South Africa?

King: I can't go to South Africa, because I'm against apartheid. The only reason I promoted Coetzee is because he's from a country that's affiliated with the WBA. I didn't want to do Michael Dokes an injustice; so rather than ask anyone I promote to give up their title instead of going to South Africa, I have to be able to go into good-faith negotiations and deal with the fighter, because he had a mandatory defense. I got Michael to fight in America, and Coetzee just proved to be a genuine, competitive opponent. He became champion and he deserved it, because he worked for it. Out of all the fighters that I promoted, the only one that said thanks is Jerry Coetzee. He's anti-apartheid. And I don't think anyone should be punished because of where he was born.

Penthouse: Are you going to be scouting the Olympics this year?

King: Yes, I'll probably be there.

Penthouse: Aren't you afraid of tempting these kids with a little too much money a little too soon?

King: I'm not bidding on any of the Olympic fighters. I want to see what the team looks like. But after they win, there's nothing else for them to do but try to find a professional market. If they don't capitalize on their youth and agility when they can, they aren't going to be able to capitalize on it as they get older.

Penthouse: We asked Bob Arum this, so—to be fair—give us your idea of a dream bout.

King: I don't know, because I've been able to outdo myself time after time.

OMNI ON SALE DECEMBER 29

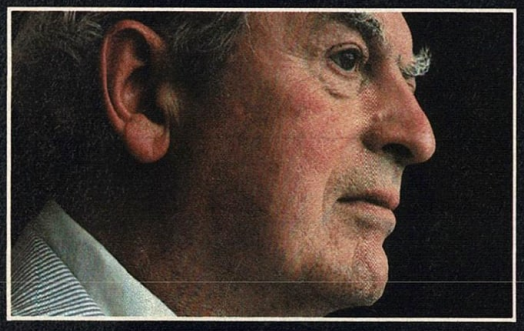
FICTION

In January, Pat Cadigan returns to *Omni* with *Variation on a Man*, a novelette about pathosfinder Deadpan Allie, a futuristic psychoanalyst who hooks into the mind of a patient. Her client is the clone of a mind-wiped composer who hopes to recapture his original personality's creativity. In contrast to the far-future, high-tech civilization that Cadigan depicts, Gardner Dozois's story "Morning Child" takes place in a time that is closer and far more familiar to us. "Morning Child" seems to be the simple chronicle of the daily excursion of a man and a boy through a ruined city, but Dozois, a master of understatement, constructs a taut and haunting tale with a devastating climax.

SILLY SCIENCE

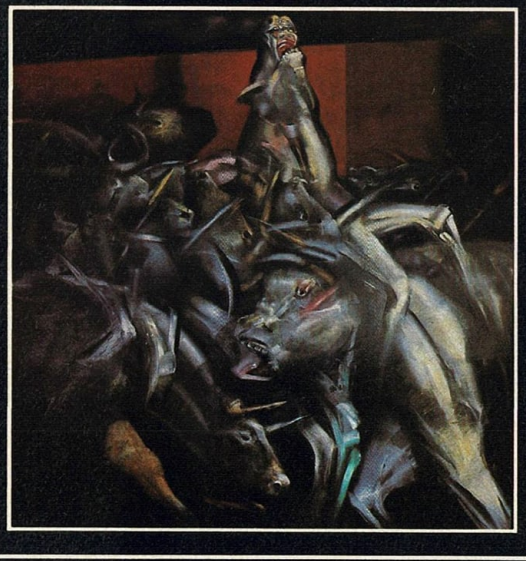
Once again we fill the cup and offer a New Year's piece of toast to the mad and merry science stories that made 1983 the last year in its field. We salute the author who wrote a psychohistory of Mickey Mouse. We applaud the compassionate researchers who discovered that snails do not like to be fried and that rats need their beauty sleep. And we bow to the bureaucrats who shot themselves in their foot-in-mouth lab. It's all here in the third annual *Omni* Laurels and Hardys.

INTERVIEW



Nobelist Sir Peter Medawar's fame is not limited to his role as "the father of cellular immunology." He is also renowned as an intellectual gadfly whose mercilessly sharp wit routs out woolly theorizing wherever he finds it. His targets are not small: They include all of psychoanalysis ("the most stupendous intellectual confidence trick of the twentieth century") and much recent philosophical writing ("feeble arguments, abominably expressed"). In this month's Interview, Medawar entertains *Omni* at tea with observations on cancer, immunology, women, and scientific crooks.

UNSUNG HEROES



Growling and snorting behind the doors of today's medical-research laboratories lie collections of animals as strange and exotic as any zoo's. While white rats may be fine for some scientists, others insist on nothing less than armadillos or Arabian stallions. Some odd species have now become prime subjects of study, thanks to peculiarities in their metabolisms or special abilities to adapt. Researchers have found that the fur seal, for example, can teach us something about traveling to and from space, since it moves easily from a semiweightless life in the sea to normal gravity on shore. Scientists are also studying snails and squid to glean information on how our nervous system works, and the answers to some of the questions about our reproductive cycles may be hidden within the metabolism of the brown bat. Read about man's *real* best friends, those heroes of the laboratory—turtles, garter snakes, and turkeys—in January.

Flix, trix,
and the *Penthouse* Balls Test.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Any good sportsman knows his balls. He should be able to examine the illustrations below, for example, and have no difficulty in telling the difference between a basketball and a golf ball, or in identifying which ball belongs in Yankee Stadium and which belongs at Wimbledon, even though the balls pictured are obviously not to scale.

But how well do you know your balls? Here's a warm-up quiz. For each of the six pairs of balls below, which ball is bigger? If you get five or six right, you may take an extra hour of recess. If you get four or fewer right, see me after class.

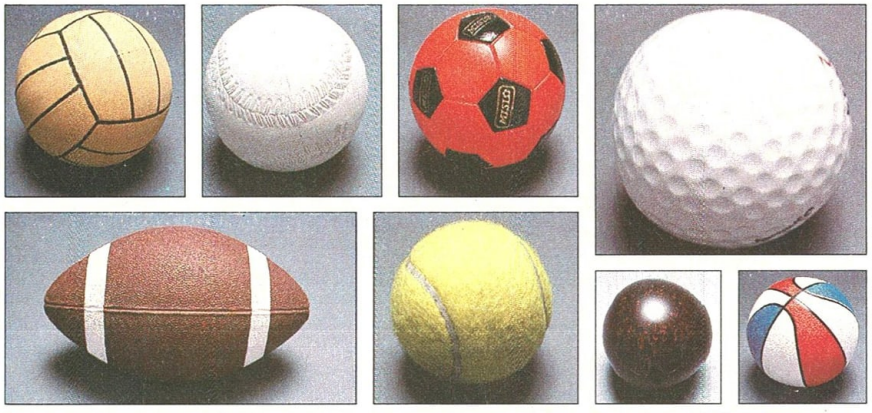
1. Table-tennis ball or golf ball
2. Soccer ball or bowling ball
3. Baseball or hockey puck (diameter)
4. Bowling ball or volleyball
5. Football (maximum diameter) or basketball
6. Tennis ball or lacrosse ball

Since you undoubtedly aced that quiz, you don't have to look at the answers yet. You can move right to your Balls Final. Here are twenty sports listed alphabetically. Put them in the correct order according to the size of the ball each uses, starting with the largest ball at the top of the list—No. 1—and the smallest ball at the bottom—No. 20. Starting on page 188, you will find the answers listed in order, from largest to smallest, by *inches in diameter*. If you want to be competitive about this, score yourself according to how many "points off" you are. For example, if a baseball turns out to be No. 15 on the list and you said it was No. 13, you would be two points off; likewise, if you put it at No. 17 you would be two points off. Add up your number of "off" points. A perfect score is zero. A score of forty is about average. You can be very proud of any score of twenty or less, and anything less than ten puts you in the Balls Hall of Fame.

Note: Consider the diameter of the hockey-puck disk and the long, tip-to-tip diameter of the football. Our sources are *Rules of the Game: The Complete Illustrated Encyclopedia of All the Sports of the World* (Bantam), *Webster's Sports Dictionary*, and various professional sports associations. No peeking at your neighbor's paper. Ready? Begin.

THE KNOW-YOUR-BALLS TEST

	Rank (yours)	Rank (answer)	Points off
Baseball			
Basketball			
Bowling			
Cricket			
Football			
Golf			
Handball			
Hockey			
Jai alai			
Lacrosse			
Polo			
Racquetball			
Shot put			
Soccer			
Softball			
Squash			
Table tennis			
Tennis			
Volleyball			
Water polo			



Do you know your balls? Pictured here, not to scale, are spheres and spheroids for eight sports. Top row, left to right: water polo, softball, soccer, and golf. Bottom row: football, tennis, bowling, and basketball. How big are they really? Try the quiz. Balls courtesy of AMF Sporting Goods.

GUIDE FOR CONTRIBUTORS

In response to those readers who have submitted material that they hope to see published in this column, or perhaps in other *Penthouse* departments, here is our official list of guidelines for good, clear writing.

- Subject and verb always has to agree.
- When dangling, watch your participles.
- Do not use a foreign term when there is an adequate English *quid pro quo*.
- If you must use a foreign term, it is *de rigor* to spell it correctly.
- It behooves the writer to avoid archaic expressions.
- Do not use hyperbole; not one writer in a million can use it effectively.
- Avoid clichés like the plague.
- Mixed metaphors are a pain in the ass and ought to be thrown out the window.
- Placing a comma between subject and predicate, is not correct.
- Parenthetical words however should be enclosed in commas.
- Consult the dictionary frequently to avoid mispelling.
- Don't use tautological, repetitive, or redundant statements.
- Don't use tautological, repetitive, or redundant statements.
- Remember to never split an infinitive.
- Puns are for children—not for readers who are groan.
- The passive voice shouldn't be used.
- Use the apostrophe in it's proper place and omit it when its not needed.
- Don't use no double negatives.
- Proofread carefully to see if you have any words out.
- Hopefully, you will use words correctly,

FROM

HITACHI

the sight and sound of

QUALITY

VT7P

CT2000W

DA800

New PORTADECK™ VIDEO CASSETTE RECORDER

If you're still looking for a portable VCR that truly is one—here it is. PORTADECK™ is the smallest, lightest, most versatile video system Hitachi has ever created. A single cable disconnect and PORTADECK™ is ready to go anywhere you are. At home, it becomes the perfect table model. Stacked or side-by-side, PORTADECK™ features 5 heads, Hitachi's exclusive four corner access control, "customized" tuner and a myriad of special effects. It's the portable video system only a leader like Hitachi can offer.

One Federal Court has held that recording of copyrighted television programs for in-home non-commercial use is wrongful, copyrighted programs should not be recorded.

COMPACT DISC DIGITAL AUDIO PLAYER

Hitachi's laser based sound reproduction system challenges the limitations of the finest analog stereo system. There is greater dynamic range. Virtually no distortion. No wow and flutter. No acoustic feedback. No record wear. The result is the purest, cleanest sound, faithful to the original recording. Until you own Hitachi's Compact Disc Player, you've yet to hear the true sound of quality.

Exclusive SIGNAL TRACKER™ COMPONENT TV

Hitachi's new 20" diagonal flat screen receiver/monitor integrates all your home entertainment functions. VCR, VideoDisc Player, Stereo System, games, computer and total TV reception. The flat screen picture tube gives you more on-screen picture, less distortion and minimal reflection of room light. And only Hitachi has SIGNAL TRACKER™, the most advanced color control system ever.

HITACHI

A World Leader in Technology

Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, 401 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

GAMES

irregardless of how others use them.
- Never use a long word when a diminutive one will do.
- Avoid colloquial stuff.
- No sentence fragments.
- Remember to finish what you

If you have any questions about acceptable *Penthouse* style, please refer to *The Elements of Style*, by William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White—the writer's bible. These authorities on usage make such recommendations as: "The subject of a sentence and the principal verb should not, as a rule, be separated by a phrase or clause that can be transferred to the beginning." That's style.

THE MOVIE QUOTES QUIZ

If you want to live in this century with the rest of us, there are certain things you must know to be considered "normal." People would think you an oddball if you didn't know a *few* things about popular movies, for example. Somewhere in your gray matter you must have stored enough trivia about the silver screen to be able to remember which actors spoke what famous lines. For each quote below, identify who said it (1 point each) and in what movie (2 points).

1. "Peter, Peter, Peter" (or "Pitah, Pitah, Pitah," as the mimics pronounce it). _____
2. "Judy, Judy, Judy." _____
3. "You dirty rat!" _____
4. "Play it again, Sam." _____
5. "Me Tarzan, you Jane." _____
6. "Come with me to the Casbah." _____
7. "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" _____
8. "Anyone who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad." _____

Hint: If you have an average knowledge of famous lines in movies, it may take you a minute or two to answer this quiz. If you know a *lot* about movies, you can probably finish this whole thing off in only a few seconds.

CALCULATE THIS.

We don't know who it was who first discovered that the numbers displayed on a calculator look like letters when viewed upside down. (1, 3, 5, 7, 8, and 0 become I, E, S, L, B, and O, respectively, and with a little imagination 4 and 9 turn into lowercase h and g.) But it wasn't long after that momentous discovery that calculator games started making the rounds. You would say you were going to calculate the beneficiary of the gasoline shortage, and you would punch in a few numbers and come up with the answer, 710.77345. Turn the calculator upside down and there would be your answer: ShELL.OIL.

Movie faces: Clockwise from top: Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman; Johnny Weissmuller, James Cagney, and Mae West.

George Heussenstamm, of La Crescenta, Calif., has sent us the following exercises for any calculator with an eight-digit display and floating decimal. Square and square-root functions will help. In each case, you can either solve the verbal clue directly or enter the mathematical problem and then invert the calculator to read the answer.

1. Something you can get from Fotomat: (53.000001) (1,002,926)
2. Bad German: $11[(2284)^2 + 463]$
3. What roosters always are: $(2{,}353)^2 + \sqrt{1{,}915{,}456}$
4. The first thing an Eskimo's fiancée does after she accepts his proposal of marriage (four words):
$$\frac{(7{,}334)^2 + 2{,}789}{(1.25)\ (800)}$$ (first two words)
$(.0912)\ (.867) + .000081$ (last two words)
5. Mr. Potatohead's hometown: $4[(95)^2 - 248]$
6. Quotation attributed to No. 2:
$$\frac{15[(168)^3 + (1{,}153)\ (13)]}{10{,}000}$$

Answers

PENTHOUSE TEST OF BALLS

In the warm-up quiz, the answers are: (1) golf ball over table-tennis ball (2) soccer ball over bowling ball (3) hockey puck over baseball (4) bowling ball over volleyball (5) football over basketball (6) tennis ball over lacrosse ball.

Here are the regulation ball sizes, from largest to smallest. Sometimes the rules of a sport allow a range of sizes; in each case here we have used the maximum acceptable diameter in inches for ranking. Because we have converted from fractions to decimals, from circumferences to diameters (C/3.14159 = D), or from centimeters to inches (C x .3937 = I), some numbers may seem peculiar.

1. Football (11–11 ¼" maximum diameter)
2. Basketball (9.39–9.55)
3. Soccer (8.59–8.91)
4. Water polo (8.5–8.9)
5. Bowling (8.5–8.6)
6. Volleyball (7.96–8.59)
7. Shot put (4.375–5.125)
8. Softball (3.78–3.88)
9. Polo (3.25)
10. Hockey (3)
11. Baseball (2.86–2.94)
12. Cricket (2.8–2.875)
13. Tennis (2.5–2.625)
14. Lacrosse (2.47–2.55)
15. Racquetball (2.25)
16. Jai alai (2)
17. Handball (1.875)

Answers continued on page 212

BUILD THE BEST BODY OF YOUR LIFE! FOR A STRONGER AND HEALTHIER LIFE!

NEW! Build up your whole body INSIDE and OUTSIDE with this totally new way! This combined method increases your physical activity up to 60% and accelerates your body development up to 300%!

HERE IS THE INSIDE WAY:

Enjoy an unbelievably delicious body building protein that is an effective way of fulfilling your body's demands. Multi Power 70 consists of 70% natural pure animal protein powder containing no (we repeat: NO) lowering soy but totally new, fast working building blocks to the wanted muscles of your body!
It's as delicious as a soft vanilla milkshake and contains also all minerals and trace elements that your body demands! Take the chance and redesign your body in just 10, 20 and 30 days, based on biologic reaction.

HERE IS THE OUTSIDE WAY:

Combine a firework of 75 muscle growing impulses with Multi Power 70 to grow muscles.
A unique 3-GRIP ELLIPTIC DUMBBELL (from coffee-brown high impact fingerthick material that even meets military standards!) whose weight you increase simply by filling it with heavier material like water or sand etc. weighing from 18 to a professional level of 155 lbs. The continually increasing strength of your developing muscles will be your signal to increase the weight of the dumbbell step by step.

FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, DO WHAT YOUR BODY NEEDS!

The proven success recipe can add up to 19" (circumference) of new and solid muscle sportingly proportioned on your body. And it comes to you in the mail. Choose from two Power Packages and one Super Program:

POWER PACKAGE 1:

One coffee-brown elliptical dumbbell with buffalo-leather grain. It costs only one-fourth as much as ordinary, iron dumbbells because the expensive iron has been taken away. At home you fill it with tap water or sand. Fill the dumbbells in three simple steps and you are ready to do any of 41 exercises, thereby building your muscles 300%.
Six to eight exercises of your choice, every other day, are enough. Our Guarantee: A 4¾" circumference increase in 10 days! With us, such equipment costs only $39.95.

POWER PACKAGE 2:

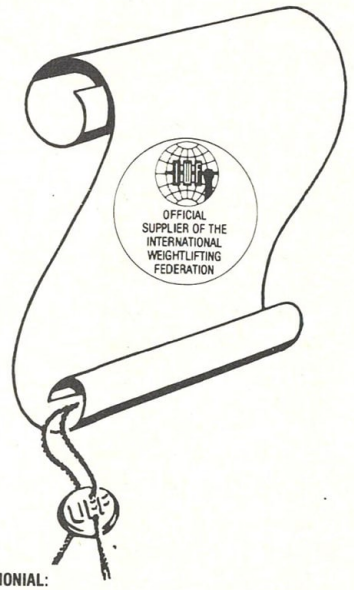
Two elliptical dumbbells for 75 exercises. You save half the training time. Included: a panoramic training poster with all the tips and tricks for a guaranteed 13" muscle increase in just 30 days. With us, this package costs only $74.90 (you save $5.–).

THE SUPER PROGRAM WITH MULTI POWER 70!

This is your direct muscle food. Sensational! It exceeds U.S. Government standards for high quality protein! You'd have to spend $148 for steaks to get the same amount of even a lower quality protein. But each can of Multi Power 70 costs only $9.95. Two for $18.90 (you save $1.). 15 servings.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not satisfied with either of our products, you can return them within 30 days and get your money back promptly. **We don't ask bothersome questions!** That guarantee is good for the dumbbells and FORMULA 70. This warranty automatically obligates us to manufacture only high quality, successful products.

How can we make this guarantee? Because we have 20 years of successful experience in muscle training research and technology in 17 countries! We put our money where our mouth is!

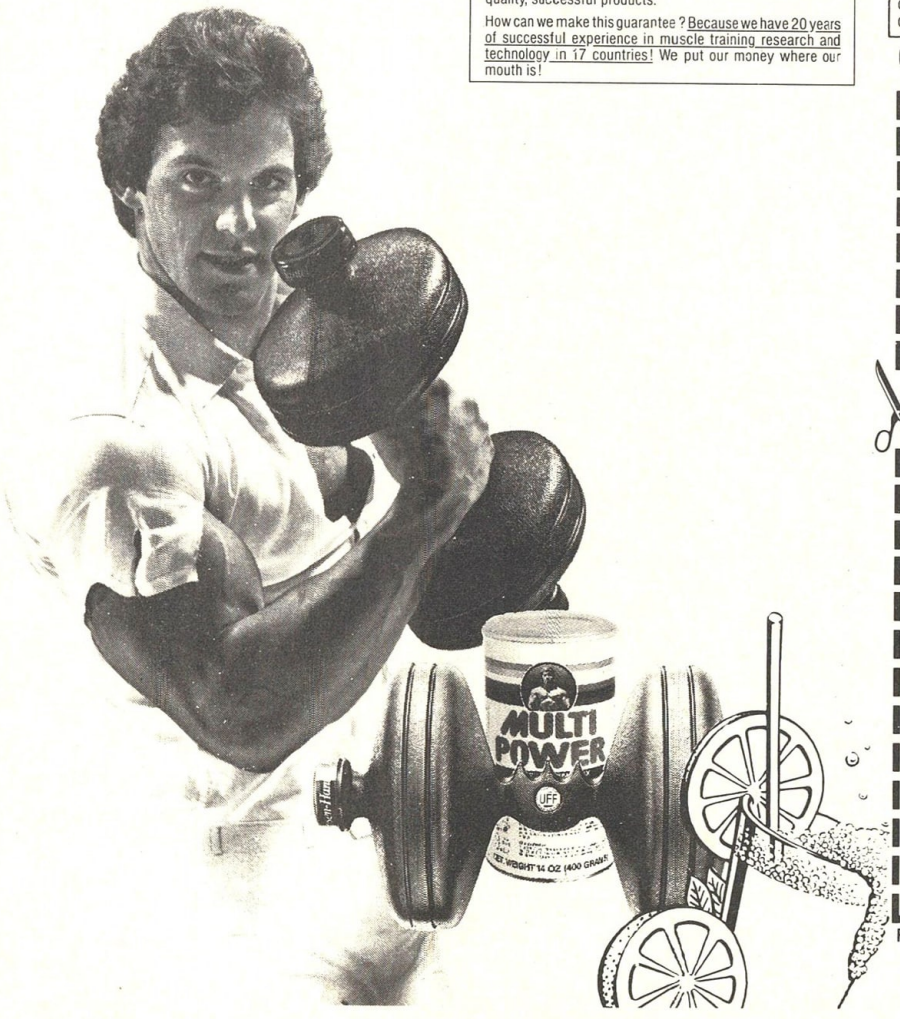


TESTIMONIAL:

Due to the exceptional high quality of Multi Power 70, it has been selected as the sole protein supplement for the International Weight Lifting Federation. Nobody can say this about any other proteins!

SO ENJOY A NEW DIMENSION OF VIGOROUS HEALTH.

It is easy to order by mail or call **TOLL FREE 800-638-3800** (in N.Y. call 1-914-941-2145) and charge it to your credit card. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions. Satisfaction guaranteed.



ORDER TODAY. (Cut, mark and mail to:)

UNITED FOOD AND FITNESS, INC.
531 NORTH STATE ROAD, BRIARCLIFF MANOR, NY 10510

Yes, I want to try your method for renewed body buildup. Please rush me the United Food and Fitness program as indicated below. I understand that if I am not satisfied, I may return the dumbbells and/or Multi-Power FORMULA 70 within 30 days and get my money back, no questions asked.
Check program desired: (wall-charts and training brochures come will all)

Power Packs:
- ☐ **No. 1:** One dumbbell - Only $39.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling.
- ☐ **No. 2:** Two dumbbells - Only $74.90 plus $3.00 postage and handling. You save $5!

Super Power Pack:
- ☐ **No. 3:** Two dumbells - Two cans Formula 70 - Only $93.80 plus $5.00 postage and handling. You save time and $6.00.

Proti Packs:
- ☐ One can FORMULA 70 - Only $9.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling.
- ☐ Two cans FORMULA 70 - Only $18.90 plus $3.00 postage and handling. You save $1!

Amount enclosed $_____ Check or money order only. (NY State residents please add applicable sales tax). No C.O.D.s. please. U.S. Funds only.
Charge it:
☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

Credit Card No.: _____
Exp. Date: _____
Name: _____
_____
Address (no box numbers): _____
_____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip.: _____

Order by phone TOLL FREE – 800-638-3800
(in N.Y. call 1-914-941-2145)
and charge it to your VISA/MASTERCARD or American Express.

PH

Retailers inquire for special programs.

IN THE JANUARY FORUM

HOW TO SATISFY A WOMAN EVERY TIME

A provocative new best-seller, by well-known physical therapist Naura Hayden, describes a method of intercourse that guarantees that a woman will reach climax. *How to Satisfy a Woman Every Time: And Have Her Beg for More* is bound to offend feminists, because it makes a man responsible for a woman's orgasm. "A man will be loved as never before when he is able to give his woman the greatest pleasure he can give her—an orgasm," Hayden claims. "And when he can do this every time they make love, her love will know no bounds." A profile by *Forum* editorial director Philip Nobile is supplemented with generous excerpts from the book.

SWAN-SONG SEX

In the last, bittersweet days of a relationship, sex often takes on an emotional kaleidoscope of overtones—rage, fear, exquisite tenderness, brutality, multi-orgasmic ecstasy. For Sandy Broca, sex had always been an unquestioned source of pleasure, and the reasons behind her breakup with Alan were not sexual in nature. In this portrait of their sexual twilight, Broca concludes that although it is painful and difficult to end a love affair, sex can ease the transition.

A WOMB OF ONE'S OWN

Can floating in ten inches of warm, salty water in a dark sensory-deprivation tank improve a person's sex life? Patrick Devore reports on the experience of a young man who, in the interest of science, spent an hour in one such womblike tank. Afterward, in the interest of higher eroticism, he joined his girlfriend, Pam, for phase two of the experiment.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

GEARING UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

into the warm boot, and the lining molds to the foot's contours. The ZS model with Thermofit is a good choice ($275).

Bindings secure the ski to the boot and release the boot when the skier falls. Good bindings are synonymous with safety, especially when so many ski injuries affect ankles and knees. It is essential to have a binding with a hold-and-release mechanism you fully understand and trust. Salomon, a long-acknowledged leader in bindings, has replaced its moderately priced model, the 337, with the very affordable 437 ($95), which is endowed with a fully retractable ski brake. The brake consists of two steel prongs, one on each side of the binding, that immediately flip down when the boot is released. The prongs dig into the snow, thereby preventing the ski from sliding and keeping the skier from getting smacked in the face by his own skis.

Tyrolia's "Total Diagonal System" handles potentially dangerous skiing situations, such as catching tips on moguls and twisting legs, with a simple leverage system that proportionally distributes the amount of stress encountered to the release mechanism. Tyrolia's "Spring Pincer System" should be of special interest to skiers who enjoy the endless run. This system absorbs small, quick shocks without triggering the release. The 380D is a good choice for any level ($135).

A quick, clean release from bindings is essential for a safe and smooth fall. Marker bindings feature a four-pivot lateral-spring toe, which eliminates most potential sliding between toe and sole-holders during release. For racing, try the MRR ($150), and for sport, the M35 ($115).

Forward-twisting falls are all too common, and Look bindings make them a lot easier to handle with "Sensor," a patented, pressure-sensitive release trigger mounted in the toepiece. Look's 59 covers all ability levels except racer ($105).

Poles deserve more attention than they get. Although most ski manufacturers make satisfactory companion poles, you should look into what pole manufacturers have to offer. Here are some guidelines: The lighter the pole the better, grips should be secure and comfortable, and be sure to get the right height. When you stand up straight, with your forearm at a right angle to your body, the pole should measure the distance between the floor and your hand.

The best pole shafts are made of aluminum alloys, and the ratio of aluminum to other metals is designated by number, the best graded as 7001. Other good-quality poles carry higher gradings, to 8000. Reflex's 7001 model ($66) has a fluted shaft, which decreases the pole's overall weight as well as its swing weight (the resistance felt when swinging the pole).

Tips should be crater-shaped or multi-faceted for the most secure pole plant. Allsop offers a tip that is actually a tiny chisel that bites into snow at any angle and won't catch on clothes. Allsop also recently devised a shock-absorber system built into the grip, which is based on an air-compression mechanism that can eliminate up to 80 percent of the shock transmitted from your pole plant (Highlight 7020, $26).

For racing, curved poles, such as Aerro's RO-91, are aerodynamically designed for the least amount of wind resistance on the slopes ($62). But straight poles, such as Scott's Racer ($45), are also used.

You're likely to get a nice tan on the slopes, but the same light that bronzes your skin can play havoc with your eyes if you don't protect them. Ultraviolet and infrared radiation that bounces off the snow's reflective surface can actually burn the retina. For maximum protection from radiation, good goggles should offer polarized lenses to reduce glare and have a deep gray or green tint. They should also have a fog-prevention device and be scratch-resistant.

Alpina's Turbo model is durable, lightweight, and has an all-purpose gray lens and a double ventilation system for quick defogging ($45). Smith's Olympic goggles are polarized, and the plastic lens is scratch-resistant and chemically treated to prevent fogging ($30).

The slopes are no place to compromise your vision. Carrera's fog-free Vision 5031 goggles are designed to fit comfortably over eyeglasses ($35). And Bollé's X-500 IREX 100 accommodates eyeglasses with slots in the goggles' temples. The anti-scratch lens filters out ultraviolet and infrared rays 100 percent, and is able to control fogging with a thermal barrier and an anti-fog treatment ($45).

Keeping your body warm while skiing has never been difficult because you're constantly moving. But since your hands are more stationary, and are wind-whipped as you ski, they quickly become cold and clammy. The right combination of insulation, waterproofing, and breathability has been developed by Gates Gloves. Thinsulate, a micro-fiber insulation, is covered with Gore-tex, whose 9 billion pores per square inch allow perspiration to escape while keeping external moisture out ($35 to $57).

Keeping feet warm is also not easy. Nordica makes furry Tibetan goatskin boots (703, $152); for snow-and-street use, Ellese offers polyurethane boots of quilted-cotton-and-Curon-foam insulation with deep treads that defy slipping and leave the Ellese insignia wherever you go. The Visbi model has a rugged-looking gray rubber shoe and striped, quilted upper ($90).—Karen Schwarz

For information on where you can find these products, please see the top of the next page.

PRODUCT INFORMATION

EQUIPMENT	MANUFACTURER/ DISTRIBUTOR
Aerro poles	Aerro Technology P.O. Box 158 Shelburne, Vt. 05402
Allsop poles	Allsop, Inc. 800-426-4303
Alpina goggles	Raichle Molitar U.S.A. Geneva Road Brewster, N.Y. 10509
Bollé goggles	Bollé America 303-321-4300
Carrera goggles	Most sporting-goods stores and ski shops.
Ellese after-ski boots	Ellese U.S.A., Inc. 212-840-6111
Gates gloves	Gates-Mills, Inc. 30 N. Market Street Johnstown, N.Y. 12095
Head skis	Raichle Molitar U.S.A. Geneva Road Brewster, N.Y. 10509
K2 skis	K2 Corporation Vashon, Wash. 98070
Lacroix skis	Baldwin Sport, Inc. 303-949-6161
Lange boots	Lange U.S.A., Inc. Box 8888 Lodi, N.J. 07644
Look bindings	Look Sports, Inc. 6 Thompson Drive Essex Junction, Vt. 05452
Marker bindings	Marker U.S.A. Box 1526 Salt Lake City, Utah 84110
Nordica ski and after-ski boots	Nordica U.S.A. 6 Thompson Drive Essex Junction, Vt. 05452
Reflex poles	Reflex 800-632-8605
Rossignol skis	Rossignol East Coast: 800-451-5034 West Coast: 800-453-2481 Vermont: 800-462-1102
Salomon boots and bindings	Salomon/North America 7 Dearborn Road Peabody, Maine 01960
Scott poles	Scott U.S.A. Box 2030 Sun Valley, Idaho 83353
Smith goggles	Smith Sport Optics Box 2999 Ketchum, Idaho 83340
Tyrolia bindings	Raichle Molitar U.S.A. Geneva Road Brewster, N.Y. 10509

HERPES:
THE FACTS

How to prevent it, recognize early symptoms, what to do if you have it.

Genital Herpes is easy to get, incurable, and has reached epidemic proportions. As Time Magazine reported: "An estimated 20.5 million Americans already have genital Herpes and several times that number live in fear of getting it."

How can you guard against becoming one of the 300,000 to 500,000 new victims estimated to get the disease this year? What should you do, and *not* do, if you have it? This helpful, hopeful new book tells you. A physician/educator and his wife, a health professional, talk to you candidly about herpes. It's virtually a "survival manual" for Herpes sufferers, and a preventive guide for everyone else. In simple language you don't need a medical degree to understand, it gives you the answers to such questions as:

- What are the early symptoms of genital Herpes?
- Can a person with Herpes be infectious to others when there are no symptoms or sores present?
- Can you get the disease without sexual contact?
- Can you get it from kissing...simply sharing a bed with someone who has it...from a toilet seat...a cold sore...oral sex?
- Can a Herpes sufferer use a public pool, steam bath, sauna or hot tub without fear of transmitting it?
- How can you avoid giving Herpes to others, without giving up sex?
- What can be done to lessen the frequency and severity of recurrences?
- How can you recognize the onset of a recurrence?
- How long after a recurrence is it safe to have sex?
- What is the difference between Herpes I and Herpes II?
- Can genital Herpes cause impotence or frigidity?
- If one or both members of a couple have Herpes, can they have a healthy, normal baby?
- Are cankersores caused by the Herpes virus?

© M.C. 1983

From this clear, authoritative guide you'll learn all the facts... how to tell if you have contracted Herpes...how to take care of yourself (and others) if you do have the disease...and what treatments to avoid. How (and when) to tell a prospective sex partner that you have it...how to deal with the emotional and psychological problems it can create...what medical science has recently discovered, with up-to-the-minute information on new research, medicine, treatments. It tells where to go for help if you have Herpes... and how to continue living a full, happy, normal life in spite of it.

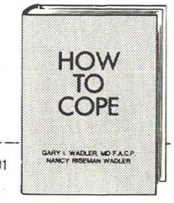
Send for this book now. It could be the most important volume you'll ever buy for yourself, your spouse, lover, friend or teenager... the one ounce of prevention that can save you from years of worry and distress.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

GARY I. WADLER, MD F.A.C.P. A graduate of the Cornell University Medical College, and certified by the American Board of Internal Medicine. He is a Fellow of the American College of Physicians and the American College of Preventive Medicine. In 1980 Dr. Wadler received the Edward J. Speno Award in Health Education given by the New York State Federation of Professional Health Educators. He is currently in private practice in Manhasset, New York.

NANCY RISEMAN WADLER Received a Masters Degree from the Columbia University School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine.

HOW TO COPE: THE FACTS ABOUT HERPES
An "information manual" for Herpes sufferers, a preventive guide for everyone else.
This 128 page hardcover book is shipped to you in a plain, confidential mailing carton. All orders are kept in strictest confidence. Just send check or money order for $9.95 plus $1.25 for shipping and handling. Money-back guarantee. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



Heron Books
201 Lincoln Blvd.
Middlesex, New Jersey 08846
141/2001

Please send me for $9.95* each plus $1.25 for shipping and handling _____ copies of HOW TO COPE: THE FACTS ABOUT HERPES, shipped in a plain, confidential mailing carton. I am enclosing my check or money order for _____ to cover the full purchase price with the understanding that unless fully satisfied I may return the book(s) within 14 days and get my money back.
*N.Y. & N.J. residents add sales tax.

Charge my order to: ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

☐ MasterCard MasterCard Bank # _____

Account # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

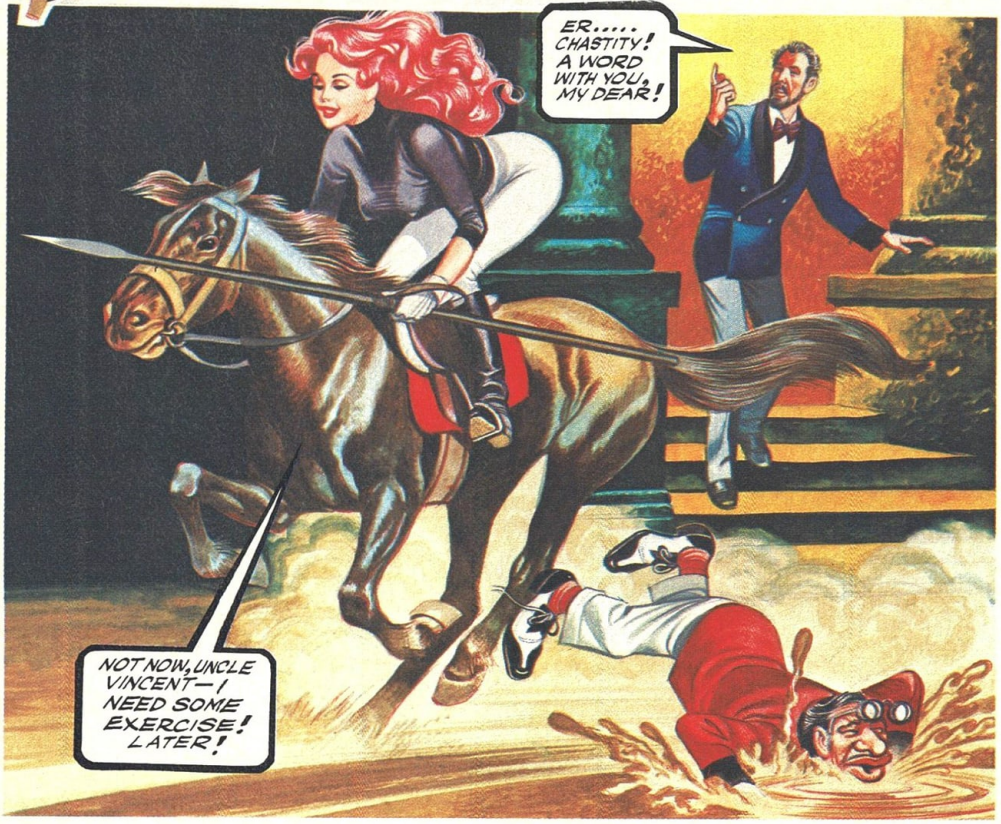
Address _____

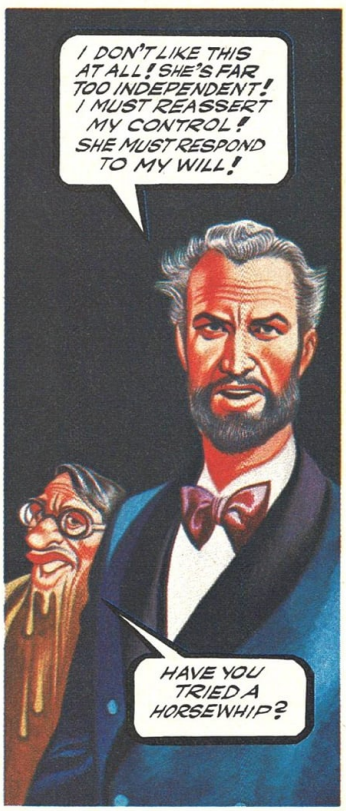
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Sweet Chastity
By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE HAS GONE THROUGH A PRETTY DRAMATIC CHARACTER CHANGE OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS. UNDER THE DISCIPLINE OF PROVOST SERGEANT STIFFENRODD SHE HAS METAMORPHOSED FROM THE WITHDRAWN, SPIRITUAL ACOLYTE OF THE LATE BILLY GREYBLOOD INTO AN EXTREMELY AGGRESSIVE AND PHYSICAL LADY—SORRY—FEMALE PERSON!
THIS IS THE LIFE! THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR AND A COUPLE OF HUNDRED HORSEPOWER THROBBING THROUGH YOUR LOINS!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE WORLD? THIS WAS ONCE A PEACEFUL BACKWATER WHERE THE EMPHASIS WAS ON THE QUALITY OF LIFE!
THE ONLY SOUNDS WERE THE GENTLE HOWLING OF THE WEREWOLVES IN THE FOREST AND AS THE SUN SET OVER THE QUAGMIRE THE NIGHT AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE MUSICAL CHIRRUPING OF THE VAMPIRES!
IT WAS A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD ENJOY THE SWEET AND SIMPLE PLEASURES OF LIFE!
JUST MY LUCK! OF ALL THE MONSTERS IN TRANSYLVANIA I HAVE TO GET CARRIED OFF BY A POET!

WASH DOWN THE MACHINE, IGOR....
...AND SEND A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE UP TO MY BATHROOM!

LAY OUT MY RIDING CLOTHES. I THINK I'LL STICK A BRACE OF WEREWOLVES AFTER LUNCH!


ER..... CHASTITY! A WORD WITH YOU, MY DEAR!
NOT NOW, UNCLE VINCENT—I NEED SOME EXERCISE! LATER!


I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL! SHE'S FAR TOO INDEPENDENT! I MUST REASSERT MY CONTROL! SHE MUST RESPOND TO MY WILL!
HAVE YOU TRIED A HORSEWHIP?

WHILE THESE BEWILDERING EVENTS ARE PREOCCUPYING THE THOUGHTS OF THE INHABITANTS OF CASTLE DREER, ABOARD A MERCHANT SHIP EN ROUTE FOR TRANSYLVANIA, OTTO, STOWAWAY AND BLACKSHEEP OF THE FRANKENSTEINS, IS ON HIS WAY HOME.....
I SWEAR—IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED—I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER CANNED PRAWN!
PRAWNS

AT LONG LAST—REEKING OF PRAWNS AND NOT EXACTLY DRESSED TO INSPIRE CONFIDENCE, THE WEARY TRAVELLER SETS FOOT ON HIS NATIVE SOIL.....
GROAN! I THINK I'VE GOT PTOMAINE POISONING!

WHAT D'YA MAKE OF HIM—OR HER?
YOU SEE SOME VERY WEIRD PEOPLE AROUND HERE!

THERE IT IS ≠SOB≠ CASTLE DREER! MY HOME! ≠SOB≠

BUT THE DEPRIVATIONS OF THE JOURNEY AND A LIFE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO THE PURSUIT OF ONE FORM OF DEBAUCHERY OR ANOTHER IS TOO MUCH. ON THE VERY STEPS OF CASTLE DREER THE STRENGTH OF THE TATTY PRODIGAL GIVES OUT.....

BEHOLD-A STRANGER AT OUR DOOR!
WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT!
SOME SORT OF PERVERT ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE!

YECH! IT'S THE BARON!
GROAN!

WE'D BETTER GET HIM INSIDE — BEFORE SOMEONE SEES HIM!
WHAT'S HE DOING IN THOSE ER.. CLOTHES?
THE KINKY OLD SO AND SO! HE'S MANAGED TO KEEP THAT SECRET LIFE WELL HIDDEN!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHO THE DEVIL IS THAT?
BARON!
YEAAGH!

IS IT? CAN IT BE? MY DEAR BROTHER VINCENT!
OTTO!
OH,NO! I HOPED ...I THOUGHT THE CREEP WAS DEAD!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?
STICK HIM IN A HOT BATH...
...ER...GET HIM TO BED!
GASP!
I'VE GOT TO THINK!
AND BURN THOSE ...THOSE.... GARMENTS!
WHAT A PROSPECT FOR THE WORLD —TWO OF 'EM!

THE FOLLOWING DAY....
HERE-DRINK THIS, YOU POOR, POOR MAN! YOU MUST GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK SO THAT YOU CAN ENJOY ALL OF THE AMENITIES OF YOUR FAMILY HOME!
MY DEARS! YOU ARE ALL TOO, TOO KIND!
ISN'T IT EXCITING, UNCLE VINCENT? YOUR LONG LOST BROTHER—HOME AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!
YES, IT'S ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL! I'M THRILLED TO BITS!
CAVIARE AND DOM PERIGNON FOR BREAKFAST!
UGH! HOW THE HELL DO I GET RID OF THE CREEP? HE'LL PROBABLY WANT A SHARE OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE—NOW THAT THERE IS ONE!
THE BARON ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS! IT'S A LIST OF HIS REQUIREMENTS .....2 VELVET SUITS...2 SILK DRESSING GOWNS ...12 SILK SHIRTS ...6 PAIRS HAND-MADE SHOES... AD INFINITUM!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE—HE'S NO THREAT TO A FULL BLOODED HETEROSEXUAL MALE WITH YOUTH ON HIS SIDE!
HOW TO GET RID OF AN UNWANTED RELATIVE! NOW THAT'S SOME—THING WE'VE ALL WANTED TO DO AT SOME TIME OR ANOTHER! HANG IN THERE, FELLERS—YOU MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING NEXT MONTH!

Don't make your mail come looking for you.

Notify everyone a month before you move.

© USPS 1980

KING OF PAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Koestler's *Ghost in the Machine*.

"Through the book, I became more spiritual in a very scientific way," he says, sipping from a steaming cup of tea in his anonymous suite at the Parker Meridien Hotel, in Manhattan. He is wearing blue sweatpants and a VICTOR MATURE LIVES! T-shirt that depicts Mature as Tarzan thinking "I wish I was deep instead of just macho!"

At this juncture, the Police were halfway through an extensive 1981 American tour to support *Ghost in the Machine* (in early spring the No. 1 album in the nation), and the transformation the book brought about in Sting was still very much on his mind. "Rereading it, it spoke to me, and in a logical way it ended my lazy grip on logic," he says, his blue eyes burning out from the lean, vulpine face with an intensity that seems almost predatory. "Prior to that, I was very much a robot. Let me explain one of Koestler's theories: When the railway train—the renowned iron horse—first reached the Plains Indians in America, the Indians examined it, searching for the spirit in the steam locomotive, wondering where it resided in the machine.

"Seems ridiculous, right? But, in fact, modern nuclear physics has brought us to the point where the simplistic Newtonian universe has fallen apart. The atom's been split once, twice, and then geometrically, with new, smaller particles being discovered within it every day. And the particles being discovered aren't hard little pellets but rather things like quarks, which exist outside of normal time and space and are a form of magic.

"Consider this!" he barks, bending over to rap sharply the shiny surface of a glass coffee table as he slowly stalks about the room flexing and stretching his slim, sinewy frame. "If you get down deep enough inside the atomic structure of that glass, the particles become magical in their structure, in their properties, in their very selves. Therefore, the idea of a hard, mechanistic universe is ludicrous. Therefore, *we* are not machines either!"

He leaps, catlike, to the open window and bellows down into the park stretched out far below his aerie, "We are spirits in the material world!"

Sting is all sharp angles that catch the light in often dazzling ways—somehow making you glad you're not in his position. He shakes your hand, and as he stares you down, you think you might be gripping a velvet glove with only skeleton fingers underneath. His piercing gaze finds that queer fear and blinks it back at you with a slight snigger. And then he's just this agitated, hyperactive guy again, hopping or mooching around the room, bright but ungenerous about it, arrogant yet likable, friendly although utterly self-absorbed. A lanky, thirty-one-year-old, bleached-blond bass plunker slouching in dirty track shoes. But *creepy*.

Turning suddenly, a Satyr's smirk on his face, Sting jumps over a low couch and goes to a cluttered desk in the messy, musical-equipment-crammed living room. He picks up several books, brandishing them as he speaks.

"After rediscovering Koestler, I started to read Carl Jung and the *I Ching*, and I got very interested in tarot cards. I met a clairvoyant, who's now a great friend of mine. He's not some end-of-the-pier entertainer but rather a clever, well-read, and intelligent man. He told me that I was indeed a machine in terms of my behavior, one with no heart, emotionless, and that I would have to work to alter this. But he said the fact that I could write songs, play music, and be creative showed that I had at least the potential to become a larger person than I was at the time."

He sets the books down and picks up a deck of tarot cards, their backs illustrated with the cross of the ancient order of the Knights Templar.

"These cards were designed in the 1940s under the supervision of Aleister Crowley. They're quite stunning. Crowley was known in his lifetime as 'the evilest man on earth' and 'the great beast.' Maybe he was; I don't know that much about him. I think he was a man of insight and considerable psychic knowledge and power who, unfortunately, became quite perverse, his wisdom decaying into something distasteful.

"My favorite tarot card is Death," he adds, turning the top card over. "Oh!" he says, mildly startled. "Here it is! How strange Death should be right on top. Anyhow, I find it extraordinary how strong are the feelings this card inspires in me. Death symbolizes ultimate change and the end of illusion."

Has his clairvoyant friend ever predicted the hour of Sting's own death?

"No, he isn't like that, but someone else has told me that information—and more than that I'm *not* going to say."

And what, if anything, does all this have to do with rock and roll and the current preeminence of the Police?

"Well," he says, showing a chilling smile as he holds up the Grim Reaper card. "I think that rock and roll is dead, but the Police are having a fucking good time dancing on its grave!"

Their sound owes little to the British punk pandemonium of the late seventies, but the Police earned the lasting disdain of most punk rockers in the United Kingdom when they bleached their hair blond early in their careers in order to portray archetypal members of the safety-pin-through-the-nose set for a Wrigley's gum television commercial. It was Sting who drew the rest of the group into the acting stint, since he had been making ends meet during that period by modeling and appearing in TV ads, a move suggested by wife Francis Tomelty, a well-known actress on the British stage. For Sting, the gum ad seemed

like a step up from TV clips hawking gold chains and Triumph bras ("I was an extra in the background, *not* the featured attraction"), but most of London's snotty scions of the Sex Pistols immediately regarded the Police as something new to sneer at.

Ironically, the Police was one of the bands to initiate the punk-populist practice of issuing homemade records. "Fall Out,' written by Stewart Copeland, was released in 1977 on Illegal Records, a label founded by Stewart's older brother Miles. And while the band eschewed the three-chord, three-minute head-splitting hubris of their contemporaries, they had other innovative approaches to the business of rock and roll that the punks would have done well to have emulated.

Sting, Copeland, and Summers were hungry for an income when they became a trio. Sting (he got the nickname from wearing a ratty black-and-yellow striped jersey while playing with a traditional jazz band called Phoenix) was married, unemployed, and had a month-old baby; Stewart was down on his luck after having quit college in California to join a now defunct band called Curved Air; and Andy had tried everything from gigging with Zoot Money to backing up Neil Sedaka for a live LP. Everyone was moonlighting, with meager returns, in the wake of the release of "Fall Out," so Stewart went to brother Miles, a prosperous music entrepreneur-manager and record executive, asking for seed money to finance an album demo. Although given to dumping on the group, Miles came up with the cash, and they began cutting what would become *Outlandos d'Amour* in January of 1978 in the sixteen-track Surrey Sound Studios, located in a seedy section of London. Miles would drop by on the odd sleepless night to listen and reaffirm his belief that the Police were a bust. That is, until the evening he heard Sting and company run through the reggae-propelled "Roxanne," a plea to a hapless Parisian hooker from her lover for her speedy retirement. Seems Sting had gotten the idea while strolling through a red-light district.

The band, which had been getting into reggae jams at rehearsals, was reluctant at first to play the new song for Miles because it wasn't aligned with the strident New Wave cants that were then cresting commercially. As Miles listened, his cynicism evaporated, and he pronounced the song a "classic." He offered to take the track to A&M Records, which was doing quite well with another of his acts, Squeeze. He returned to the studio the following night to announce that A&M had agreed to release "Roxanne" as a one-shot single. When it appeared, in the late spring of 1978, the Police were touring in Germany and Miles, who had become their manager, was in the States on business, so the single didn't get the corporate push it might have. Worse, the BBC didn't like the idea of programming a serenade to a French whore. *Adieu*, "Roxanne." A&M agreed to float a second reggae-flavored Sting single called "Can't Stand Losing You," but it also stiffed, suffering from radio censorship because the lyric concerned a spurned lover threatening suicide.

At this point, the trio was drifting apart. Stewart took some of his own songs into the studio and cut them under the pseudonym Klark Kent. Sting, on a tip from his wife's agent, was considering auditioning for a film about the mid-sixties clashes in Britain between the mods and the rockers. It was to be based on the Who's concept album *Quadrophenia*.

"I didn't think there was a hope in hell of getting the part," says Sting, referring to the role of Ace Face, the icy-cool, mod lady-killer, "so I strolled into the Who's office on Wardour Street in filthy overalls, looking like a garage mechanic. I was carrying a copy of Hermann Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game*, and Frank Rodham, *Quadrophenia*'s director, asked me about the book. We got on like a house on fire—it turned out he was a poor Newcastle grammar-school boy like me, and finally, without even auditioning me, he said, 'Okay, you've got the part.' I kept thinking, 'Jeeze, I'm in a major motion picture!' "

Although well received critically and a big box-office draw in England, the film had only a limited release here. But it es-

WIN THE BATTLE AGAINST FATIGUE!

Stay alert for that long drive home. Beat back that tired, drowsy feeling during study or when you have to keep going. Perk up a dreary day in the house or at work with the most effective combinations of body stimulants and mental alertness aids available without a prescription! Absolute top quality! 15 popular strengths, sizes, types and colors of capsules and tablets.

Sample Amphetrazine™ for just

$1.00

One of each in a special pack. One per customer. Pre-paid only.
Brant Pharmacal
4937 Woodville Road
Northwood, Ohio 43619

CAUTION: Pregnant women, persons over 65 and individuals with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes or thyroid disease should use only as directed. Offer void where prohibited.

Establishment Registration: 1525866
Labeler Code: 51965

Ordering Is Easy!
Simply call in your order. Order C.O.D. via UPS (Cash On Delivery—pay UPS when your order is delivered). Or charge it to MasterCard or Visa. Credit card orders shipped prepaid via UPS.

Fast Delivery!
Most orders shipped same day; always within 24 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed!

Order Now!
Jars of 100—just $19.95 plus handling.

Call TOLL-FREE!

1-800-382-3182

In Ohio— 1-419-698-2565

Brant Pharmacal
A division of Ello Corporation
©1983. Ello Corporation

ELLO

24 hours a day. 7 days a week.
CALL ANYTIME!
Tamper-resistant packaging!

CATCH UP WITH PENTHOUSE

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF PENTHOUSE NOW. FILL OUT THE HANDY COUPON AND MAIL WITH YOUR PAYMENT TODAY.

PENTHOUSE Back Issues
P.O. Box 358, Belleville, N.J. 07109

List desired issues below using codes.

_____

_____

_____

☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $5.00 per issue. (Postage and handling included.) Payment must accompany order.

Total amount enclosed

$ _____

_____

Name

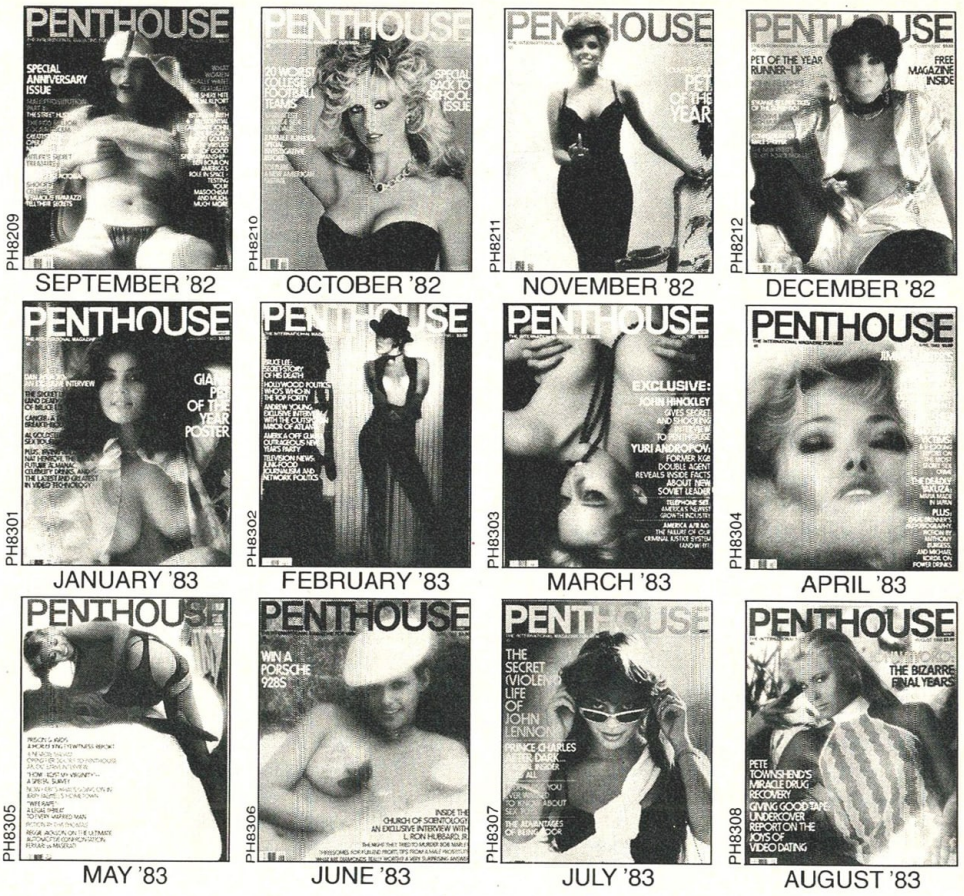
_____

Address

_____

City State Zip

Payment must be made in U.S. currency. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. PB8401



tablished Sting as a solid screen presence, a fact reaffirmed in his other movie experiences: *The Rock and Rock Swindle*, *Radio On*, *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*, and *Brimstone and Treacle*.

Suddenly Sting was a cult hero, Stewart Copeland was enjoying his own cult status as the elusive Klark Kent, and A&M realized it might be the ideal moment to exercise their album option on the Police. *Outlandos d'Amour* was hurriedly released to strongly favorable reviews.

Especially surprising about the sudden shift in fortunes was the care with which the band indemnified itself against future reversals. The Police decided to decline the standard huge advance, which a hot new group gets when signing for a major label, knowing that the giddiness that accompanies the receipt of such a lavish cash outlay is followed almost inevitably by the painful payback when profits begin to trickle in. Instead, the members shrewdly opted for an unusually substantial royalty rate. The next matter was the organizing of the all-important initial American tour. After further deliberations, the band shunned all pop-star pretense and the road-trip pageantry of private jets and limos. They got themselves a van, were their own roadies, rented any other hardware they required along the way from local outlets, and stayed in fleabag motels. Lastly, they played their hearts out, and the critics' and public's response was such that their record company was virtually compelled to give "Roxanne" a second chance on American Top Forty radio. It hit, but the band continued to keep its collective head—and overhead—down, quietly recording their second album for a mere $6,000 (only twice as much as the first!). The third was done for $40,000 and *Ghost in the Machine* for a more conventional, but still relatively modest, $100,000. By December of 1982, the Police were shuttling between the tropical hedonism of Air Studios, in Montserrat, and the baronial splendor of Le Studio, in Quebec, signing the checks for major-league-rockstar bills.

But what's most amazing about the Police is the fact that they were able to stay together long enough to get anywhere at all. To say that there are long-standing tensions within the ranks is an exercise in understatement on a par with the assertion that George Burns wears a bad toupee.

A standard impromptu appraisal of Sting from all-American hard-ass Stewart Copeland: "Not only does he hate humanity, but every human within the species, except for his family. . . . If Sting, because people say *he* is in the driver's seat, wants to throw his weight around and take over, no *way* am I going to let him do that and no way Andy is going to let him do that. Nobody is going to push me around! If Sting felt that he was going to try and push me around and commanded me to do something, saying, 'Look, fuckhead, I wrote "Roxanne," so you do this,' then I would tell him to piss off."

A standard conciliatory remark from Blackpool-born Andy Summers, whose muse is tempered by four years of classical study at San Fernando State College: "As Picasso, I think, once said, beauty is convulsive."

Sting, reflecting on the dialectic: "Bullshit!"

Onstage, the brittle alliance somehow works, the band playing with a die-cut interdependency while discreetly gazing off in three very different directions. Sting overtly milks the crowd, his short bursts of ebullient bouncing giving way to a rolling, sensual sway as he whips his solid body along the lip of the stage in a suggestive tango; and when the inflamed female population hugging the guardrails begins to squeal at the roughhouse pantomime, he curtly cuts them off and wins back the macho fellas with a flash of his muscular, spacious bass phrasing and his spooky "*Ayo-yo-yo*!" incantations. Spacy Andy satisfies the guitar-hero worshipfulness simmering in any loyal rock-and-roll throng by shooting out a frighteningly brisk barrage of clipped harmonic chords—artfully raw riffs that merge sinuously into a humming whole. And self-absorbed Stewart supplies the percussive pyrotechnics that advance the performance, with his latest gripe, his ever-

bruised ego, and his fierce flair for rumbling a perfect millisecond ahead of the assaultive reggae time signatures all coming together like the reverberant chop! of a hundred synchronized guillotines.

Live, the Police's sound is an uncanny orchestration of fiery explosion and foreboding emptiness, the audience filling in the intervals with an exhaltation that is alarming in its mutual manipulativeness; but it's arguably the best arena-rock dialogue since the heyday of the Who. Very thrilling in its forward thrust. Very potent in its mystic ritualism. And often disturbing for the obvious separateness of the musicians, with Sting, high priest and sly necromancer, displaying an ultimate aloofness that reeks of secret treaties and arcane plots.

Backstage after a recent show, they are just three rumpled characters in search of a better offer. Fresh from a two-encore stand in Boston Garden, Summers is chatting amiably in the dressing room with spidery fan Ric Ocasek of the Cars, and Copeland is fretting over some smoldering issue with the sound crew while Sting, dressed in a sweat-sodden white jumpsuit, is curled up on a couch in a remote corner, one hand over his eyes, obviously not receiving visitors.

Still, it seems a good time to force a few issues with the star of the show.

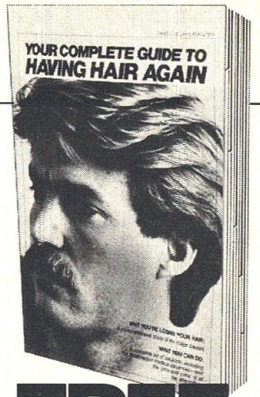
"I tell you, one in ten shows is transcendent, and the others are unfulfilling," he offers, not looking up. "Tonight was average. I can feel pumped up or released afterward, but sometimes I get very angry and violent, particularly if things have gone wrong out there, in which case I really feel like I want to kill. Really. Just go for the jugular."

He sighs. Squints upward. Smiles. "I work best when I'm in a trance state, when I'm not thinking and I'm not entirely in control, lost, groping through my on-the-spot emotions. And the latter looks better for the paying customers," he interjects impishly. "Audiences love it."

Are such post-concert soliloquies commonplace?

"Well, one of my problems, because I'm so devious, is that I think too much," he says with a low chuckle. "The only times I really stop thinking are the times I'm fucking brilliant onstage. Most of the time it's a talent I haven't got. The process of forgetting myself and clearing my mind goes against my nature; I was conditioned by the oppressiveness of British culture to plan, to plot, to scheme, to worry, to adapt. I'd rather fool people, and have them behave how I want them to because of my trickery rather than my honesty. And that's me being honest, but I'm only being honest because I'm devious—and I'm telling you all of this because in hearing it you might think better of me!"

It's becoming apparent why Sting rattles and enrages his co-workers. The next day, when I catch him alone, he seems remarkably candid on the subject.



FREE:

72-page guide that tells you openly and completely about all the hair replacement and hair loss control choices available today. Candidly reveals the 'pros and cons' of each method. Call 212-832-1234 for your free copy today. Or write:

HAIR AGAIN LTD.® B1/84
225 EAST 64 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y., 10021
Please send $2.00 for postage and handling

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

PET PETER™

A TRULY UNIQUE CHARM!

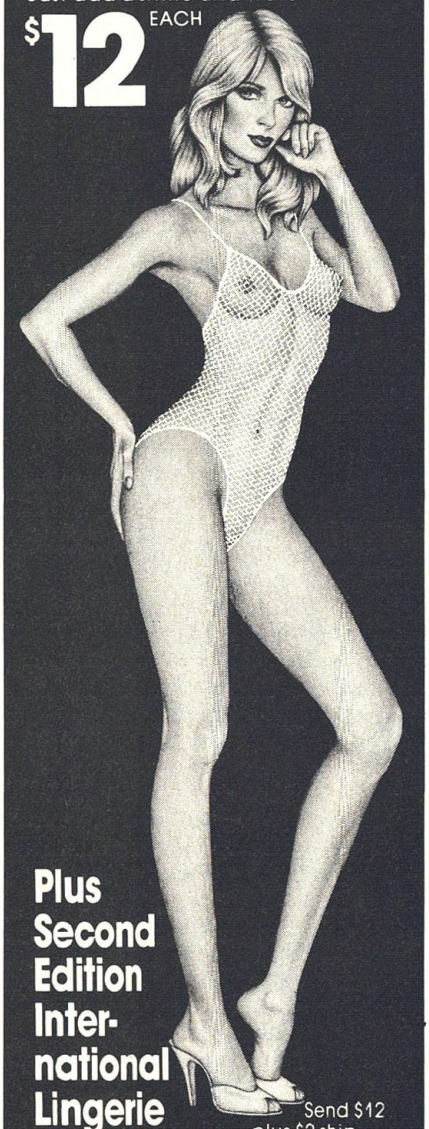
"THE FINEST IN ADULT JEWELRY"

To: Hoste Design
3857 Birch St. #715, Newport Beach, Ca., 92660
__ Jewelers Silver $8.95 __ Jewelers Gold $8.95
__ Sterling Silver $49.95 __ 14k Gold $299.95
__ Check Enclosed ____ Total Enclosed
__ VISA __ American Express __ Mastercard
Card# _____ Exp. Date _____
Mastercard Bank # _____
Signature _____
(Add $1.00 for postage and handling)
(Calif. residents add 6½% sales tax)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
(Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery)

THE FASCINATING FISHNETS

The boldest bodysuit ever. In new super white or classic black fishnet. One size, woven of soft, super-stretch nylon. Just add a smile and watch out.

$12 EACH



Plus Second Edition International Lingerie Catalog

Brand new and a classic in the making. Scores of glamourous styles never seen in this country.

Send $12 plus $2 shipping & handling for bodysuit and catalog. Send $3 for catalog only. Mail check or money order to:

DEPT. PH1-3
P.O. BOX 231
TENAFLY, NJ
07670

Bedroom Fantasies

"The things the band have said and would be likely to say have more to do with them than with me," he states evenly. "I think that Andy likes me more than he used to, because I've changed. He disliked my machinery, my cold side. That side was necessary for me at the time but hard for others to deal with. He likes the now-more-flexible me.

"As for Stewart, he's less and less close to me, *knows* me less and less. He tends to talk a lot about me in interviews, but the things I've read have all been untrue. It's not that he's lying, it's that his impressions of me are distorted by his image of himself. He, too, is a machine, but far more rigid than me, and the gap between us is widening daily. Not in some stupid, petty way but in a profound, sad, inevitable way. We're growing away from each other, and it impairs what's good between us, which is our music. Our egos get in the way because of the intense differences in the way we behave, and because I'm moving faster than either of my colleagues in every sense. It is Stewart who is most aware of that fact.

"It's hard when friends outgrow each other, and we're more than friends—we're locked together in a dance. The things that made us all good together in the first place are still there, but they're more difficult to sustain."

Is rock and roll truly dead, then, or merely suffering through it's final throes in Sting's head and heart?

"I think it's important that rock and roll change, but the Death card, speaking tarot-wise, has been dealt for rock and roll, meaning that it either changes soon or it's buried. In its present form, I'd like to see it buried. For the most part, it's stagnant and inane, having only to do with partying and passing the time. Whereas at this juncture in history, it should be about coming to grips with the worldwide reality of social turmoil, finite possibilities, the looming likelihood of atomic destruction, and the pervasive climate of human desperation."

And perhaps Sting's own continual need for change may eventually distance him from an instrument that could help bring it about, the Police?

"Movement causes waves," he says. "People get stretched, and if you're a rocket, personality-wise, bystanders get burned by your exhaust. But that doesn't mean I have to stop."

Indeed, it seems that nothing could be further from his itinerary as he moves from divorce proceedings with wife Francis Tomelty to light housekeeping with children Joseph, seven, Kate, eighteen months, and the expectant Trudie Styler, and a projected solo album.

"I'll keep going," says Sting, "until the fuel runs out—*fsssssssst!*" He throws his head back and out comes the familiar, chilling cackle.

As a boy growing up alongside the Tyne River in the northern England city of Newcastle, Gordon Sumner, the eldest of Ernest and Audrey Sumner's four children (two boys, two girls), felt an aching sense of isolation from his family, his schoolmates, and the world at large, which in the last case consisted, until his twenties, of the Newcastle area. Once a thriving port whose economy was based on shipbuilding, coal mining, and heavy industry, it was hard hit by a recession in the thirties and never bounced back. Gordon's mother supplemented the salary from his father's milk route with work as a hairdresser, and in later years Ernest Sumner would come to own the dairy. But during Gordon's adolescence, times were tough in the household.

Appealing role models were few, since his work-impassioned father was a frustrated, taciturn man who resented the narrow slot that stratified British society had handed him, and his mother was a quiet, stoic homemaker. Raised a Catholic in a Protestant country, he was made to feel like an outsider in the community. Within

> Rock and roll either changes soon or it's buried. For the most part, it's stagnant and inane, having only to do with partying and passing the time.

the walls of St. Cuthbert's Boys Grammar School, the nuns and priests seemed determined to break his spirit and conscript him into the fold. The conspicuous school uniforms—scarlet blazers with matching ties and hot, itchy gray flannel trousers—made him an easy mark for ridicule on the outside, and inside the school the severe beatings resulting from minor infractions were almost unendurable.

Gordon was so repulsed by the school environment that he couldn't bear to have St. Cuthbert's code of deportment in his head, much less adhere to it. Seven times in a single year he found himself in the office of the dour dean of discipline, receiving six of the best, square on the buttocks, administered with a thin, cutting, wooden cane.

"His was a chore straight out of *Tom Brown's School Days*," says Sting of the fifty-year-old punisher. "You bent over a chair and the man flailed you on the ass with all his might. You didn't want to cry, but after three whacks you always broke down, because there was an involuntary welling up of pain and mortification. It was one of the most humiliating experiences of my life," he recalls.

Equally perverse was the fact that entrance to St. Cuthbert's was something that Gordon, a diligent student, had earned through scholastic aptitude, since only 10 percent of those who apply to such English institutions are admitted. A star athlete in his mid-teens, he was ranked third in the country in the 100- and 200-meter sprints. Realizing that the achievement meant little to him, he quit the track team.

"A working-class boy in England can make it through soccer, through rock music, and, to a certain extent, through the educational system," says Sting, stretched out one overcast afternoon in yet another Manhattan hotel room. "But as far as education goes, you can hardly become the foreign secretary, good schooling or not, under a Conservative government. There is a caste system in England, with the impoverished aristocracy sitting on top, and the well-born MPs serving them. Back in the thirties, when my father was born, you didn't have a Labour government. His place was decided for him early on, and it stuck. But when I was born we had the National Health, some open schools, and a degree of social mobility. My father must go bats when he hears I'm making a record in Montserrat or living in a grand suite of hotel rooms in New York City. He's a reserved man, not a sagelike type, and the *only* advice he ever gave me was to leave home and join the navy, to get out of the system."

At seventeen, Gordon applied for a seaman's card and signed on with Princess Cruises as a bass player in a shipboard dance band, the Ronnie Pierson Trio. He spent the summer sailing around the Mediterranean. He didn't care for the cruise-ship life-style but remains grateful to his father for making him realize that he had the means, through music, to flee.

"I came upon music entirely by accident," he says, "and I developed it entirely on my own, even though my mother played piano. As far as I was concerned, music was just another barrier to shut the world out; what bothered me most as an adolescent was the sensation that I didn't know if I had any place whatsoever in it. As a boy, I always regarded myself as a perfect freak, and spent a lot of time trying to fit in. The effort always ended in failure, because I *was* different. I felt I was cleverer than the people who roamed together in gangs, but I made the mistake of thinking that it was important to get them to recognize and respect that. I wouldn't be where I am if I didn't have the feeling of 'apartness' that allows me to express myself in a very exhibitionist and noisy way.

"I knew I would never be a part of normal society," he says solemnly, almost to himself, "but if I didn't find some freedom, considering the life that likelihood seemed to have planned for me in my teens, I think that eventually madness would have interceded."

After the working vacation on the cruise ship, Gordon, who had passed his three

A-Levels (the British equivalent of college boards), enrolled at Warwick University but quit after one term out of "numbing boredom." He went to work digging ditches for a construction crew, and then found a job as a tax clerk in the Inland Revenue branch of the civil service. For six months, he abused the post, arriving late, leaving early, taking four-hour lunches, and rereading James Joyce's *Ulysses*, his favorite book, on the job. After almost being fired ("It's nearly impossible to get sacked in the civil service, so that was an early badge of honor"), he went back to college—a teacher's training school—for three years. Then, after graduation, he "slogged" back to Newcastle to both teach English and coach the soccer team at St. Catherine's Convent School. During a side gig as a bassist for a theater troupe, he met his Belfast-reared wife and got married at twenty-four. Stewart Copeland showed up, scouting talent for the Police, and Sting moved to London, where he and his family slept on the floor of a friend's flat.

Among the things he left behind "for what I promised myself to be the absolute last time," were the depressions of Newcastle and any attachments to Catholicism or the Church of England.

"Protestantism is based on Cartesian philosophy and Newtonian physics, which have largely been discredited," he says. "It's a very clean, scientific religion with no mysticism in it. The Catholic Church is full of blood sacrifice and magic, which is probably its attraction. If it were not murky and full of ghostly presences, if it were clinical, like Protestantism, it would now be virtually dead. Its appeal lies in its unsettling symbols, its blood-drenched dogmas, and its rule of fear. I've rejected the Catholic religion, but I'm grateful to it for firing my imagination."

Apparently, he has the same conflicting feelings about his homeland, but has decided to continue living in London.

"England today is a melting pot of raw emotions—mostly shattered pride and agony. Musically, it's very vital because of its current pain, and I'm grateful for it. That's very selfish, I suppose, like saying, 'I enjoyed the Second World War; it made a man out of me and gave me a few book ideas.' But that's how I feel about the current hard times. I'm becoming increasingly aware of how self-motivated and self-interested I am. Everybody is, really, but the people who are fucked up are those who won't admit this."

He goes on to say that his marriage and the raising of a son have engendered in him a new, but restricted sense of responsibility toward loved ones. Viewing life as a process in which people reach maturity by accepting the inevitability of risk, danger, failure, and the nearness of despair, he regards his chief parental duty to be supportiveness—not sustainment. He has already made a judgment on the parameters of the help he intends to extend to his child.

AMERICA, ENJOY YOUR FREE CHOICE!

PRIME®, with new spermicidal lubrication, now yours for the asking in a package of 6

Prime has been an American favorite for over twenty years. Created by America's largest condom manufacturer, it has satisfied the family planning needs of millions of users.

Now Prime is better than ever. New Improved Prime is super-thin and super-sensitive, for the benefit of both partners. Almost like using nothing at all.

And Prime now contains a special lubricant with a *widely recommended spermicide* — a big step forward in offering maximum condom contraception. *There is no safer condom that you can buy.*

Prime is now yours to sample in a package of 6 when you complete and mail the coupon with $1 for handling charges. Try Prime, rely on Prime — you won't find a more contraceptive condom today.

Ansell Incorporated
Sample Offer A10
P.O. Box 429
Riverside CT 06878

Enclosed is $1 for handling charges. Please send me a package of 6 Prime condoms and more information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Ansell Incorporated
America's Largest Manufacturer of Condoms

Void where prohibited by law. Only one offer per household.

Attract Her Instantly!

Start a spontaneous reaction in anyone you desire!

They call it Scientific Sex Appeal and Instant Charisma. You just sprinkle a few drops on, and the potent but almost imperceptible aroma goes to work subconsciously to make you appear more attractive, more impressive and even more desirable to her. She can't resist getting turned on to you!

Potent-8 contains pheromones — powerful sexual attractants whose scent can be used to arouse any woman and release her inhibitions. With Potent-8 you will approach any woman, enter any party, take command in any situation with a new and total confidence.

Scientific Proof!

The knowledge that odors and scents can attract or repel is nothing new. Perfume makers have been trying to capitalize on it for ages. Now, tests done by doctors at leading universities confirm the power of pheromones. The secret has been found!

Results are so amazing, we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for 30 days. Use it again and again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results or send back the empty bottle for a prompt refund (less p&h, of course) no questions asked. Don't delay. You will succeed or you pay nothing. Become a successful lover. Order your Potent-8. Now!

Write your name, address, city, state and zip on a plain piece of paper along with the words Potent-8. Enclose it with your check or money order for $9.95 plus $1.50 p&h (Total: $11.45, N.Y. residents add sales tax) to BodyScience, Dept. MMJ349, P.O. Box 1045, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583. © 1983 CMG, Inc. 111 Brook St., Scarsdale, N.Y.

FREE

AN INVITATION TO THE SEXUAL ADVENTURE OF YOUR LIFE!

• 32-page full-color "Bedside Companion" features hundreds of ways to make you a better lover... everything from Erection Creams to Glowing Vibes! • THE MAGIC SEX SPOT—it's your opportunity to get up to $15.00 worth of sex aids for only 99¢! • PLUS a chance to enter the Bedside Companion Sweepstakes and win a brand-new 1983 fully-equipped Sports Car! That's right... all FREE when you send us the coupon below. We'll rush you your personal copy of The Bedside Companion by return mail...in a plain unmarked package of course!

HUNDREDS OF BEDROOM IDEAS AND BIZARRE EROTIC EXPERIMENTS FREE!

Valentine Products, Inc., Dept. FC-170
PO Box 128, Newtown, CT 06470

Please send me the "Bedside Companion" package absolutely **FREE! Code 04952.**

NAME _____

SIGNATURE *(I am over 18 years of age)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

"I'm very aware that everything I say to him has to go through the father-son filtering process, which means that he has to reject almost everything I stand for. In order to become himself, my son must in fact destroy me. Therefore, anything I really care about I'm very chary to discuss with him. I'd rather he find out on his own. I intend to leave him to his own devices a lot."

Which includes, Sting volunteers, a firm resolve on his part not to leave his son any of his accumulated wealth.

"I don't intend to leave him *any* money," he declares. "I don't intend to give him a nest egg or a head start. He has no right to expect any privileges. If, for example, at the age of twelve I had been given a million dollars, it would have harmed me greatly. I've seen people who, assured at an early age of receiving great sums of money, then turned into vegetables. I think my son is capable of a lot, but it's not for me to sweeten the pot or lighten the load for him. I'm his father and that's it.

"There needs to be danger for the young. I am, for all intents and purposes, fairly safe in the material world, but if I need to create new dangers for myself in order to remain creative I will—absolutely. I feel that responsibility toward myself.

"And I will *not*," he vows, his voice rising, "create a cocoon for another human being."

Arthur Koestler, guru to the dehumanized and the damned, feels that the human race is hurtling itself past a last-ditch opportunity for redemption. He asserts that the unconscious mind has its own clock, and its own way of digesting what the conscious mind has rejected as indigestible. The leaders of the French Revolution were well aware of this fact, so to hasten the process of assimilation, they introduced a new calendar, which began on the day of the proclamation of the Republic. September 22, 1792, became day one of the year one.

"It would perhaps not be a bad idea," Koestler writes in *Ghost in the Machine*, "if we all kept a second calendar, at least in our minds, starting with the year when the new star of Bethlehem rose over Hiroshima."

Koestler—and Sting—are asking us to mark the day from which we received the ultimate sign to start over or else. Indications of impending holocaust are everywhere, they warn.

Well, maybe so. Pick up the *New York Times* on a sunny summer day in 1982 and one can read a headline like: PENTAGON DRAWS UP FIRST STRATEGY FOR FIGHTING A LONG NUCLEAR WAR. A dress rehearsal for mass suicide?

Mind you, when Sting arcs his bass high over his bottle-blond head and the Police kick into "Shadows in the Rain," he's singing about Ground Zero and its aftermath. And when the arena suddenly goes pitch black, and skin-tingling synthesizer strains rise from center stage as Sting begins to shriek the lyrics to "Secret Journey," he is railing about the slim odds that we will heed Koestler's desperate suggestion to undertake global research studies to find a psychopharmacological "vaccination" to restore the integrity of the split hierarchy of the human brain—the divided house of faith and reason—and rescue the species from the tragic paranoia implanted by evolutionary mutation.

That's a lot of theory for a Coors-and-cocaine-wired kid in the rear orchestra to digest, of course, but it's what's on the singer's mind, and he feels it deeply. Otherwise, he intones, we reap the nuclear supernova. . . .

Until the day when science divines a "cure" for human folly (and enough of us are willing to submit to it), we are left to our own devices, individual experiments, and attempts to make sense out of nonsense.

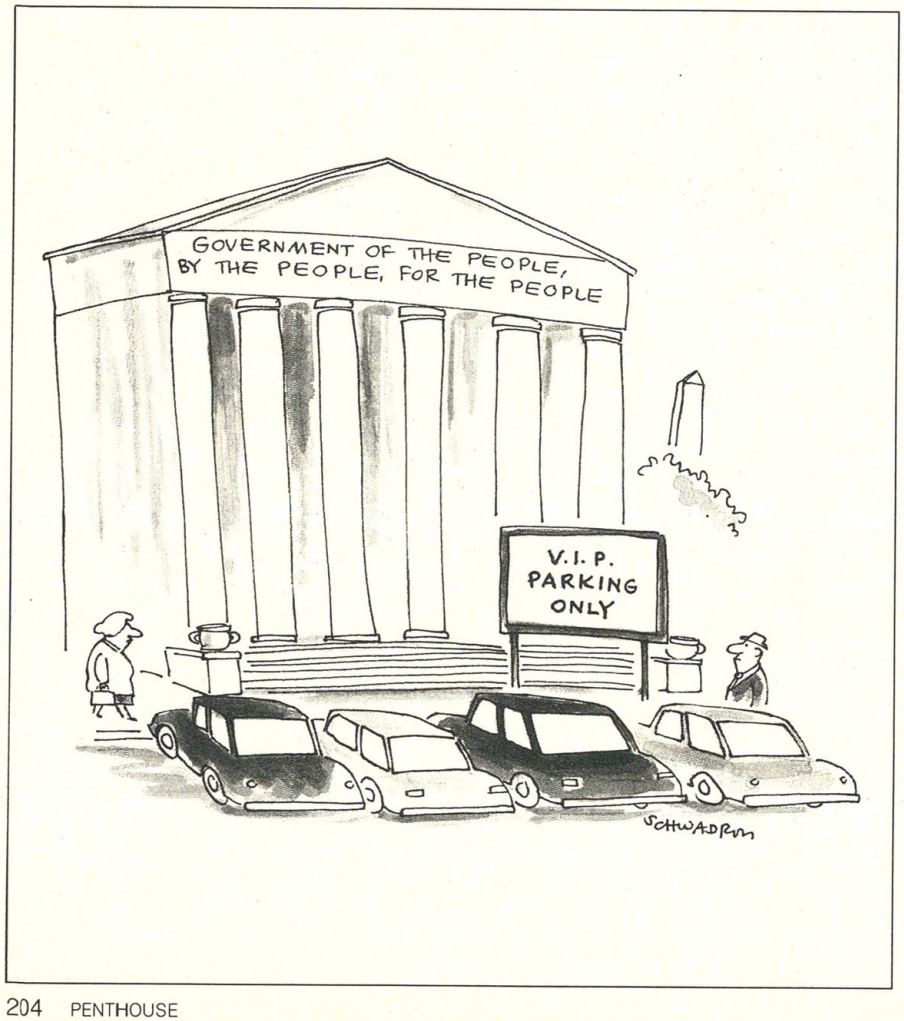
For his part, Sting has become increasingly interested in moral ambiguities, and his film acting has reflected this—most of his characters being manifestly sinister people who are nonetheless catalysts for good.

"I want to learn the craft at my own speed, in peace. The Royal Shakespeare Company has asked me to play Ariel in *The Tempest*, but I'm more excited at the prospect of doing the part of Caliban, the deformed, loathsome slave. There's a character you can get something out of."

On one of our last afternoons together, shortly before he is to finish up the last few dates on the Police's 1983 tour, Sting proudly hands me a typewritten draft of a film script he had finished writing the previous evening. He says he wrote most of it on a battered, old portable typewriter, on airplanes and in hotel rooms.

The script, called *Gormenghast*, is adapted from two books of the famous Gormenghast fantasy-trilogy by the late British novelist-poet-illustrator Mervyn Peake. *Titus Groan*, the first book, from which most of Sting's script is drawn (he's already bought the screen rights to the series) appeared in 1946, coming at a time when Britons were suffering through the last cruel days of the war and the start of the peace. They had their noses buried in novels like *Brideshead Revisited*, *The Loved One*, *Animal Farm*—and *Titus Groan*. Combining elements of Gothic romance and horror and the inventive mythic genealogy and Anglo-Saxon scholarship of *Lord of the Rings*, the *Titus Groan* installment of the Gormenghast trilogy was immediately hailed as a modern classic.

"It's a real arcane allegory for the change that happened in England after the war," Sting bubbles excitedly, "when the old empire had decayed, and the working class had a new consciousness and began to rise, destroying the old order. Gormenghast is an ancient castle as vast as the city of New York. It exists in many eras



simultaneously, outside of normal history and normal human progress. The script is about a particular force in the castle—an evil one—that alters things for the better. The evil is embodied in a person who comes from the lower caste within the castle—the kitchen—who by his own innate wit and cunning ends up in a position of enormous power. Which he, of course, abuses."

Who plays the evil force?

"Me, naturally!" he says, beaming. "The catalyst! The upstart from the lower depths! In many ways, the story is like a fairy tale." There's a parallel with *Star Wars* in that it seeks to create an autonomous world. In fighting against his evil foe, Titus Groan realizes he can escape Gormenghast for good, and he eventually does.

"All that actors do when they aren't working is sit and wait for the phone to ring with the perfect job. You might as well wait to win the fucking lottery! I think you have to decide what the perfect job for you is and then go and create it. Whether or not you succeed is beside the point."

So what happens next for Sting?

"I go home to London to try to sell the script to people with $20 million to waste!" he exclaims as he begins loading his canvas carryall bag with gear for the night's concert. "Between now and Christmas, I'm just going to peddle *Gormenghast*, weigh a host of other film offers, think about the solo record, and maybe spend more time with the scientists funded by the Koestler-sponsored KIB Foundation who are experimenting with parapsychology and phenomena like levitation."

What about the Police? When will he find time to write material for the next album?

"I've stopped writing songs right now. I'm going through a period of intake. I used to call it writer's block; now I just regard it as a tight shit.

"We're free to make our own timetable for the next LP. We're not ruled by medieval puppet masters, and don't have to make another album until 1984."

But will there still *be* a Police in 1984?

He stops packing, considering the question.

"I suppose, but in terms of the competition there's nothing that comes close to the band. It's all so easy I'm bored with it, not interested anymore. The game is won. My ambitions are wide, which is why I'm interested in film—another game, with still more chaos.

"You know," he says, stuffing the last of his things inside the bag. "Aging is not so bad. It's illness, staticness, imprisonment, and decay that scare me. I think I'm coming to terms with death more and more. I feel like the man on the highest tightrope in the circus tent."

He pauses, sealing his satchel with a violent zzzzzip! The vulpine eyes gleam.

"You see, the spectators want to see me fall. . . ." Out comes that wild, eerie cackle. "Or fly!" OH—

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

Moving? We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

New Subscription or Renewal? One year of Penthouse is $30 in the U.S. $40 in Canada and overseas. Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount and allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Listing/Unlisting Service? Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box on the coupon.

PENTHOUSE
P.O. Box 6000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

Please check the appropriate box below. Payment must accompany order.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.

☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Attach mailing label

HXCP9

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR INHIBITIONS

Our new 40 page color catalog of adult books, films, cassettes, erotic sex aids, condoms, lingerie and much more arrives in our **discreet envelope.** We promise you products of the highest quality to realize your full sexual potential. Books, lotions, sex aids can be yours FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!

STAMFORD HYGIENIC CORP. Dept. PP-58
733 Canal St., P.O. Box 932, Stamford, CT 06904
☐ Free 40 page "For Lovers Only" Catalog

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

TRY OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS! FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

☐ BEDTIME COLLECTION $8.50 NOW $3.95!
A random selection of 3 sex packed thrillers guaranteed never to collect dust.

☐ SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK $10.95. NOW $6.95.

An incredible variety of positions in this 224 page book filled with explicit sections on sex.
© 1983

Giant Photo Books!

Alternate Sexual Lifestyles

180 **Lesbian Lovers**—Over 200 sexy ladies do it all to each other and a toy or two. $6.00.
195 **Step Sisters**—2 Beautiful young girls do it all for you individually and together in full color. $7.50.
179 **Men of Arena**—Individual wet 'n wild performances by 3 gay young hunks. 48 full color pgs. $8.50.
555 **Flashback**—7 guys, show you that doing it together and alone is terrific! $12.50.
197 **Hot Rocks**—48 color pgs. from the Drive Shaft series. 2 gaymen every which way. $12.50.
339 **Palace of Pleasures**—GaySurfer and Lifeguard, Boxer-Trainer-Biker, Naughty Schoolboys. $12.50.
194 **County Fair**—2 gay cowboys prove they can ride each other western style. $12.50.
498 **Collect Call**—48 erotic pgs. of men in love. $13.50
501 **Too Hot to Stop**—Two boys and a girl do it all. Boy-boy, boy-girl, threesome. $13.50
191 **California Hardware**—100 graphic color pgs. excerpt the Gay films Staghorn and 3 on 1. $25.00.
506 **Girls Who Love Their Toys**—100 sizzling color pgs., boy-girl, 2 girls-boy, 1, 2, & 3 girls, with toys. $25.00.
684 **Double Dynamite**—100 color pgs. 2 cousins discover each other and execs pick up a hitchhiker. $25.00.
© 1983 CMG, Inc., 111 Brook St., Suite 350, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

21st Century Products, Dept. 7MJ349
P.O. Box 1048, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583
Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my check, M.O., M.C. or Visa information. Please rush me in a plain wrapper the item(s) indicated below under your 30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. (N.Y. res. add sales tax) Void outside U.S.

Book Total
N.Y. tax
Add $1.50 p&h per item
TOTAL:

Name

Address

City

State Zip

☐ M.C. ☐ Visa (min. $20) Exp.

Acct. #

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!
I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature

TIN WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

everyone knew Eddie had been playing around for years. But God—a hooker!"

Sal was sweating. It wasn't the liqueur and the coffee. "Sal, I was never naive," Sissy continued calmly. "I knew Eddie went his separate way years ago. He didn't even try too hard to hide it. But a whore! Some two-bit slut. That shocks and saddens me. To die like that without a priest."

"Is that it?"

"Is what it?"

"The whore business."

"If it wasn't for that, I could deal with it. My daughter's father in mortal sin, found dead with a common slut."

"Are you sure that's it? All of it? Just the hooker?"

"Sal, with Eddie's history what else would shock me?"

"Well, I don't know where you got your information, or what idiot gave it to you, but it wasn't a hooker."

She resisted the urge to flop him into her boat. "Sweet, sweet Sal. You'd do anything to spare my feelings."

"I'm telling you, it wasn't a prostitute."

"That's sweet of you, Sal, but I know better. Who was it then?

"Look, what would you do if I gave you her name?"

"If it was logical, I would believe it. And it would be a horrible stigma removed from me and my daughter."

"You wouldn't confront the woman and make a scene and cause more misery for everyone?"

She paused. This had to be good. She phrased it carefully. To her, a promise was meant to be kept. "I would never confront the woman and tell her I'm Eddie's wife. I would never, never mention—on the grave of my father—that she was in bed with my husband."

Sal studied her. The parental grave had weight. Sissy knew that with an Italian a maternal crypt would carry more weight, but what could she do?

"It was a cop's widow. A good cop's widow. The furthest you could get from a prostitute. It was Ray Fernandez's widow, Toni. Toni Fernandez."

She could have squealed aloud when she heard the *T*. "Oh," is all she managed. Then, "Who is she?"

Frustrated, he blew out air. "Ray Fernandez worked out of Flatbush for years. He died a few years ago from a bleeding ulcer. He had a boy who was starting to become a badass. Pushing pot and some street shit. When Eddie heard about it, he came down on the kid. You know, disgracing Ray's name and everything. Well, Eddie had a hook into some local congressman's office, and he got the kid shipped out West into one of the Job Corps programs to study welding before he got his ass busted on the street. The kid's doing fine. Building bridges somewhere out there. Naturally, Toni was grateful. Wait, I don't mean it that way. That sounds terrible. It wasn't what you think. You see, they were just comfortable together."

Sissy would never forgive him for that. "And she was with him when he died?"

"Yeah."

"How did the story of him making a drug bust come about?"

"The guys engineered it."

Jesus, all Flatbush knew of her husband's farewell fuck!

"Only the guys who took the call knew. And the captain. They called me right away. I warned them to button up."

"What does the widow do—collect a pension?" Sissy asked.

"She works," Sal said defensively.

"At *what?*"

"She runs a social club in the precinct."

"That sounds like a whorehouse to me."

"Jesus, will you get off that tack? It's an after-hours joint. People go there to drink and play cards after the bars close."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"Jesus, Sissy, she's a cop's widow. What do you want us to do—bust her? We go there ourselves. It's just a good, clean joint where you can go for a drink and get a little blackjack action. Good neighborhood people go there. We keep an eye on it. No trash comes in off the street. What do you want—the woman on welfare?"

"It still sounds like a cathouse," she said.

"Oh, Mother of God!"

"Then let me meet her. I won't believe she is what you say she is until I meet her."

"You can't."

She screamed to frighten him. "I was right. She is a whore, and my husband is burning in hell because of her."

He backed off. "Even if I could, how would I do it?"

"Just bring me around."

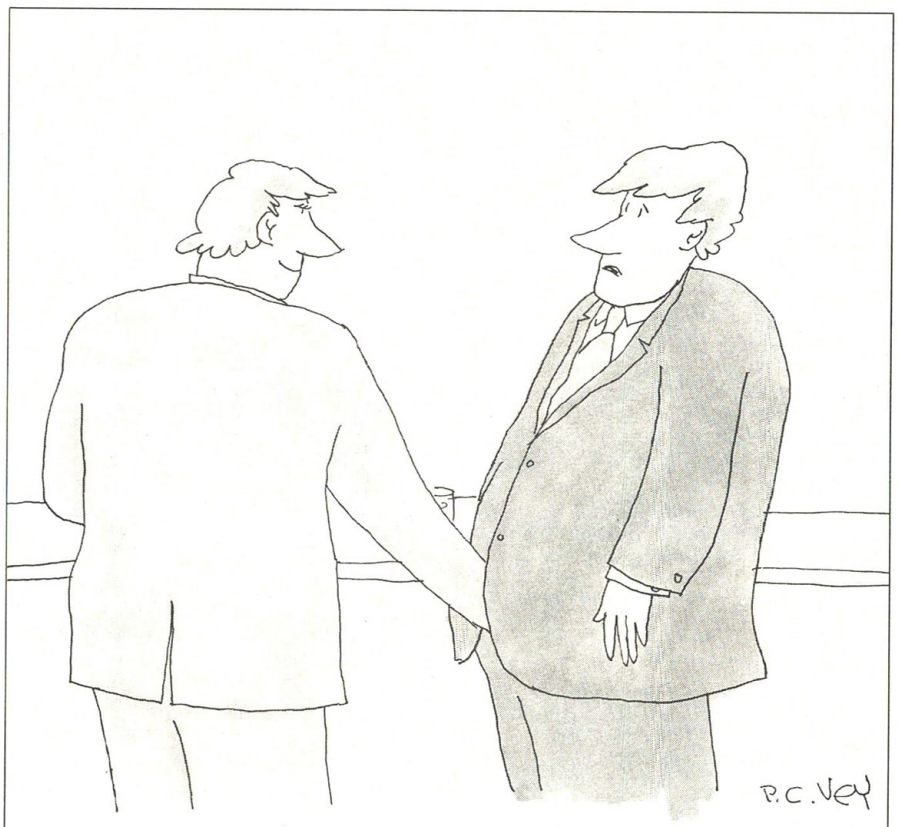
"Supposing I bring you around. In the day. When she's starting up. She'll ask who you are. What the hell am I going to say?"

Sissy paused. "Say I work with you as a clerk. A clerk in the precinct. Don't tell me she knows every clerk and typist too."

He was wavering, and she moved in. "I'll tell you, Sal, if you don't do this for me, I'll die thinking my husband is in hell. Condemned there by a whore." She put her head in her hands to play for time.

"Jesus, Sissy, don't cry. Please don't do that."

Through her hands, she said, "You have my solemn oath. I always thought you were somebody special. Not like the rest. If you don't do this, I never want to look at you again." She buried her face deeper. To get what she wanted, she was beyond shame. She used her final lure. "I thought your specialness might mean something in the future. For the rest of my



"It's hard enough being born Siamese twins like this . . . without you always wearing eye makeup and smiling all the time."

life." She let the euphemism "rest of my life" dangle.

She felt his hands on her shoulders. "I guess I can understand," he said. "It must be terrible for you to live with a thought like this. I'd like to kill the person who put it there. I'll see what I can do. No promises."

Sissy hoped her smile didn't beam through the cracks in her fingers.

She didn't wait long. She had figured on that. Sal was tense over the phone. He laid down marching orders. He would pick her up by car Wednesday afternoon. They would arrive at the social club a little before four o'clock. Precisely during the change of shifts—eight to four and four to midnight—at the precinct. That way, no one who knew them would be at the club.

When she told Sal in the car that her name would be "Mary Todd," he seemed pleased at its lack of adornment. It wasn't until they were under way that she realized she had chosen the name of a demented wife.

When Sal finally pulled the car to the curb, she wasn't expecting it. She could feel her color rise and her pulse throb. She wanted to tell him to move on. Why didn't he give her some warning? Did he think this was really a social call?

Sal knocked on the window of the club with his keys, and a woman opened the door. Sissy watched Sal embrace her. Sissy couldn't discern anything about her, except that she was wearing a housedress. Sal turned toward Sissy and said, "Toni, this is Mary. Mary . . ."

"Todd," Sissy added, extending her hand.

She was staring at the woman when she heard Sal. "Yeah, Todd. She's over from East New York giving us a hand with our paperwork. She's a clerk. I was giving her a lift home. You know that neighborhood. And I just felt like saying hello."

Toni turned to Sissy. "Does he always explain you?" She winked at Sal. "With her looks, you don't need to make excuses." She broke out laughing as she led them into the club.

The bitch thought she and Sal were lovers. She probably thought everyone was making it in bed with everyone else.

"How about a drink?" asked Toni. "I'm just setting up, but I'm sure I can find a couple of clean glasses."

"No, no, we have to run," Sal said. "We just dropped in to say hello."

Sissy found her voice. "I'd love one. Scotch on the rocks."

Sal glared at her.

Toni opened the door into a back room that was, surprisingly, bigger than the one they had left. Sissy's eyes fell first on the green felt of the card tables and then on the small but elaborately stocked bar. Toni moved behind the bar and poured scotch all around. Her face was pleasant, no more. Sissy had the aid of lights now. Toni's body, with the exception of full breasts, was concealed by the bar. "The house's round," she announced, and they

ENERGIZE
Your Lifestyle!

GENERIC DIET AIDS AND STIMULANTS

Why let fatigue spoil your fun? Stimulate your performance and get a charge out of life, whether dancing 'til dawn or making the most of your day. Look and feel at your physical and mental peak with the most powerful diet aids and stimulants available without prescription. Add zest to your life! Call now for instant ordering and immediate delivery!

Regular and Double Strength $12 per 100
Triple Strength $15 per 100

Larger quantities available at discount prices

Orders only call TOLL-FREE
800-526-4387

NVE ENTS.
1282-84 St. George Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07001
For information call (201) 750-1570
Distributor inquiries invited. Will match or beat any reasonable price. "WE ARE THE SOURCE"

CAUTION: Persons under medical care for high blood pressure, diabetes or thyroid disease should consult a physician before taking these products. Do not exceed recommended dosage and keep out of reach of children.

I love to watch

. . . when my man gets rolling! And my man does it best! He says life is too short not to have the best in everything. That's why he uses only CLUB Cigarette Papers—he says they are the finest quality in the world. CLUB papers are 100% natural, and that means they contain no additives or chemicals to make your smoke taste or smell bad. CLUB cigarette papers are so pure they don't even need glue—with a little moisture, their fibers intertwine, and my smoke (and my man) are the smoothest anywhere. So when you start rolling, do it the natural way— with CLUB CIGARETTE ROLLING PAPERS.

Club cigarette papers are not intended for use with any illegal substance.

For a sampler (6 packs) or CLUB's different sizes in cigarette papers, and an easy how-to-roll guide, send $2.00 (includes postage) to: CLUB IMPORTS INC., NY NY 10013.

YES! Send me _____ samplers of CLUB papers (6 packs each) at $2.00 per sampler.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

IN THE JANUARY
VARIATIONS
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

CALL-GIRL ACTION
Follow a classy call girl through a week in which she services her savvy and demanding clients by catering to their most outrageous whims.

FEMALE SUBMISSION
Discover the ultimate in feminine surrender lurking under the surface of a sleek woman executive who finally meets her match in an unabashedly macho man.

VARIATIONS PROFILES AN ESCORT SERVICE
Read the intimate portrait of an enterprising lady who launched an exclusive escort service catering to the privileged and powerful.

MASSAGE-PARLOR GAMES
The controversial story of a bored young wife who acts out her wildest prostitution fantasies for kicks and cash.

LONG LIVE BORDELLOS!
A bored bachelor takes off for exotic ports of call and finds the oldest profession flourishing in a variety of colorful and glamorous settings.

EXHIBITIONISM
A randy lady turns herself all the way on when she lets her husband show off her nude beauty to lusty-eyed men who can't get enough of the sight of her.

all clinked glasses.

Sissy made a move. "You'll be working behind there all night," she said. "Come on out and join us."

Toni smiled at Sissy. Begrudgingly, Sissy had to admit it was a lovely smile. One stoked by genuine warmth.

"Now I can tell you're not a cop," said Toni. "Manners and concern. You'd never make it on the force."

When she came out from behind the bar, Sissy took her in. She wasn't fat, but she certainly was plump. And short. Her legs seemed rather stubby. That pleased Sissy. Hell, she couldn't walk in Sissy's shoes. Sissy tried to imagine what she looked like naked. The breasts were full, but they would sag. The legs had shape, but they ended abruptly. Still her heaviness didn't obscure her curves.

Sal became wary of Sissy's staring. "Well, let's drink up. We have a drive ahead, and Toni has work to do."

Toni was still amused. "Christ, there's no holding cops. They're the jumpiest people in the world. My guy was the same way."

"Your guy?" asked Sissy.

"Yeah," Toni said, "my husband. He's been dead a few years."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Sissy. "I didn't know."

"That's all right, sugar, it was a while ago. But they're all the same. Always on the move. Sitting still is like a death sentence to a cop. Right, Sal?"

Sal grinned uneasily.

It was becoming sickeningly clear to Sissy why Eddie would like Toni. She wanted to leave. Sissy gulped her drink and turned to Sal. "I'm ready."

Toni stood up. "Well, I guess there's no holding you two. But Mary, you come back and see me again without twitchy ass."

Sal froze. Sissy handled it. "Oh, I doubt they'll need me much longer at the precinct. As soon as we straighten out Property, it will be back to home base."

"Well, whenever," Toni said.

Outside, Sal was so nervous he could hardly get the key into the ignition. Sissy held his hand to quiet it. "I want to thank you very much. You did a very special thing for me and Eileen."

"Is it all right now?" he begged.

"It's perfect," she assured him.

Now that Sissy had met Toni, she decided to put her major objective aside during June and concentrate on numbing Sal's senses. She would make her move in July, when he traditionally rented a cabin at Lake George for three weeks with some single friends.

The quickest way to Sal's heart was through his muscles. It was easy to set up. Sissy told him she felt lethargic since Eddie's death. Too much sitting around with compulsive eating and smoking and, of course, marathon brooding. She needed to shake up her blood. Get the system going again. Sal couldn't have agreed more. To him, sweat was chicken soup.

Over beer at the bowling alley one night, when Sal was enthusing over her improvement, she decided to chance it. She used her pat, casual lead-in. "By the way . . ." What followed was a story about how she had spilled coffee over the Property's receipt for Eddie's belongings, which she was supposed to sign. She said she didn't want to put someone through extra work because of her carelessness. If Sal would get her a blank form, she would type in the list herself.

"Anyway," she'd continued, "I'd like to get all that behind me. I've delayed long enough. You understand that, don't you?"

"No sweat," he said. "I'll get a blank tomorrow."

He seemed pleased she was dispatching her former life. She had counted on that. But before he could find any implications in her request, she added, with gusto, "You know, I think I have one more good lane left in me tonight, unless you're chicken."

"You're on. No mercy," he said joyously, pulling on his bowling glove.

Sal delivered the property receipt without any sign of suspicion. But the day after he left for vacation, Sissy made a disciplined decision. She wasn't going to blow everything on impulse. She couldn't be too careful. For two days and nights Sissy rang his phone at home, getting no answer. On both days she called the precinct to be told he was on vacation. Time and time again, she rechecked the property receipt she had typed against the chain. Her description and jargon seemed detailed enough to pass for bureaucratic. The next day, at 3:30, she hailed a cab by waving the manila envelope in her hand.

She had the cab stop a block away from the social club. It was 3:45, right in the time frame of her and Sal's visit. She walked slowly along the block, checking for familiar faces or anyone entering the club. On both counts, she was clear. She took her keys out of her bag and approached the window, ready to duplicate Sal's routine. It was a needless effort. Toni was mopping the floor in the front room and spotted her through the window. She waved her in.

As she opened the door, Toni said, "Hi. Where's that twitchy boyfriend of yours?"

Sissy involuntarily snapped, "He's not my boyfriend."

Toni held up a hand. "Whoa, I'm not indicting you."

Sissy cursed her stupidity. "I'm sorry. God, that did sound harsh. He's on vacation. He left the beginning of this week."

"Oh, hell, I knew that. Lake George. I envy him. Ray and I had some great times up there."

Sissy thought Eddie had really changed colors with this one. "Yes," she said. "I've heard it's a lot of fun."

"Fun? A ball. From sunup to sundown. And with our kind of people."

Sissy looked at her dumbfounded. Did she mean Puerto Ricans?

"You know," Toni said. "Cops."

"Oh, sure," said Sissy.

"Before I forget why I'm here: Before he went on vacation, Sal asked me to drop this off. He said you'd be eager to have it." Sissy held out the envelope.

Toni opened the string on the envelope, reached in, and pulled out the chain. She smiled as she fondled it in her hands. "God, I love that Sal. He would think of this."

"Something you lost?"

"Yeah. A gift from a friend. It's kinda special."

"You lost it?"

Toni cased her, then tried to sound matter-of-fact. "I think one of the guys picked it up here by mistake. Probably turned it in when he sobered up."

"Oh."

Toni started to put it on. Sissy couldn't watch the sacrilege.

"Damn, it's good to have it back."

"Yeah," Sissy grinned. She reached for the envelope and pulled out the receipt. "By the way, Sal asked for you to sign this. He said your jewelry was checked into Property. You'd understand." Sissy squeezed her knees together as Toni read the receipt and signed it with a flair. Sissy took the receipt and put it back into the envelope, fastening the string.

Toni was fingering the chain lovingly. "It would take Sal to look out for this."

"You really do admire cops, don't you?"

Toni looked puzzled. "Don't you?"

"Oh, sure. But I mean, you're really close to them."

"I was married to one for over seventeen years. But you're right. I like being around them. I guess even if I hadn't been married to one, I'd be called a buff. Cops are the only people in this city that have a bottom line."

"I just started clerking. I'm not sure what you mean by a 'bottom line.' "

"Oh, it's a saying we have. What it means, honey, is if it really gets tough, you can count on a cop. There's a line where they cut off the shit. These guys live on the edge. That's why they're so exciting and so screwed-up. This job knocks the hell out of them."

"And civilians have no bottom line?"

"Okay, how would a civilian cure crime?"

Sissy felt as if Toni had her in a trap. "Why, with more social programs, naturally," she said proudly.

"Now you don't believe that 'bro,' amigo shit. Hell, honey, that's for the man. For whitey and television. This city is full of people ripping off their own."

"But society—we—have to try," protested Sissy.

"You know who I think of when I hear 'society'? Kitty Genovese. Remember her? Screaming and banging on doors in Queens while she was getting murdered . . . Ask Kitty Genovese about society."

Sissy felt assaulted, mugged. She hated this woman. Goddamn it, she had lived with her in a different guise all her married life.

Toni rose. She was bored with Sissy. She put out her hand. "Say hello to Sal for me when you see him and tell him he's a sweetheart. A real prince."

Sissy just nodded and left with her envelope. She noticed there was no invitation to return another time. She was glad. She felt violated. Gang-banged by practicality. Eddie hadn't had an affair. Love had nothing to do with this. He was in bed with himself, whether he knew it or not. Eddie, who scorned jerkoffs, had settled for onanism.

It was Sissy's meeting with Toni that made her decide to deal with Gordon Groves. She just couldn't go head-to-head again with pure cop mentality. Not if she was going to pull her plan off.

It had to be someone in between the careerist cynicism of the cops and the pristine platitudes of Hizoner the Mayor. To Sissy, Groves seemed to fill that gap. He was hip enough to the cops' world, yet not truly part of it. The bonus was that he was a career PR man.

Her approach to him had to be flawless. She had to rock him beyond recovery at their first meeting. She didn't have much time. Her plan had to go down quickly—while Sal was on vacation. She wanted to establish a siege mentality. If Groves was at work, she knew she'd get through to him. She asked for him, and the operator switched her to a female in his office. "May I ask who is calling, please?"

"Theresa Sullivan. The widow of Officer Edward Sullivan."

After a short pause, Groves picked up. Sissy was right. Being a widow was invaluable in public relations.

"Ah, Mrs. Sullivan, how are you?"

"You know of my husband, of course."

There was a pause. She could feel his discomfort. He should have known. That was his job. "Of course, it's ringing a bell, but we're swamped here today. I feel like such a muddled fool."

"Officer Edward Sullivan, who died in the 67th in Brooklyn. A drug case. About four months ago."

"Yes, of course. I was out of town. But I understand someone from my office attended the funeral. Now, can *I* do anything for you? Anything at all? You must have some problems the department can help you sort out."

Sissy kept her reply as neat as a surgical probe. "Is your phone clean?" she asked.

He stammered. "I beg your pardon. The connection. I missed that."

"I said, is your phone clean? Not bugged?"

His voice was strange, but he forced a laugh. "Now, Mrs. Sullivan, why would my phone be bugged? We have no secrets around here." Gordon Groves was as-

suaging, talking down to her.

"Well, I have. Secrets, that is. And I have to tell someone not directly in the department. You . . ."—she let it hang for a moment for absorption—"or the newspapers or the television."

She heard his gulp. The deadly duet of the media had had the effect she desired. "Now, I don't think all that's necessary," he said. "Do you? Let's air whatever little problems we have right here. I assure you, you have a sympathetic ear. You can ask anyone on the force about my loyalty to the line officers and their families."

"I'm not airing anything over the phone."

"Then why don't you come in to my office? I'll make time today or whenever you would find it convenient. I'm sure we don't have a major problem."

"I'm not coming to your office either. I'm not discussing this in any official police surroundings. I won't know who'll be listening. Are you leaving your office for lunch?" she asked.

"Yes, I normally walk out for a bite. Do you want to meet someplace? Would that please you?"

"No. At twelve o'clock be at the bank of public phones on the corner of Worth Street. Go to the third phone. Its number is 350-4231. I'll ring you at noon."

"Mrs. Sullivan, I can't believe this is necessary. Please, let's meet for a nice lunch and iron out this misunderstanding, whatever it is. God, these extremes just can't be necessary."

"I assure you they are," she said. "Necessary for the future of everyone concerned. Me, you, the Police Department, the current administration, the city of New York. It goes that deep. What I have to say about my husband's death is that grave. Noon." She hung up before he could respond and hungrily searched the room for her cigarettes.

When she rang the number at noon, she wasn't surprised that he answered. He was slightly truculent.

"Look, Mrs. Sullivan," he began, "the only reason I'm going along with this is because of your recent hardship. I feel I owe it to one of my officer's widows. Otherwise, I find this whole goddamn charade ludicrous. Can you please explain to me what all this mystery is about?"

"I think my husband was murdered."

He took that even better than she'd expected. "Mrs. Sullivan, we all feel he was murdered in a way. And half of Brooklyn is looking for the two dealers who caused his death, and we'll get them. I can see how you can perceive it as real murder, but that doesn't account for these zany machinations you're putting me, and the department, through."

"There were no drug dealers," she said calmly. "He wasn't investigating drugs. He was investigating police corruption." She waited. "Something belonging to a woman, the source of the corruption, was found next to my husband's body."

"Can't you tell me more?" Groves asked her. "This is irrational."

"Just this. This person, this woman, runs an illegal gambling parlor frequented by cops. Plenty of cops. Not only cops in my husband's precinct, but all of Brooklyn. Not only street cops but higher-ups. This is very big, Mr. Groves."

"You can prove this wild charge?"

"Most definitely. This woman was present at my husband's death, and a cover-up story was concocted. It had nothing to do with drugs. Where's the evidence for that, besides testimony of corrupt cops? Were drugs confiscated? What are the names of the alleged dealers?"

Groves was deeply shaken. "Look, I don't know the answers to these questions, but I'll find them for you. Please curtail your wild charges until I do. Mrs. Sullivan, can we meet and talk this over in detail?"

"How about at my home at ten the day after tomorrow?" she offered.

"All right. But please assure me you won't mention this to anyone until we get together to talk."

> Groves switched his voice into dramatic overdrive. "What we're talking about here, Mrs. Sullivan, is a plot to overthrow the mayor of New York. Ugly, isn't it?"

She carefully arranged the kitchen—her predestined site for this talk—as a tableau of a soul under stress. Some stray dirty dishes left in the sink, two dirty ashtrays on the table, a dish towel slung over the chair, a stack of old newspapers on the floor. She secured one place on the kitchen table for her heavy arsenal. There she marshalled a collection of drug bottles. Her only real problem was where to place her ace, her edge. Finally, she hit upon a monstrosity her mother-in-law had given her—a hideous vinyl toaster cover. It was the perfect Brooklyn proletarian touch.

Sissy gave the kitchen a final check. She poured a bottle of chilled Bloody Mary mix into a pitcher and put it into the refrigerator. She didn't add booze. She went to the bar. The vodka wouldn't work. Not enough aroma. Instead, she took a bottle of gin and walked back to the kitchen.

She ran a glass of water at the sink for a chaser and hoisted the bottle to her lips. She held the gin in her mouth, added a little water, gargled, and spit the mixture into the sink without swallowing. She then replaced the gin behind the bar and blew on her hand. Her breath ricocheting off her hand made her pull her head back. The perfect perfume for a psychotic. The bell rang. It was 9:45. She'd figured he would be early.

Standing in the doorway, Groves was the height of officialdom.

"This way." Sissy led him to the kitchen, deliberately making her backside undulate under her dress. She gestured toward a chair, but when he made a move to sit down, she grabbed him, halting his descent, startling him. She removed a dish towel from the chair with an apologetic smile. "Things have been a little chaotic around here."

"Yes, of course. Don't explain. I understand. Now, let's see if we can straighten out this little misunderstanding," he said, opening his briefcase.

Sissy knew the act well. The props of authority. "Little to you, maybe," she said.

"You have a daughter, don't you?"

He had done his research. "Yes," Sissy replied.

"How old is she?"

"Eighteen."

"Out of high school yet?"

"Yes."

"What is she working at?"

Sissy bristled at his implication. "Four years of college. Her father insisted on it. One lousy career is enough for a family."

He flushed. "Of course. I wasn't thinking. All the kids go to college these days, don't they?"

Eyeing her directly, he took a firm tack. "Look, let's first clear the deck on one matter. Regardless of what you suspect, or what you may have heard through some malicious, insidious rumor mill, your husband didn't meet with foul play. Certainly not at the hands of fellow officers, nor by anyone else. Mrs. Sullivan," he said patiently, "can you tell me concretely, not through innuendo, not through hearsay or rumor, but concretely, why you think your husband was murdered?"

"Because I know he died under other circumstances than I was told. Why else would I—his wife—be lied to, unless there was something horrible to cover up?"

Sissy slowly slid an evelope out from under her pill bottles. She held the bottles firm as she did so, Groves watching the process and scanning the bottles. "Open it," she said.

He pulled out two sheets of paper. They were Xerox copies of the property receipts: Eddie's belongings and the one she had had Toni sign. Groves scanned them without comprehension.

"Check the item I have underlined."

"The gold chain?" He was shaky, but unsure of what she was driving at. "Okay, but I don't get the connection."

"You're the only one who doesn't. The chain found near my husband's body was this woman's property. She identified it and signed for it. Are you going to tell me this woman was working on a drug bust with my husband? That she was chasing

pushers up flights of stairs with Eddie? Is that your story, Mr. Groves?"

"Can I ask you how you came by this receipt?"

"Eddie has lots of loyal friends in the department. Some of them are looking out for me."

He began slowly. Patiently. "Mrs. Sullivan, I'm going to be open with you. As honest as I know how to be. But first, I want you to consider one thing. And that one thing is this: Sometimes those who pose as our friends are not friends at all. They use us to grind a personal ax. I believe this is true in your case. Can't you see that?"

Sissy didn't know what the hell he was talking about. She felt she had lost control of the situation. The whole thing was about to collapse around her ears. "I'm not sure," she said warily.

"These so-called friends of Eddie's are trying to take this indiscriminate, but really innocent, incident and blow it out of proportion. They don't even have the guts to do it themselves. They're using a comrade's widow to do their dirty work for them. That should tell you something about their character."

Sissy was so enraptured by his scenario that she forgot her own. "For what purpose?" she asked.

He switched his voice into dramatic overdrive. "What we're talking about here, Mrs. Sullivan, plain and simple, is a plot to overthrow the mayor of New York. Ugly, isn't it? But the only word for it is insurrection.

"Mrs. Sullivan, we might be dealing with an isolated incident or the tip of an iceberg. For all we know, this could be an orchestrated effort by malcontents throughout the city, or at least the Brooklyn command. They have probably been waiting for such an opening. Doesn't it strike you as odd that this should surface now—during a crucial election? Believe me, Mrs. Sullivan, it took me a little time to sort out, but I'm convinced we are dealing with anarchy, and you are an innocent instrument."

"Then explain. Why cover up my husband's death in the presence of that woman if everything was innocent?"

He began reluctantly. "You see, Mrs. Sullivan, a cop's life on the street is a lonely one. A life immersed in pressures. Sometimes, in this pressure cooker, he gravitates to others, outside his family, for solace."

She looked up at the ceiling, imploring, "Eddie, Eddie, come down for a minute and protect me. They're trying to destroy me."

Groves stood and took her shoulders. He looked as if he were going to be sick. "Mrs. Sullivan . . ."

"Don't you dare touch me," she screamed. "Don't you dare put your hands on me. Get out of this house."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Sullivan," he said. "Please sit down. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply that at all. It just came out wrong. Please sit down and give me a chance to

FREE EROTIC FILM OR VIDEO!

Choose Any Adult Film or Video FREE When You Buy Any Other Two Films or Video from this Ad!

STARLET—The young, beautiful blonde knows that her only chance for stardom is on the "casting couch"! Her private "audition" with the overanxious producer ends in a sizzling scene you'll never see on the silver screen! **R8 CODE 15602, S8 CODE 15610, S8S CODE 15628**

TOTAL SEX—A pretty, young Parisienne surrenders herself to one explosive bedroom encounter after another while you watch in close-up, vivid detail, every moist, magical moment! **R8 CODE 62307, S8 CODE 62315, S8S CODE 62323**

STARLET/TOTAL SEX AVAILABLE ON 1 VIDEOCASSETTE! Beta Code 15636, VHS Code 15644

MAID SERVICE—Good help is hard to find! You won't believe the full service these young beauties provide! **R8 CODE 14605, S8 CODE 14613**

ROOMS FOR RENT—The gorgeous landlady is more than willing to rent the young college student a room. She also provides the best "room service" we've ever seen! **R8 CODE 14506, S8 CODE 14514**

SEX IN THE LIBRARY—You've never seen a librarian like Veronica before and when Henry sees her on the ladder, he just can't control himself any longer! **R8 CODE 14407, S8 CODE 14415**

PERSUASIVE PLUMBER—Once you see Jack the Plumber fix the bathtub—with a beautiful housewife inside—you'll know you're in the wrong profession! **R8 CODE 14308, S8 CODE 14316**

ALL 4 OF THE ABOVE ON 1 VIDEOCASSETTE! Beta Code 14332, VHS Code 14340

DESIREE COUSTEAU & JOHN 14" HOLMES—The King and Queen of X-rated cinema show you exactly how they like it done! John's "claim-to-fame" has the luscious Desiree in complete control—and she loves every inch of it! **R8 CODE 15305, S8 CODE 15313, S8S CODE 15321, Beta CODE 70938, VHS CODE 70946**

YOUNG SEKA—Rare, authentic footage recently discovered! This incredible footage shows the young, innocent Seka before her rise to stardom. See these hot scenes of Seka in non-stop action and you'll see a collector's masterpiece! Incredible! **R8 CODE 18606, S8 CODE 18614, S8S CODE 18622, Beta CODE 18531, VHS CODE 18549**

SEKA AND THE TEXAS LONGHORN—One of our most extraordinary offers! The beautiful Platinum Princess and the incredible 18" "Ebony Longhorn" himself. When these two incredible superstars get together there is no pulling them apart. **R8 CODE 16105, S8 CODE 16113, S8S CODE 16121, Beta CODE 70433, VHS CODE 70441**

SHORE LEAVE—When the "wild & ready" sailors are unleashed upon this small dockside saloon, the barmaids just can't get enough! The action is fast and furious ending in a screaming, steaming delight! **R8 CODE 18309, S8 CODE 18317, S8S CODE 18325**

FRENCH KISS—She's blonde, beautiful and ready. He's hot, hungry and happy to oblige. An explosion of torrid scenes from beginning to end—the French way! **R8 CODE 18408, S8 CODE 18416, S8S CODE 18424**

SHORE LEAVE/FRENCH KISS ARE AVAILABLE TOGETHER ON 1 VIDEOCASSETTE! Beta Code 18341, VHS Code 18333.

Regular 8MM—$29.95.
Super 8MM—$29.95.
Super 8MM Sound—$39.95.
Beta II—$49.95. VHS—$49.95.

Valentine Products, Inc. PO Box 6400, Newtown, CT 06470 **Dept. IS151**

Please rush me the films or videos I have listed below. I have enclosed my check, money order, or charge info plus $1.95 per item to cover P&H. CT residents add sales tax.

CANADIANS! All film and video are available from: TLC Marketing, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ont. L2E6V5. All film is $49.95; all video $59.95. Add $2.50 p&h per item. Ont. residents add sales tax. Products shipped from within Canada.

NAME

SIGNATURE *(I am over 18 years of age)*

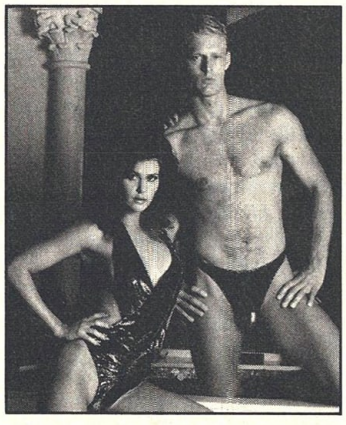
ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

INTERBANK NO. EXP DATE

CODE #	FORMAT R8, S8, SS8, B or V	PRICE	P&H	TOTAL
		$	$1.95	$
		$	$1.95	$
		$	$1.95	$
		$	$1.95	$
FREE	I have ordered two items above. I would like the following item FREE! I understand it must be the same format as the two above items.			
		FREE	$1.95	$
			TOTAL ENCLOSED:	$



THE ALL-NEW EVELYN RAINBIRD CATALOG

The new EVELYN RAINBIRD catalog has more delightful, sex-oriented products than ever before.

The Evelyn Rainbird catalog has the very latest in vibrators that will tickle more than your fancy. And the most fashionable and most erotic lingerie at very special prices.

The 32-page EVELYN RAINBIRD catalog has novelties that make perfect gifts any time of the year.

To order, send $3.00 in check or money order to: EVELYN RAINBIRD CATALOG, Dept. ABS1007, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

SPECIAL OFFER:
$3.00 Credit On Your First Order

Send $3.00 for our all new 32 page color catalog, containing the largest selection of exotic lingerie and hosiery available. Free with $10.00 purchase from this ad.

Holiday orders shipped promptly. Phone orders welcome.

1. Lacy sheer bra (black, lilac) 32-34-36-38 **$12.00**
2. Matching garterbelt (black, lilac) S-M-L **$10.00**
3. Matching french-cut panty (black, lilac) S-M-L **$8.00**
4. Sheer stretchy stockings (black, white, blue, lilac, pink, beige, grey, red) 1 size **$3.50**
5. Above elbow gloves (black, white) 1 size **$14.00**

6. Sheer stretchy body stocking (black, white, blue, lilac, pink, beige) S-M M-L **$9.00**
7. Spandex backless thong panty (black, red, white) 1 size **$8.00**
8. Sheer stretchy stockings with garters (black, white, blue, lilac, pink, beige, grey, red) 1 size **$6.00**

Spotlite Lingerie

P.O. Box 19203 Dallas, Texas 75219 Dept. P

Item No.	Color	Size	Quantity	Price	Total

Include $1.00 for first item, 25¢ for each additional item. Postage

Texas residents include 5% sales tax.
Canada residents please send American money orders only.
Please send your full color catalog for $3.00

TOTAL

Personal checks take 5 weeks to clear
VISA, MasterCard, American Express phone orders 214-823-6037

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188

18. Golf (1.68)
19. Squash (1.55–1.63)
20. Table tennis (1.5)

MOVIE-QUOTES QUIZ. Sorry about this, but if you attributed any of these quotes to the stars most often associated with them, you are wrong. The correct answer to each is "no one." Often an actor's "most famous line" was originally created by a mimic. None of the quotes on the list occurred the way they have been remembered:

1. Bette Davis never spoke the line "Peter, Peter, Peter" in any movie we know of.
2. Cary Grant never said, "Judy, Judy, Judy." It was only "Judy, Judy" to Rita Hayworth in *Only Angels Have Wings.*
3. "You dirty rat!" is James Cagney's most famous line, which Cagney never spoke.
4. In *Casablanca,* Ingrid Bergman said "Play it, Sam" when she asked Dooley Wilson to play "As Time Goes By." The closest that Humphrey Bogart ever came to the classic line was a few scenes later, when he said, "If she can stand it, I can. Play it!"
5. What Johnny Weissmuller said was "Tarzan," while pointing to himself, and "Jane," while pointing to Maureen O'Sullivan.
6. Charles Boyer, in *Algiers,* never said "Come with me to the Casbah" (or "Come wiz me to zee Casbah"). He was always *in* the Casbah, and so did not ask people to go there.
7. What Mae West said to Cary Grant in *She Done Him Wrong* was "Come up some time and see me. I'm home every evening." The line was so often misquoted that in *I'm No Angel* West used it—"Come up and see me sometime"—over the phone to a juror who had voted her not guilty in a trial. By the time she made *My Little Chickadee* with W. C. Fields the misquote was so closely associated with her that she satirized it. In the final scene she calls Fields "my little chickadee" and he asks *her* to "come up and see me sometime."
8. The line about dogs and babies (not "children and dogs") was never spoken by W. C. Fields, whether Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* says so or not. Leo Rosten (creator of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N) first said it *about* Fields at a testimonial dinner for the comedian in 1939.

Thanks to Harry Haun, author of *The Movie Quotes Book*, who helped us cross-check this quiz.

CALCULATE THIS.

(1) gLOSSIES
(2) gOEBBELS
(3) EggLESS
(4) ShE OgLES hIS IgLOO
(5) BOISE
(6) SIEG hEIL O+

explain what I really meant.

"All I was trying to say," he began, "was that your husband was a regular at the club, and that he was a friend of the woman. You see, Mrs. Sullivan, your husband was on duty, and he had no business being in that club at that hour. Plus, *we* know, strictly speaking, that the club is not legal. Now how would that look in the wrong hands? An on-duty cop hanging out on gambling premises? Premises owned by a cop's widow. We know it was innocent, but surely you can understand what some enterprising politician or some grubby reporter could turn that into. You see, that's why his fellow officers, his true friends on the job, covered it up. Surely, you can see that."

"I can't 'surely' see anything," she said. "One side tells me one thing, and you tell me another. I'm being pulled apart."

"Mrs. Sullivan, I know a way of settling this. You contact the people who have been feeding you this scandal, and I'll confront them here and now."

She hadn't expected this turn. She pulled her response out of the air. "I'm afraid that's not possible. I don't know who they are. The information. The phone calls. They wouldn't give their names, except to say they were friends of Eddie's."

She had given him a thorny problem he couldn't solve. "I don't know what else I can suggest," he said gloomily.

"If Eddie could only be seen as a hero in death," she said wistfully. "I don't mean local word-of-mouth. Precinct stuff. If there was some way—I mean, if what you say about that woman is true—that the department could officially honor him. I'm always so moved when I watch official ceremonies on television. You know, cops getting medals or promotions from the mayor, with all those reporters and television cameras."

She had watched him closely during her discourse, had seen his eyes glisten over when she got to the press and the television. He looked horny.

"Yes, something like that might do it. A medal of some sort," he said.

"Or a posthumous promotion," she suggested. "I always thought it was so touching in the movies when a fallen soldier was given a posthumous battlefield commission."

"Lieutenant Edward Sullivan," he mused. "A battlefield commission. You're right, it has a nice feel to it."

What an extravaganza! He could arrange to cite a cop of each ethnic persuasion, with Sullivan's promotion the pièce de résistance. It would be a personal coup for his office. All the networks, the local channels, the major dailies, and any little jerkwater paper out in the boroughs with a printing press. They'd all come.

He swallowed his enthusiasm. "It's within the realm of possibility, Mrs. Sullivan. Would this—if it can be accomplished, it won't be easy, of course—put all your worries to rest?"

Sissy didn't want to seem overanxious. "Mine, and my daughter's. That is, if that woman checks out."

"Of course, of course. She will," Mrs. Sullivan."

"I hope so. I hope to God what you say is true. You would lift a terrible cross from my family's shoulders."

He stood up and gathered his papers back into his case. He held one of her hands in both of his. "We're going to try. Try like hell, believe me, to ease your burden."

Groves was as good as his word. He checked in daily with progress reports, plans in formulation and such. She knew he'd be working his ambitious little tail off. The quicker he put the lid on her and this business, the better. The mayor's polls remained stagnant. They could use a goose.

After a week, he told her the ceremony was in the works. Near the end of the following week, she received notification and an invitation in the mail. It wasn't to be only Eddie. Groves was pulling out all the stops. It was going to be a media bash.

On the day of the ceremony, outside city hall, Sissy's anxiety over the mayor's arrival was percolating toward anger. She thought it unwise to talk openly to Groves in view of other members of the mayor's staff. That might single out her relationship with him. Possibly set tongues wagging. It was too late in the game for such a gaffe, though she was longing for reassurance. Though he had given it verbally, there was nothing in the letter of invitation specifically stating that Eddie would be promoted, with the pension increase she was counting on.

Groves turned to Sissy's family. "Would you folks please go outside now? Your seats will be somewhere in the first three rows with the other families. There'll be someone there to seat you."

They started to make their way to the door, but Groves interrupted. "Not you, Mrs. Sullivan. You come with me." Sissy numbly followed him, inwardly begging for a sign that was not forthcoming. Either her tune was about to be played, or the jig was up.

Groves led her toward the podium. Chairs were lined up on each side. Groves showed her to the last seat on the left and motioned for her to sit. She anchored a row of spiffed-up cops. She looked up at Groves for guidance. All he offered was, "Pay attention. Listen for your name." He was gone again inside city hall.

She heard an introduction and a summons to the gathered to bow their heads. A prayer began. When it was over, she raised her head and heard the introductory voice again. Then a new voice began another prayer.

Finally, the mayor rose. He opened with a tapeworm of thank-yous. Never had one man owed so much to so many. Nonetheless, Sissy hung on every name. Eddie's and hers were not among them. Finally, the mayor declared it was "time to get

down to the main business of the day." After a brief recounting of each of their deeds, the cops rose individually to receive their citations and the applause of the gathering. The mayor seemed to be picking them off one by one, until Sissy was painfully isolated. She stared out at her family for some connective solace. Then she heard the name Edward Sullivan and the words "a fallen comrade" and "battlefield commission." She was home free. Her eyes started to flood in relief. She squeezed back the tears. The mayor called her name. She braced herself. There would be none of that. No mawkish slop to sully Eddie's day. The day she had conceived. The byword would be dignity and valor.

This was hers alone. She had been there at the beginning. Conceived it out of dust. She strode toward the mayor as if the part were destined for her.

He bent and kissed her. Then he pronounced: "For his unstinting valor, we, the city of New York, in our heartfelt appreciation, today elevate Officer Edward Sullivan to the rank of lieutenant."

Groves handed the mayor a small open box holding lieutenant's bars. The mayor pinned them on her dress, seized her hand aloft, and they waved in tandem to the now standing, applauding crowd while the cameras had a field day. *As a team, they could run this city!* Sissy thought triumphantly.

Eileen rose to meet her. They hugged each other, and Sissy spun her daughter around in her embrace.

"You were so good. So great up there. I was so proud of you. No kidding, you were dynamite."

For the first time, Sissy allowed a tear.

Groves walked toward Sissy. She separated herself from Eileen to confront him. It was such a day she'd let it drop. Forget about it. He had more than held to their bargain.

"Well, what did you think?" he asked.

"It was wonderful. Thank you."

"I told you I'd handle it." She wished he wouldn't crow. Not now. Let it rest.

"I always tell my people to come to me first. Bring your problems through my door. I say it time and again."

Why couldn't the asshole have quit while he was ahead?

"For instance, we never would have had this day. Just imagine you in the papers tomorrow with the mayor waving to the crowd. Did you ever imagine it? Did you?"

"From the very beginning," she said.

"Huh?"

You vain, silly, patronizing male, she thought. She'd be damned if she would let him get away with it. She'd gag him on the feather he was sticking in his hat. She thought of reaching into her bag and taking out the tape cassette. The one that had silently spun under the toaster cover. But that would put her back in their league. Those days were over. "I always knew. From the beginning," she said. O+

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. P-01-84
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

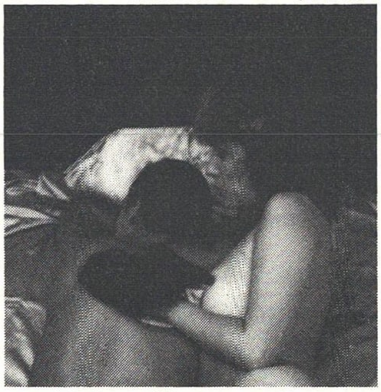
State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

Give Her MINK for CHRISTMAS
The Pleasure Mitten



The Elegant Fur She's Always Wanted

100% Mink massage surface backed with silky satin

Only $39.95. Include $2.50 post & handling
For VISA,® MasterCard® orders call
1-800-645-MINK
Or send to:
Soft Touch Products
1987 Nichols Avenue
Stratford, CT 06497

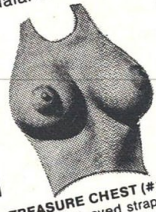
1-2 weeks delivery with Certified or Money Orders
Allow 3-4 weeks for personal checks

MICHAEL SALEM'S EXOTICA BOUTIQUE

WHERE **YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!**

Send for exciting FASHION-FILLED **CATALOGS** featuring the newest erotic **Sensations** in lingerie, foundations, garter belts, wigs & shoes, **plus** hundreds of unusual items available in regualar & **large** sizes.

LITTLE LIES (#104) Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads feel *natural* to the touch. One size fits all. 1 pr. $15.00



TREASURE CHEST (#108) New improved strap-on treasure chest. Changes your entire appearance with a soft, pliable "Real Latex" torso. Easy to put on, light, comfortable and washable. Nude. One size fits all. $99.95

(not shown) **GARTER BELT (#1101)** Red only. One size fits all. Reg. $15. $7.00

MAIL TO:
MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. P184
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10150

For PHONE orders & in person purchases, call (212) 371-6877

VISA MasterCard

Check Catalog (s) Desired:
- ☐ Exotic Boutique Catalog Subscription ($5.00) *(deductible from first order)*
- ☐ Sexual Aids Catalog ($10.00)
- ☐ Transvestite Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Transvestite & Rubber Clothing Catalog ($15.00)
- ☐ Bondage Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Catalog of Restraints ($15.00)
- ☐ EXCITING BOOK by MICHAEL SALEM *How to Impersonate a Woman* ($40.00)

I enclose $_____ in ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ MO
(NY Residents please add tax) U.S. Funds Only
Airmail USA add $5.00 Airmail Foreign add $15.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am over 21 years of age (SIGNATURE) _____

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER

COMING IN THE FEBRUARY PENTHOUSE

MURDER AT THE MET

The murder was not only horrible but it happened at New York's historic Metropolitan Opera House. The victim had been on her way to talk to a ballet superstar, who also happened to be a Russian defector. Pressure on the New York Police Department to crack the case was intense. Publicity—and it was national—turned the case into a media carnival. For the two New York City police detectives assigned to the case, it was a grim task. They had to painstakingly work their way through thousands of possible suspects. Against all the odds, these men, with vastly different styles, broke the case. David Black's account of the solving of the Met murder offers us one of the most fascinating insights ever into the police process and the methods of New York's finest.

BILL LEE

HOW MANY RUSSIANS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW UP POLAND?

That particular question, and more, will be entertainingly answered by Bill Lee, *Penthouse*'s humor editor and the world's first investigative cartoonist. Lee journeyed to Warsaw last year to scathingly capture in picture and word the current, tragic state of the Polish nation, whose unfortunate geographic location, between Germany and Russia (the Devil and the deep-blue borscht), has made for hard historic times for a beleaguered but gallant people.

U.P.I.

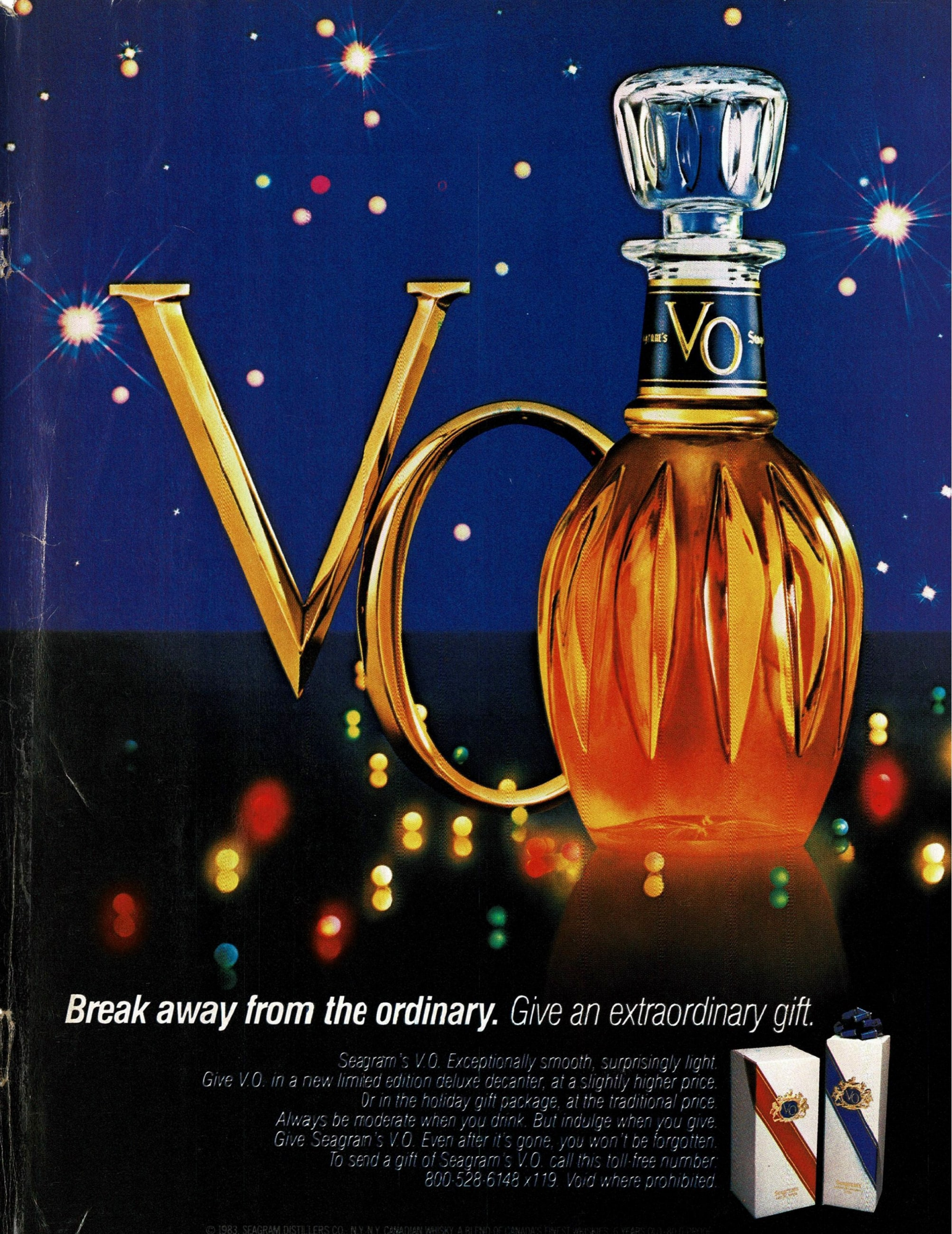
THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS: WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

There are many versions of this famous event. The leaders involved—Castro, Khrushchev, and Kennedy—had many to tell. Now, Carlos Franqui reveals the most convincing version of them all. Director of radio and press services during the campaign against Batista, Franqui was editor of *Revolución*, the first newspaper of Castro's movement, and had the opportunity to meet with Nikita Khrushchev at the Kremlin and in Cuba. According to Franqui, the missile crisis was a grand folly: "Two great powers fooling around at the expense of a small one." Excerpted from the forthcoming book *Family Portrait with Fidel*, to be published by Random House.

U.P.I.

ISRAEL, LEBANON, AND MEDIA DISTORTION

The double standard applied to Israel for its incursion into Lebanon to stamp out terrorist strongholds and to secure that divided country from a Syrian invasion raises serious questions about the professed integrity of our television and press reporters, according to noted attorney Arnold Forster. Israel's conduct during this time was characterized by U.S. media as a "holocaust," "genocide," and a "blitzkrieg," and our Jewish ally was widely compared with the Nazis and the North Vietnamese, while the PLO terrorists were said to be today's equivalent of George Washington's army at Valley Forge. In a blistering "Advise and Dissent," Forster, who visited Lebanon during that controversial time, reports on what really happened then—and after—and condemns American journalists for enthusiastically joining a lynch mob to poison public opinion against the only real democracy in the Middle East.



Break away from the ordinary. *Give an extraordinary gift.*

Seagram's V.O. Exceptionally smooth, surprisingly light.
Give V.O. in a new limited edition deluxe decanter, at a slightly higher price.
Or in the holiday gift package, at the traditional price.
Always be moderate when you drink. But indulge when you give.
Give Seagram's V.O. Even after it's gone, you won't be forgotten.
To send a gift of Seagram's V.O. call this toll-free number:
800-528-6148 x119. Void where prohibited.

© 1983. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 80 PROOF.

IT'S FILTERED!
LUCKY STRIKE
MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LOW TAR FILTERS
FILTERS
LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN
The filter says mild.
The name says taste.
Also available in soft pack
12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.